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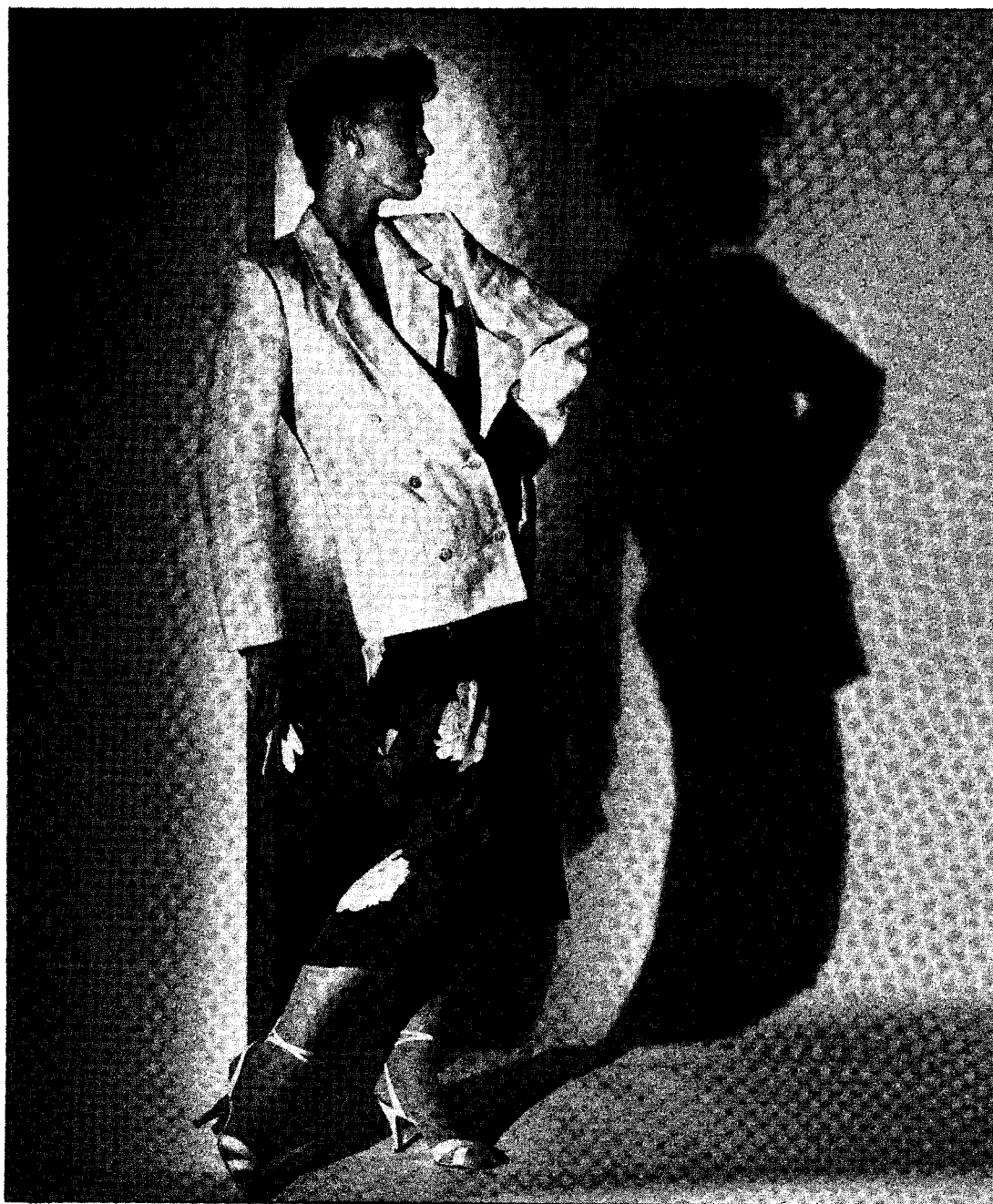
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

ANGELS FALL—Lanford Wilson's play about six people who are temporarily detained at a mission in New Mexico by an explosion in a nearby uranium mine is deftly written. It is flawlessly performed, under Marshall W. Mason's direction, by Barnard Hughes, Fritz Weaver, Danton Stone, Nancy Snyder, Brian Tarantina, and Tanya Berezin. John Lee Beatty designed the exceptionally good setting. A recent offering downtown, the play will reopen uptown on Tuesday, Jan. 18. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/1/82.) (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

CATS—Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (10/18/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinéees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

DO LORD REMEMBER ME—James de Jongh has made his tense, dramatic play from reminiscences of former slaves who were still alive in the nineteen-thirties. The performances—the acting, singing, and dancing—under Reggie Life's direction are often humorous and always moving. With Frances Foster, Glynn Turman, Ebony Jo-Ann, Charles H. Patterson, and Lou Myers. (11/8/82) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Thursdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 23.)

84 CHARING CROSS ROAD—Ellen Burstyn and Joseph Maher, along with a small, able cast of minor characters, bring a certain measure of life to what is little more than a recital of letters posted back and forth across the Atlantic. The correspondents are a failed playwright in New York and a London dealer in secondhand books. (12/20/82) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A revival of the 1976 musical **THE ROBBER BRIDEGROOM**, based on a novella by Eudora Welty (book and lyrics by Alfred Uhry, score by Robert Waldman), is the fourth in this season's series of eight productions. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinéees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan. 30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

EXTREMITIES—Susan Sarandon in a play by William Mastrosimone. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

FOXFIRE—In the Blue Ridge Mountains of northern Georgia, an elderly widow and the exceptionally lively ghost of her husband talk about their life together, their children, and the fate of the farm to which they came in the promise of youth. Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn are splendid as the widow and ghost. (11/22/82) (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

GENIUSES—Jonathan Reynolds, a gifted playwright, has written an annoying, campy comedy about some movie people on location near Manila during a typhoon. (5/24/82) (Douglas Fairbanks Theatre, 432 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinéees Sundays at 3.)

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GOOD—A first-rate play in a first-rate production by the Royal Shakespeare Company. The author is C. P. Taylor and his subject is the rise of Hitlerism as reflected in the lives of two close friends, one a German who is Christian and the other a German who is Jewish. Alan Howard and Gary Waldhorn play the two friends superbly. The director is Howard Davies. Not to be missed. (10/25/82) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

GREATER TUNA—Joe Sears and Jaston Williams, a pair of nimble, clever actors, portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. It was written by Mr. Williams, Mr. Sears, and their director, Ed Howard. (11/1/82) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinéees Sundays at 3.)

HAMLET—A harmless curiosity, which has an actress named Diane Venora in the title role. (12/13/82) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly at 7. Closes Sunday, Jan. 16.)

THE HOLLY AND THE IVY—An English domestic play that all but stifles in its own gentility. The late Wynyard Browne was the dramatist. Staged by Lindsay Anderson. (11/29/82) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinéees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Through Sunday, Jan. 16: Gilbert and Sullivan's **H.M.S. PINAFORE**. ... Starting Wednesday, Jan. 19: Sigmund Romberg's **THE DESERT SONG**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinéees Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS—Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is untainted by camp. The spirited, tuneful rock score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman wrote the witty book and witty lyrics; the singing and comic acting by the entire company is a credit to Mr. Ashman, the inventive director. Martin P. Robinson designed and manipulates the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. With Lee Wilkof as the apprentice florist who discovers and nurtures it, and Ellen Greene as the lady he loves. (9/27/82) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinéees Sundays at 3.)

MASTER HAROLD... AND THE BOYS—The theme of this short, elegantly written melodrama is the dissolution of failed relations, whether in the

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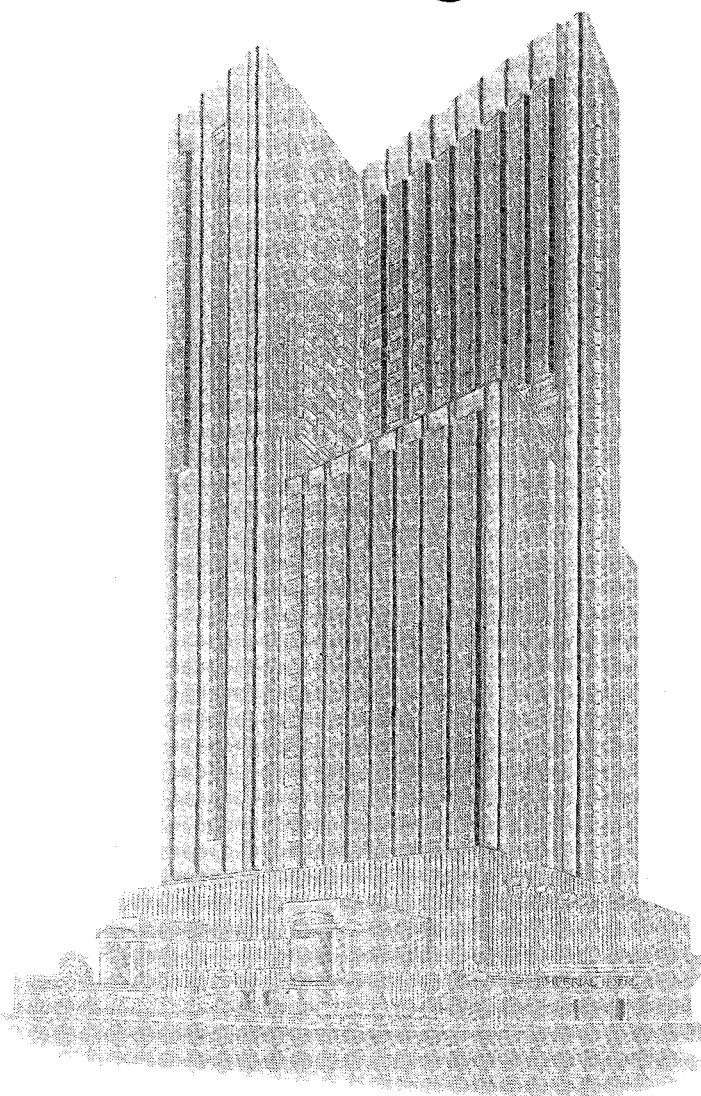
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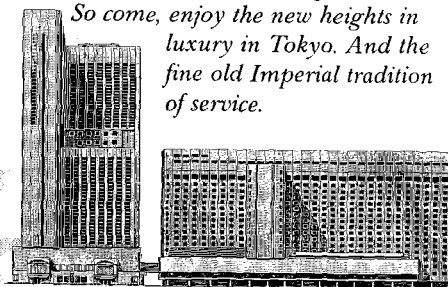
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

family or out in the world. The scene is South Africa. The author, Athol Fugard, has directed his superb cast with appropriate energy. With James Earl Jones. (5/17/82) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

NINE—A musical version of the autobiographical movie "8½" that Fellini directed almost twenty years ago. Bert Convy plays the hard-pressed hero, here depicted as an overgrown crybaby, surrounded by twenty-odd women, most of them abjectly servile sexual objects. A gorgeous production. (5/24/82) (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

PLENTY—The fascinating heroine of this play by the English dramatist David Hare is a woman who, after her experiences with the French underground during the Second World War, conducts her own private war against every aspect of English life. Most of Mr. Hare's post-John Osborne targets are familiar by now, but his characters and scenes and lines are original and strong, and the performances, under his direction, are first-rate. Kate Nelligan is his driven heroine and Edward Herrmann is her stalwart, victimized husband; among the supporting actors are Ellen Parker, Daniel Gerroll, and George N. Martin. (11/1/82) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SKIRMISHES—A tedious exercise about two middle-aged sisters who bicker and squabble at the bedside of their dying mother. Catherine Hayes is the English playwright. (1/10/83) (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 30.)

SNOOPY—David Garrison in a musical based on Charles M. Schulz's comic strip, "Peanuts." The music is by Larry Grossman, the lyrics by Hal Hackaday, and the book by Warren Lockhart, Arthur Whitelaw, and Michael L. Grace. (Lambs Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SPEAKEASY, AN EVENING OUT WITH DOROTHY PARKER—Kit Flanagan and W. H. Macy in a play based on short stories by Dorothy Parker. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays and Tuesdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Saturdays at 4 and Sundays at 5.)

STEAMING—The British novelist Nell Dunn has written a play about six women sitting around in a Turkish bath in London; there they take off their clothes and talk about their troubles, which mainly concern men. (12/20/82) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

TOP GIRLS—An import from England's Royal Court Theatre. The girls of the title either work in or apply for jobs at a London employment agency, and the principal character whose career we examine has just been promoted to top top girl. The play, by the adventurous Caryl Churchill, lacks the high spirits and humor of her lark "Cloud 9," but it has its good points, all the same. (1/10/83) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

TRUE WEST—Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production last year, has now been transformed by the superb clowning of John Malkovich and Gary Sinise, of Chicago. Mr. Sinise was the admirable director. (11/29/82) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 5.)

TWICE AROUND THE PARK—Anne Jackson and Eli Wallach make a couple of one-act plays by Murray Schisgal bearable if not always risible by dint of artful acting and much energy. The title doesn't mean a thing. (11/15/82) (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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days and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

WHODUNNIT—A disastrous mock-thriller by Anthony Shaffer, who wrote the classic "Sleuth" and has here unaccountably lost his way. (1/10/83) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

YELLOW FEVER—A delightful comedy-mystery that neatly parodies private-eye movies as it goes its merry way. The setting is the Asian section of Vancouver in the nineteen-seventies. R. A. Shiomi is the deft playwright, and the Sam Spade role—here named Sam Shikaze—is assumed with admirable aplomb by Donald Li. All the actors do well under Raul Aranas' direction. (Reviewed in this issue.) (28th Street Playhouse, 120 W. 28th St. 255-7293. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 30.)

LONG RUNS—AGNES OF GOD: A flaky young nun has given birth to a baby, whose body is subsequently found in a wastepaper basket in her convent room. The nun maintains that God is the child's father, and her Mother Superior is inclined to agree, but a court-appointed psychiatrist has other notions. More of a debate than a play, but brilliantly enacted by Elizabeth Ashley, Geraldine Page, and Carrie Fisher. The author is John Pielmeier. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **AMADEUS**: We are at the court of Joseph II, in Vienna, in the eighteenth century, and the court composer Salieri is engaged in killing off his upstart rival, Mozart, either by actual poison or by denigration. A sumptuously staged melodrama by Peter Shaffer, with David Dukes, John Pankow, and Suzanne Lederer heading the large cast. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **CLOUD 9**: Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a bright and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre,

121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **CRIMES OF THE HEART**: In a small town in Mississippi, a number of terrible things happen, but the author, Beth Henley, makes nearly all of them appear very funny indeed. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE DINING ROOM**: The action of A. R. Gurney, Jr.'s delightful play takes place over the past fifty years or so, in a formal dining room somewhere in New England, and this action is a matter of brief scenes about a large assortment of characters who are portrayed by six nimble, accomplished actors. David Trainer was the good director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **DREAMGIRLS**: Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **EVITA**: A sung version of the life of Eva Perón, with Loni Ackerman, Anthony Crivello, and David Cryer. Nancy Opel substitutes for Miss Ackerman at the Wednesday and Saturday matinee performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS**: 9,448 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **42ND STREET**: A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT**: Andy Gibb heads the cast of a musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:15, and Sundays at 6:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) ... **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **ONE MO' TIME**: A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernell Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **PUMP BOYS AND DINETTES**: A thoroughly engaging and spirited little cabaret musical, set in a gas station with diner attached, somewhere in the South. Most of the appealing songs were written by Jim Wann or by his wife, Cass Morgan. (Princess, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3903. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU AND THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE**: "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. With Nancy Marchand. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.) ... **TORCH SONG TRILOGY**: Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by and starring Harvey Fierstein, as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Richard DeFabe substitutes for Mr. Fierstein at the matinee performances. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly,

except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Pals-son's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

MARTIN CHARNIN'S UPSTAIRS AT O'NEALS—A lively little revue with a young cast of six, whose ranks may or may not include a future Chita Rivera or Joel Grey. (O'Neals, 147 W. 43rd St. 382-1614. Tuesdays at 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

MUMMENSCHANZ—Opening performances of a ten-day engagement by the mime-and-mask trio which will run through Sunday, Jan. 30. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Thursday, Jan. 20, and Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

MANTEO SICILIAN MARIONETTE THEATRE AND WESTERN WIND—The life-size marionettes will appear in an episode from Ludovico Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso," in Italian, with an English introduction, while Western Wind will perform a program of Ariosto's madrigals. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 20-21, at 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 22-23, at 3 and 7:30.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday evening, Jan. 12: "Ballo della Regina," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Symphony in Three Movements." ... Thursday evening, Jan. 13: "Mozartiana," "Concerto for Two Solo Pianos," and "The Magic Flute." ... Friday evening, Jan. 14: "Apollo," "The Magic Flute," and "Who Cares?" ... Saturday matinee, Jan. 15: "Divertimento No. 15," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Symphony in Three Movements." ... Saturday evening, Jan. 15: "Donizetti Variations," "Four Chamber Works," and "Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 2." ... Sunday matinee, Jan. 16: "Mozartiana," "The Magic Flute," and "Who Cares?" ... Sunday evening, Jan. 16: "Four Chamber Works," "Scherzo à la Russe," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," and "Gershwin Concerto." ... Tuesday evening, Jan. 18: "Mozartiana," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Stars and Stripes." ... Wednesday evening, Jan. 19: "Apollo," "Celebration" (preview), and "Ballo della Regina." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call 877-7635.) ... Thursday evening, Jan. 20: "Donizetti Variations," "Celebration" (première), and "Histoire du Soldat Suite." ... Friday evening, Jan. 21: "Apollo," "The Magic Flute," and "Symphony in Three Movements." ... Saturday matinee, Jan. 22: "Apollo," "The Steadfast Tin Soldier," "Scherzo à la Russe," "Piano Rag Music," "Variations," and "Stars and Stripes." ... Saturday evening, Jan. 22: "Donizetti Variations," "Celebration," and "Who Cares?" (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 1. Through Sunday, Feb. 20.)

JOFFREY BALLET—Final performances of the engagement—Wednesday, Jan. 12, at 8: "Trinity," "Illuminations," and "Pineapple Poll." ... Thursday, Jan. 13, at 8: "Les Patineurs," "Transfigured Night," and "Offenbach in the Underworld." ... Friday, Jan. 14, at 8: "Light Rain," "Deuce Coupe II," "Fire," and "Trinity." ... Saturday, Jan. 15, at 2: "Les Patineurs," "Transfigured Night," and "Pineapple Poll." ... Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8: "Suite Saint-Saens," "Pas des Déesses," "Free Flight," and "The Green Table." ... Sunday, Jan. 16, at 2: "Celebration," "Transfigured Night," and "Pineapple Poll." ... Sunday, Jan. 16, at 7:30: "Light Rain," "Deuce Coupe II," "Fire," and "Trinity." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

MUREYEV AND THE BOSTON BALLET—Opening performances of "Don Quixote," in a three-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Feb. 6. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesday, Jan. 18, at 7:30; Wednesday

through Friday, Jan. 19-21, at 8; and Saturday, Jan. 22, at 2 and 8.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE II—A one-week engagement. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 12-14, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 15, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 16, at 2 and 7.)

ALVIN AILEY REPERTORY ENSEMBLE—Three performances of contemporary dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday, Jan. 20, and Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 22-23, at 8.)

DAWN KRAMER—With Dance Collective, in a full-length work, "Housewares." (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 14-15, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 16, at 3.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. ... Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A long, narrow nautical bar and restaurant that's been a Chelsea fixture for years. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 14-15, hard-bopping pianist **BARRY HARRIS** will lead a trio, and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 21-22, pianist **WALTER BISHOP, JR.** will be on hand with his trio. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—According to the barman, there've been scads of clubs at this address, going all the way back to speakeasy days. **TAL FARLOW**, who plays wonderfully rippling, sinuous, and swinging solos on his guitar, can be heard Thursdays through Sundays. On Monday, Jan. 17, Jody Ebling and Walt White will perform in the jazz showcase. There are usually three sets, beginning at nine-thirty.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The roster: Wednesday, Jan. 12, T. S. Monk and System; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 14-15, two evenings of doo-wop, with Lee Andrews & the Hearts, Shep's Limericks, the Ad-Libs, and the Laddins; and Wednesday, Jan. 19, guitarist **JAMES (BLOOD) ULMER** and drummer **RONALD SHANNON JACKSON**, both Ornette Coleman-influenced free-funk players, and their respective bands. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—Some of the most accomplished and famous pianists, bassists, and, occasionally, guitarists in the world (although no musician's name is ever posted anywhere on the premises) work in this dark-panelled, perpetually (it seems) crowded, talkative New York bar and restaurant. **JOANNE BRACKEN** and **CECIL MC BEE** perform piano-bass duets through Saturday, Jan. 15; pianist **HILTON RUIZ** will play on Sunday, Jan. 16; and on Monday, Jan. 17, pianist **RICHE BEIRACH** and bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** will take charge. Music from nine-forty-five.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth

Ave. (246-6513)—The poised, swinging **JIMMY LYON**, who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, very subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Café PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, a subtle, rhythmically motivated guitarist who plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music, heads a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—Pianist, composer, and occasional singer **JOE BUSHKIN** has settled in at the Café Carlyle with his quartet. Shows at ten and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dining. ... **BARBARA CARROLL** plays the piano and sings a bit, too, in the Bemelmans Bar, nightly, except Sundays, from nine.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ELLIS LARKINS**, the demure, elegant pianist, is the star at this dark-brown room just in back of Carnegie Hall. Music nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Rock and roll as a garage industry. The schedule: Wednesday, Jan. 12, the John Glenn Band, the Smithereens, the Effectives, and Small Change; Thursday, Jan. 13, the Swans and Sonic Youth; Friday, Jan. 14, the Sic F*cks and the Del-Lords; and Saturday, Jan. 15, the U.K. Subs. Monday is showcase night. Music long after nine-thirty.

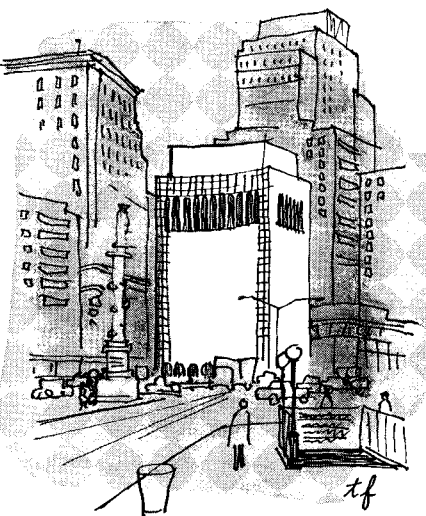
COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**ROSE MURPHY**, a rolling pianist and a scat singer who injects "chi-chi-chi" rather than more traditional "oop-did-li-bop" into her numbers, is present through Thursday, Jan. 13. On Friday, Jan. 14, pianist **TEDDY WILSON**, who did wonders for Benny Goodman and Billie Holiday decades and decades back, and who is still doing wonders at the keyboard, will move in for a couple of weeks. Mr. Wilson will play every night but Sunday. Shows at nine and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

DAVID K's, 1115 Third Ave. at 65th St. (371-9090)—**RONNY WHYTE** is at the piano, singing from his repertoire of Porter, Gershwin, Coward, and Joel (Billy, that is), with assistance from bassist **FRANK TATE**. In the Aquarium Lounge, Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—A homey music room for devout admirers of bluegrass, old-time country music, and British and Irish folk music. (Devout doesn't mean subdued; there is plenty of hooting—not the self-indulgent, rowdy kind but the supporting, appreciative kind—and handclapping.) The musicians: Thursday, Jan. 13, Lew Gelfond and Bob Mellman; Saturday, Jan. 15, Walt Michael & Company; Thursday, Jan. 20, a jam session; and Saturday, Jan. 22, the Lewis Brothers Bluegrass Band. Music from eight-thirty on Wednesdays, from eight-fifteen on Thursdays, and from nine on Saturdays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek alternative hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's below). The house sextet works Tuesdays through Saturdays, from eight-thirty to two. On Mondays from nine-thirty, **BOB WILBER** leads his New Orleans-repertoire combo, the **BECHET LEGACY**. Sunday, Jan. 16, Lou Stein's quartet will occupy the bandstand from about nine-fifteen. On Wednesdays, Bill and George Simon's quintet works from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs room, which is patronized by tourists, people on dates, and music lovers, and which is frequently very crowded. **ESTHER PHILLIPS**, who has lately been at the top of her vital, if stylized, raspy-voiced form, winds up a week here on Sunday, Jan. 16. Sometimes Miss Phillips's voice sounds a little like a car engine trying to turn over, but her energy level makes you forgive her excesses; and she has a dynamite backup quartet and a pianist, **GEORGE SPENCER**, who is responsible for some of the most tasteful and engaging arrangements a jazz and R. & B. singer could ever hope for. On Tuesday, Jan. 18, Chopin- and Tatum-in-



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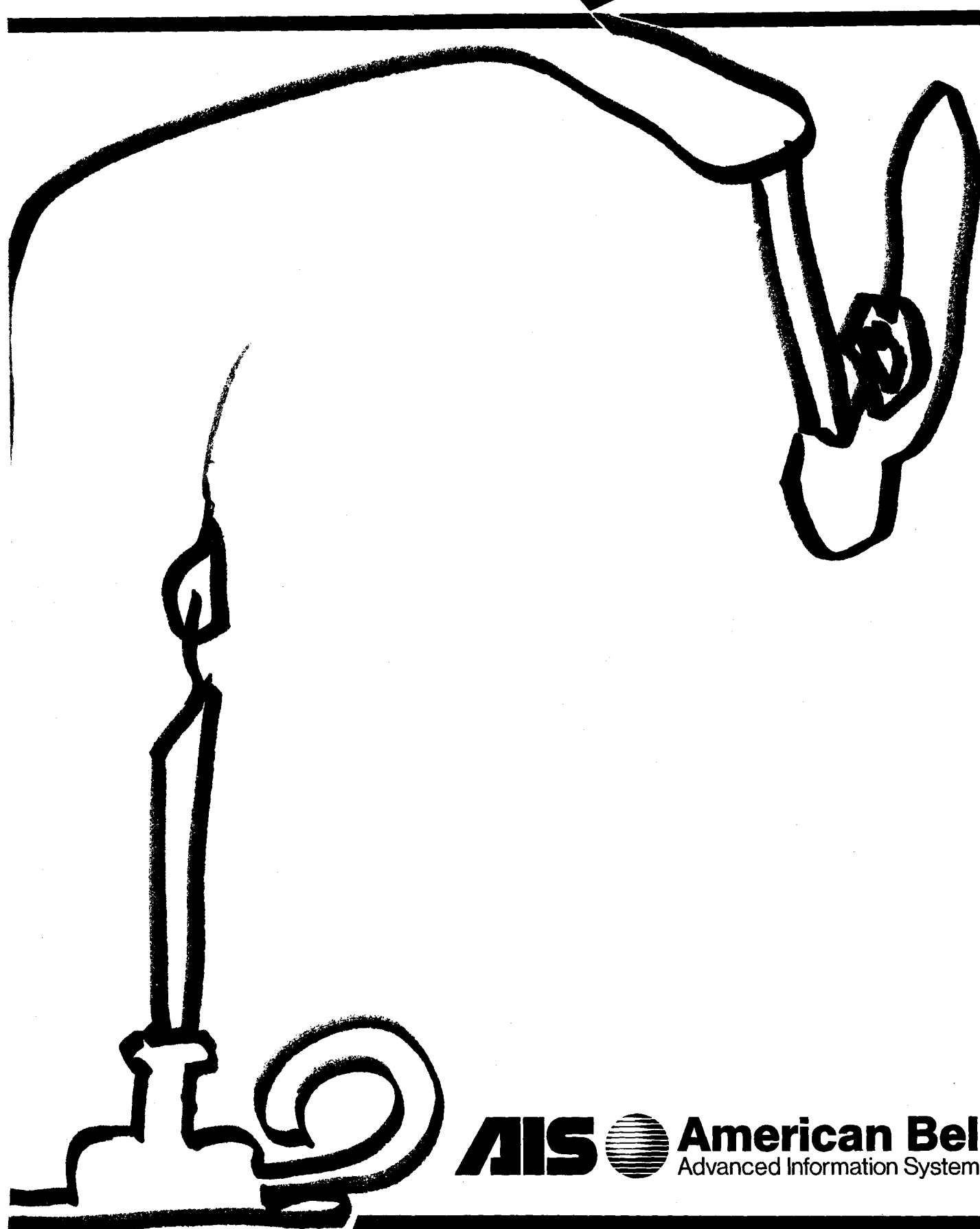
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

spired pianist **ADAM MAKOWICZ** will bring in his trio. Sets begin after nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Folkie City, that is: Wednesday, Jan. 12 (from ten), V-Effect, the Neats, and Never Never; Thursday, Jan. 13, the Wind and the Mark Black band; Friday, Jan. 14, the Microscopic Septet; Saturday, Jan. 15, folk-rock and blues singer Libby Titus; Sunday, Jan. 16, Hilary Morgan; Tuesday, Jan. 18, Splash and Bill Fern's rock jam; Thursday, Jan. 20, C'est What!; Friday, Jan. 21, Tom Intondi and Martha P. Hogan; and Saturday, Jan. 22, Aztec Two-Step. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Monday, when a hootenanny begins around eight.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—A big, self-conscious space in which to listen to some worthwhile drummerless music. The mural is by Françoise Schein, the chairs are by David Utz, the plants are by Chris, and the graphics are by Susan Hunt Yule—those are the credits as they appear in the menu. The live music: Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 12-13, pianist **JOHN HICKS'** duo; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 14-15, singer Marion Cowings, with **JOHN HICKS**; Monday, Jan. 17, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND**, with guitarist **TED DUNBAR**; Tuesday through Thursday, Jan. 18-20, pianist **MAL WALDRON** and bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN**; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 21-22, Jerome Olds and Tom Grose; Sundays, Val Eley sings with pianist Loni Berry. Music Sundays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine, eleven, and one. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Small enough to be a hamburger stand (it was) and musical enough to be a jazz landmark (it is). Pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, guitarist **AL GAFA**, and bassist **FRANK LUTHER** team up through Sunday, Jan. 16; Wednesday through Sunday, Jan. 19-23, will belong to pianist Richard Sussman's trio. On Mondays, Graham Forbes and Ray Carle can be heard, and on Tuesdays a trio led by speedy bebop guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** has the floor. All these groups begin about ten. On Sundays from five to ten, Ram Ramirez lays claim to the piano bench.

GRIFF'S, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A pleasant, spiffy, laid-back restaurant that hangs over Third Avenue—it's one level up. Pianist **FRED HERSCH** guides a trio through Saturday, Jan. 15; on Tuesday, Jan. 18, **MIKE LONGO** will start playing piano solos. Music from nine. On Sundays and Mondays, from seven to eleven, the **NINA SHELDON** duo can be found at work.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—Pianist **RALPH SUTTON**, who can really move on out' when he gets his early-jazz repertoire under way, performs Tuesdays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. On Sunday and Monday, Jan. 16-17, stride specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD** will be present from eight-thirty.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—A very big, airy room with ceiling fans and jazz fans. Latin-jazz pianist **JORGE DALTO** heads up his combo on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 14-15, and on Friday and Saturday, Jan. 21-22, **TANIA MARIA**, a lively Brazilian-jazz pianist, will sing, chirp, and trill in the typical Brazilian-pop-music manner with her quartet. Sets usually from about eight-thirty. On Fridays after 1 A.M., saxophonist-proprietor **MIKE MORGENTERN** presides over a jam session.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. A tradition-bound sextet led by trumpeter Spanky Davis occupies the bandstand Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three. On Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads the group. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restau-

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rant and bar that is crowded with good listeners, and for good reasons: the piano-bass teams that work here. **HANK JONES**, older brother to Thad and Elvin and an elegant pianist, has been a working New York musician for nearly forty years. He's been a sideman with Hot Lips Page, Andy Kirk, Coleman Hawkins, and Howard McGhee; an accompanist for Ella Fitzgerald and Billy Eckstine; a recording-studio hand for some twenty years; and an orchestra-pit pianist on Broadway. Mr. Jones is not always this easy to find; he's here with bassist **VICTOR GASKIN** Tuesdays through Saturdays. The Sunday-and-Monday slot is filled by pianist **JUNIOR MANCIE** and bassist **MARTY RIVERA**. Music from ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Authentic in its Texasness except in the wide-open-spaces department. Wednesday, Jan. 12, guitarist **LARRY CORRELL** & Brian Keane; Monday, Jan. 17, the Good Rats; Tuesday, Jan. 18, McGuffey Lane; and Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 19-20, Kansas City blues and jazz legend **BIG JOE TURNER**. Music from eight-thirty. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A simple, unpretentious, fledgling jazz club that has an exciting, established feel to it. **RED GARLAND** was, in the mid-fifties, Miles Davis's pianist in the groundbreaking, wonderful-sounding quintet that also included John Coltrane, Paul Chambers, and Philly Joe Jones. Garland could have made history by just showing up for work—performing with a group whose merest recording sessions and live appearances now seem like major events. But Garland's style was and is significant enough to draw notice: he's cheerfully rhythmic and bluesy, and he plays a variation of locked chords with an added split-second-delayed top note that sets each chord off and makes it luminous. Garland will be supported by tenor saxophonist **CHARLIE ROUSE** and by **PHILLY JOE** himself on drums through Sunday, Jan. 16. On Wednesday, Jan. 19, alto saxophonist **PAQUITO D'RIVERA** will bring in his macho Latin-jazz quintet. Sets begin at nine-thirty. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING**, always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, has pianist and bassist **DON THOMPSON** along with him Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. Mondays from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band has the floor. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKEL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-thought-of upper West Side

bar and restaurant that is poised and ready, as it has been for years, for the Columbus Avenue renaissance, which, it seems, moves a few blocks north each year. It is also rhythm-and-blues headquarters in New York. The lineup: Wednesday, Jan. 12, Ear Candy; Thursday, Jan. 13, Marilyn Redfield; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 14-15, flutist **DAVE VALENTIN**, whose band plays wonderful Latin-jazz arrangements and whose tone is full and compelling; Monday, Jan. 17, Larry Bright; Wednesday, Jan. 19, Thom Rotella; and Thursday, Jan. 20, Genesis. Music from about ten until two.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A folk, folk-rock, rock, and occasional jazz club. The schedule: Wednesday, Jan. 12, the George Theiss band and Stingers; Thursday, Jan. 13, the Billy Falcon group and Richie Scarlett; Friday, Jan. 14, the **NEW YORK SAMBA BAND** and drummer **ZAHIR BATIN & THE NOTORIOUS ENSEMBLE**; Saturday, Jan. 15, Peggie Blue & Blue Pearl and the Kevin Harris band; Wednesday, Jan. 19, the Pacific Orchestra; Thursday, Jan. 20, Blue Emotions and Johnnie & Joe; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 21-22, New Orleans pianist **DR. JOHN** and Diane Ponzio. Shows start at nine-thirty and midnight. Sundays after ten are jam-session nights. Mondays, a talent showcase begins at eight. Dining and dancing.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

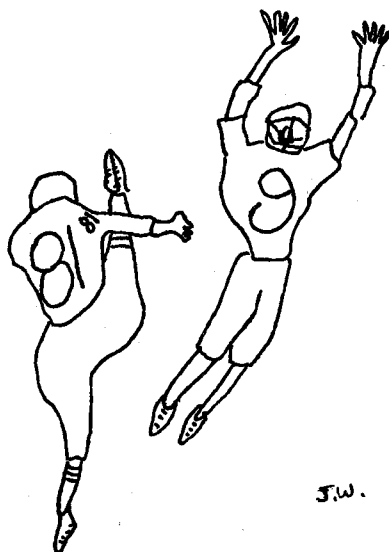
RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**PANAMA FRANCIS** and the **SAVOY SULTANS** play absolutely uplifting swing music so infectiously that it's downright impossible not to want to Lindy to it. Shows Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—Traditional jazz off the beaten track—far from West 54th Street and the Village, that is. Different bands work from nine every night but Sunday, when the music begins at seven. Dining.

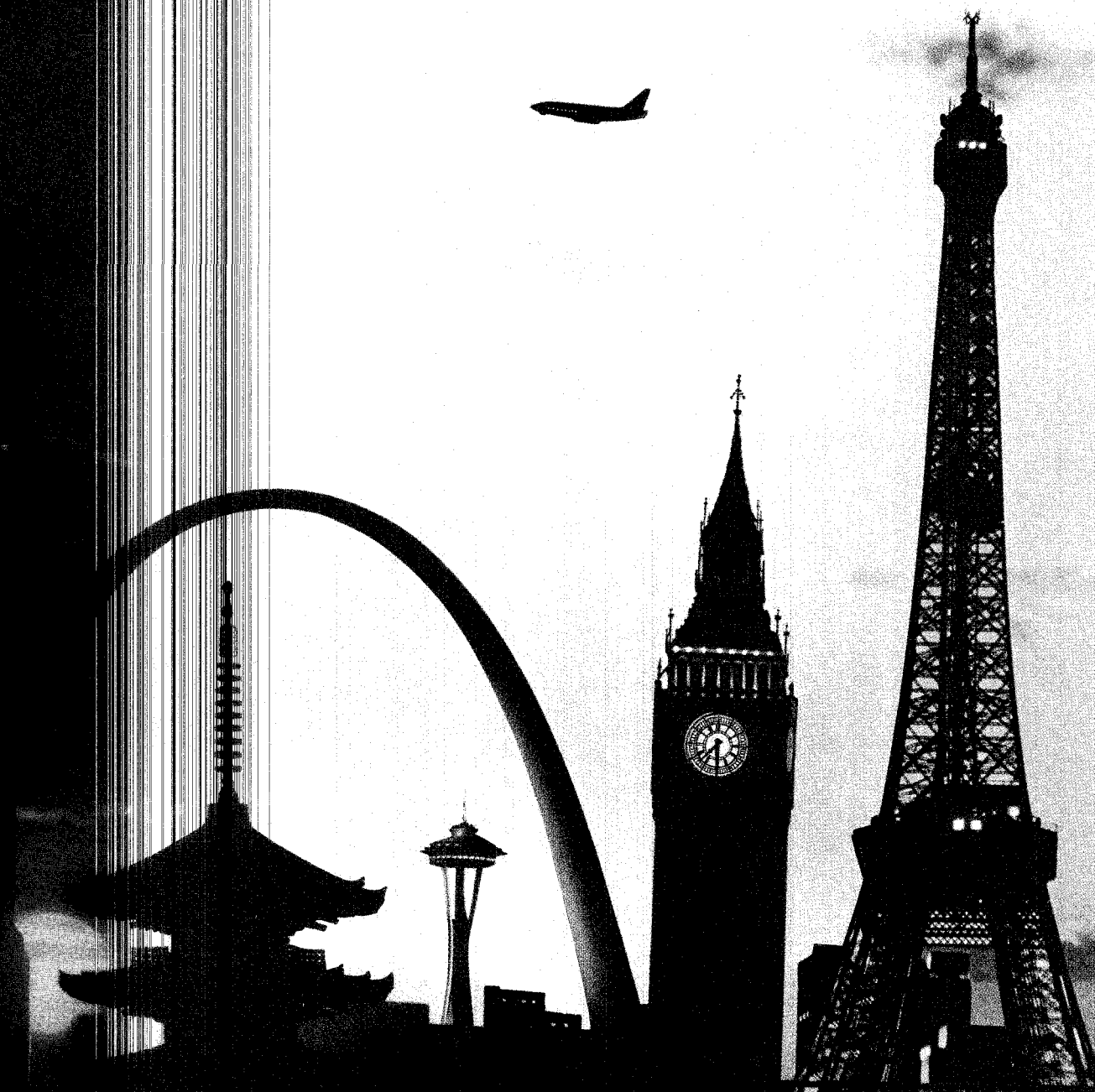
RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A big, fancy (but the appropriate dress is black sneakers rather than black tie) thirties ballroom that presents past, present, future, past-perfect, present-perfect, future-perfect, and imperfect forms of rock and roll. Wednesday, Jan. 12, Jailbait; Thursday, Jan. 13, the Plasmatics; Friday, Jan. 14, Holly & the Italians; Saturday, Jan. 15, **ALAN VEGA** and the Lenny Kaye Connection; Tuesday, Jan. 18, the Reds; Wednesday, Jan. 19, Slow Burn; Friday, Jan. 21, Gypsy Cats; and Saturday, Jan. 22, Scandal. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A pleasant second-floor jazz-rock and R. & B. club, with a nice view of the street from the window tables. The schedule: Wednesday, Jan. 12, guitarist **BARRY FINNERTY**; Thursday, Jan. 13, pianist **ONAJE ALLAN GUMBS**; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 14-15, soul singer **CISSY HOUSTON**; Sunday, Jan. 16, French Toast; Monday, Jan. 17, the Ed Palermo big band; Tuesday, Jan. 18, pianist **ARMEN DONELIAN**, bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ**, and drummer **MICHAEL DI PASQUA**; Wednesday and Thursday, Jan. 19-20, bassist **WILL LEE**, drummer **CHRIS PARKER**, and their band, Joe Cool; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 21-22, rhapsodic electric violinist Noel Pointer. Music from nine-thirty.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A new club—in a renovated luncheonette—that offers, in the words of its proprietor, Larry Gold, "the Brazilian experience." The schedule of very lively samba and Brazilian-jazz bands: Wednesday, Jan. 12, Tony Semifusa; Thursday, Jan. 13, Brasil 2000; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 14-15, **PÉ-DE-BOI**; Sunday, Jan. 16, Funk; Tuesday, Jan. 18, Guanabara; Wednesday, Jan. 19, flutist **LLOYD MC NEILL**; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 21-



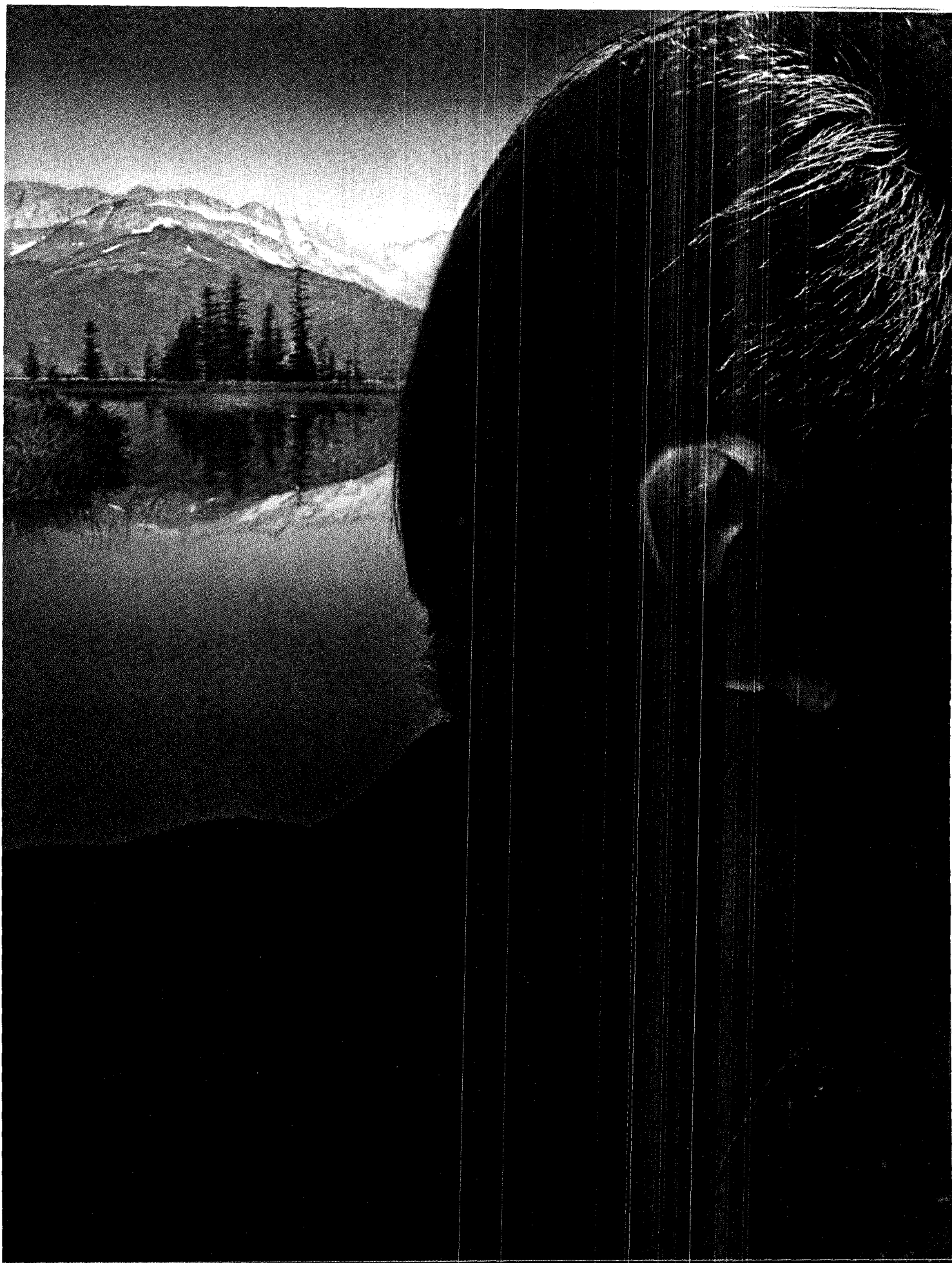
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"Music Making Angel," by Melozzo da Forlì, ca. 1480, a fresco fragment from The Ascension of Christ in the Apse of the Basilica of SS. Apostoli. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, on loan from the Vatican Museums.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

22, LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAYA BAHIA BAND. Music from ten. Dining.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Tenor saxophonist **PHAROAH SANDERS** heads his quartet through Saturday, Jan. 15; on Tuesday, Jan. 18, trumpeter **LESTER BOWIE** will arrive with his out-there-but-swinging quintet. On Sundays, there's Brazilian jazz with **THIAGO DE MELLO** and his ten-piece band, **AMAZON**; and on Mondays jubilant trumpeter **TED CURSON** guides a quintet. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A nonthreatening—if you can find the front door—rock-showcase club. Wednesday, Jan. 12, Shady and Mr. Lucky; Thursday, Jan. 13, Side 1 and the Sane; Friday, Jan. 14, Brock and Urgent; Saturday, Jan. 15, the Nitecaps and the Loners; Tuesday, Jan. 18, Jack of Diamonds; Wednesday, Jan. 19, the Jimmy Powers Band; and Thursday, Jan. 20, the Dronagoes and the Sex Execs. Music after eleven. Dancing. Closed Sundays.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Mondays are nights of salsa music in the big, barnlike downstairs room. On Jan. 17, two bands, **TITO PUENTE'S** and **BOBBY RODRIGUEZ Y LA COMPANIA**, and one guest jazz soloist, trombonist **STEVE TURRE**, will be on hand from about nine. Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** leads a trio on Tuesdays from nine.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—A hallowed basement of a jazz club. Tenor saxophonist, composer, arranger, and bandleader **FRANK FOSTER** and his big band, **LIVING COLOR: TEN SHADES OF BLACK**, squeeze onto the bandstand through Sunday, Jan. 16; on Tuesday, Jan. 18, **ARNETT COBB**, who was billed in the forties as the "Wildest Tenorman in the World," will descend the stairs with pianist **JOHN HICKS**, bassist **WALTER BOOKER**, and drummer **JIMMY COBB**. Arnett Cobb works mostly out of Houston nowadays, and he still plays breathy, looping, old-fashioned honking R. & B. saxophone, and one doesn't run across that very often anymore. Nothing different about Monday nights here—the **MEL LEWIS** big band still owns them. Music from ten.

VILLAGE WEST, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A pleasant, informal, tile-floored bar and restaurant on Abingdon Square, with live jazz. **JAKI BYARD** and **ERIC KLOSS**, who both play piano and saxophone, end their week of collaboration on Sunday, Jan. 16; on Tuesday, Jan. 18, **BARNEY KESSEL** will come in to play solo guitar. Shows at nine and eleven Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Devoted patrons have sought this place out for years, and it is perhaps the best jazz club in the meat-packing district. One attraction is the authentically prepared collard greens; another is the warm atmosphere. Esther Blue is at the piano Mondays through Wednesdays; Tony Regusis has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift. Music from eight-thirty until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. A partial lineup: on Sunday, Jan. 16, alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ** (a modernist for this room); Monday, Jan. 17, the Shelbo Jump Band; and Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 19-22, tenor saxophonist **WILLIS (GATOR TAIL) JACKSON**. Guitarist **CHRIS FLORY** is here on Tuesdays. Music from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A sleekly designed ground-floor town-house bar and restaurant with chamber jazz. Singer-pianist **NINA SHELTON** is assisted by bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ** through Saturday, Jan. 15; on Monday, Jan. 17, guitarist **JOE BECK** will come in with bassist **JAY LEONHART**. Sundays are the property of pianist **JOHN BUNCH** and bassist **PHIL FLANIGAN**. Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine, and Sundays from eight-thirty.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

SADIK HAKIM TRIO—Jazz Cultural Theatre, Eighth Ave. between 28th and 29th Sts. 244-

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0997. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 14-15, at 10, 11:30, and 1.

A TRIBUTE TO THE JAZZ GREATS—The Rutgers Jazz Ensemble, plus Walter Davis, Jr., Wynton Marsalis, John Ore, and others, performing the music of Duke Ellington, Thelonious Monk, and others. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

MUHAL RICHARD ABRAMS ORCHESTRA—In a program of Mr. Abrams' works. (Symphony Space. Sunday, Jan. 16, at 4.)

FRANK FERRUCCI LATIN JAZZ ENSEMBLE—In a program of Mr. Ferrucci's own music. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 17-18, at 8.)

CHAKA KHAN—Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, Jan. 21, at 8.

RANDY WESTON'S AFRICAN RHYTHMS and the **L. SHARON FREEMAN TRIO**—Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, Jan. 21, at 8 and 10:30.

STRING FEVER—Third Street Music School Settlement, 235 E. 11th St. 777-3240. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8.

JAZZ FORUM—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Tuesdays at 9: Jam session. ... ♪ Wednesday, Jan. 12, at 10 and midnight: Charli Persip & Superband, with Woody Shaw. ... ♪ Thursday, Jan. 13, at 10, 11:30 and 1: Dave Katz & Mean Streets. ... ♪ Friday and Saturday, Jan. 14-15, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Ronnie Mathews septet. ... ♪ Sunday, Jan. 16, at 10 and midnight: Warne Marsh quartet. ... ♪ Thursday, Jan. 20, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Steve Grossman quartet. ... ♪ Friday and Saturday, Jan. 21-22, at 10, 11:30, and 1: Philly Joe Jones quartet. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

SOUNDSCAPE—New music and jazz in another fifth-floor loft. Tuesdays: Daniel Poncé. ... ♪ Friday, Jan. 14: Marilyn Crispell quartet, with Olatunji. ... ♪ Friday, Jan. 21: Thiago de Mello & Amazon. ... ♪ Saturday, Jan. 22: Divine Monochord, with Iris Lord and Bern Nix. (Soundscape, 500 W. 52nd St. 581-7032. Evenings at 9.)

ART

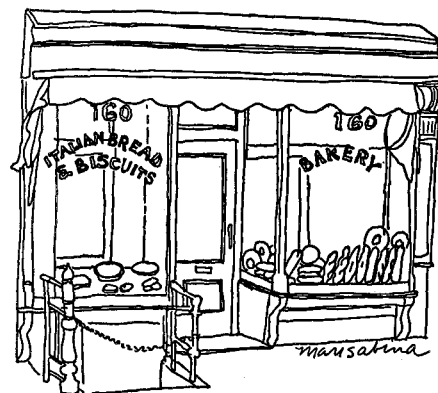
(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

JOSEPH DIGIORGIO—Oil paintings of Blue Ridge Mountain landscapes, done in a modified Pointillist style. Through Saturday, Jan. 22. (Siegel, 29 E. 73rd St.)

WILLIAM DOLE—Collages with a subtlety and refinement unusual in the field. Through Saturday, Jan. 15. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

ANDRÉ DUNOYER DE SEGONZAC (1884-1974)—Landscapes and still-lives in oil paintings, wash drawings, and prints. Through Feb. 5.



(Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)
FRANK FAULKNER—Textured acrylic paintings. Through Jan. 29. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

VILHELM HAMMERSHOI (1864-1916)—A sketch for this Danish artist's best-known painting, "Five Portraits," and several interiors are among the more than sixty paintings and drawings on view. Through Jan. 28. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

HENRI MATISSE (1869-1954)—Thirty drawings in pencil, charcoal, and pen and ink. Through Friday, Jan. 14. (Mazoh, 13 E. 76th St.)

HELEN MEYROWITZ—"Compositions from the Bed Series," realist drawings in conté crayon and in charcoal. Through Feb. 12. (Payson-Weisberg, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

JACK ROTH—Abstract paintings and works on paper. Through Jan. 27. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

EGON SCHIELE (1890-1918)—Thirty-three watercolors and drawings, all of them portraits. Through Feb. 12. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

LAURA SHECHTER—New still-life paintings. Through Jan. 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

JOHN STORRS (1885-1956)—Big abstract paintings, early bronze nudes, and drawings related to his sculptures, among other works by this early modernist. Through Jan. 26. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

MARJORIE STRIDER—Sculptures and prints dated 1970 to 1980. Through Feb. 8. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.) ... ♪ Recent sculptures inspired by the mottoes, flowers, birds, and other symbols of the fifty states. Through Feb. 12. (P.M. & Stein, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

CATHARINE WARREN—Abstract paintings and collages. Through Feb. 12. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At **LA BOETIE**, 9 E. 82nd St.: Collages and reliefs by some thirty European modernists, among them Schwitters, Arp, and Domela. Through Jan. 29. ... **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings by six contemporary Scottish artists. Through Saturday, Jan. 15. ... **SAIDENBERG**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Drawings and prints by Picasso, small abstractions by Charles Seliger, and drawings by Paul Klee are among the works on view. Through Jan. 29. (Opens at 1 on Saturdays.) ... **THEO WADDINGTON**, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Paintings by Bush, Noland, Olitski, Poons, and Rothko. Through Saturday, Jan. 15.

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

STEPHEN BUCKLEY / RICHARD SMITH—Abstract reliefs consisting of either doubled-over or woven strips of painted canvas held by stretchers of varying shapes. / Monotypes. Through Jan. 29. (Jacobson-Hochman, 24 W. 57th St.)

TOM BUTTER / STUART DAVIS (1894-1964)—Colored translucent fibre-glass-and-resin sculptures. / Nine watercolors painted in Havana when Davis was twenty-five. Through Feb. 3. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ARTHUR CADY—A triptych of the Watch Hill Channel is among his new acrylic paintings. Through Jan. 26. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

RAY CIARROCHI / JOE SHANNON—Monotypes and pastels. / Oils whose titles ("Lovers with Warship," for one) give clues to the incongruous mix of subjects. Through Feb. 2. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

STEPHEN EDLICH—Collages on canvas and paper. Through Feb. 1. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

JACKIE FERRARA / BETTY WOODMAN—New sculptures: Maquettes for two gazebos, plus five large works in wood. / Ceramic works. Through Feb. 5. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

SAM FRANCIS / HANS HOFMANN (1880-1966)—New paintings on canvas and on paper, including a large triptych and diptych. / Paintings in oil on paper executed in the last eight years of his life. Through Jan. 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

ELGA HEINZEN—Canvases in the shapes of bathrobes, trousers, and such are filled in with

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

acrylic trompe-l'oeil drapery folds appropriate to them. Through Jan. 29. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

CLINTON HILL—Abstract paintings and hand-made-paper collages. Through Feb. 5. (Pearl, 38 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM KIENBUSCH (1914-80)—A memorial show of the abstractions of New England landscapes for which he was known. Through Feb. 5. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

SIDNEY LAUFMAN—Recent Expressionist paintings and drawings by an artist who uses a dry brush. Through Feb. 5. (Deutsch, 20 W. 57th St.)

LOREN MADSEN—A single large sculpture combining wood, slate, granite, and wire. Also, several drawings. Through Saturday, Jan. 22. (McKee, 41 E. 57th St.)

SASSONA SAKEL NORTON—Vastly enlarged studies of paired human hands, done in charcoal and low-key acrylic colors by an Israeli artist. Through Jan. 29. (Sutton, 29 W. 57th St.)

FRED SANDBACK—Six Minimalist constructions "drawn" on the gallery walls and floor in taut lengths of colored wool yarn, plus related graphics. Through Saturday, Jan. 22. (Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

JOAN SNYDER / MIA WESTERLUND ROOSEN—New abstract paintings, utilizing a stronger and richer palette than before, plus a group of late-sixties paintings. / Abstract sculptures, one of them a six-foot-high concrete arch sheathed in copper. Through Saturday, Jan. 22. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

HARRY SOVIAK—Watercolors with motifs reminiscent of Matisse and Sonia Delaunay; and painted stainless-steel sculptures derived from vase shapes. Through Jan. 27. (Pam Adler, 37 W. 57th St.)

ESTEBAN VICENTE—An eightieth-birthday show of new paintings. Through Feb. 5. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

JO WARNER—Still-lives in oil. Through Jan. 29. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Paintings, none of them exhibited in this country before, by Sandro Chia, Francesco Clemente, Enzo Cucchi, and Anselm Kiefer—plus some by Jean Michel Basquiat which have been seen here. Through Saturday, Jan. 15. ... **FRUMKIN**, 50 W. 57th St.: Capricious self-portraits by fifteen contemporary artists, including Joan Brown, who has painted herself split down the middle, half cat and half woman, and Robert Arneson, who combines his own head and a dog's body in a bronze sculpture. Through Jan. 27. (Opens at noon on Saturdays.) ... **KENNEDY**, 40 W. 57th St.: Portraits by Copley and Charles Willson Peale, one landscape each by Bierstadt and Cole, and still-lives by Harnett are among the eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American paintings on view. Through Jan. 29. ... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Recent works by longtime gallery associates Isabel Bishop, Emlen Etting, Julien Binford, Margit Varga, and others. Through Jan. 29.

SCULPTURE—Wall sculptures and a few free-standing pieces, some in wrapped wire, some in painted wood, by Fritz Buehner, Stanley Snyder, and Thomas Watcke. Through Jan. 29. (Haber Theodore, 29 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

JAMES BIEDERMAN—Painted-wood sculptures and large-scale drawings in mixed mediums. Through Jan. 29. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

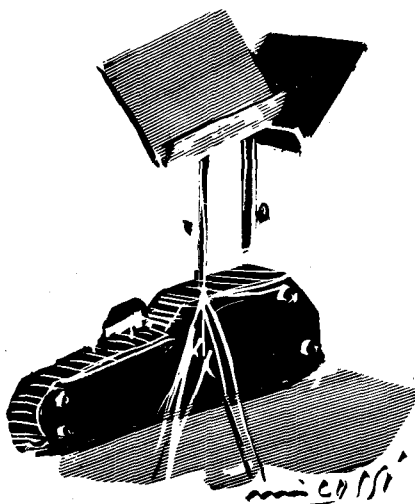
NATALIE EDGAR—Abstract paintings. Through Jan. 29. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

GEORGE GREEN / C. J. YAO—Abstract paintings. / Prints. Through Jan. 29. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

HELEN MAYER HARRISON AND NEWTON HARRISON—A hand-colored photographic mural entitled "Thinking About the Mangrove and the Pine," and other works centered on the ecological concerns of these artists. Through Saturday, Jan. 15. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

RONNIE LANDFIELD—New abstract paintings. Through Jan. 29. (Cowles, 420 West Broadway.)

ROBERT MORRIS—Two related exhibits at 420 West Broadway: Large black-and-white drawings at Castelli (second floor); and plaster



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reliefs and drawings (the latter, called "Fire-storm Series," on apocalyptic themes) at Sonnabend (third floor). Through Jan. 29.

DOUG OHLSON—Recent paintings by a colorist. Through Jan. 29. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

JUDY PFAFF—An environmental installation (paintings and sculptures), with related works. Through Jan. 29. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG—Recent works by the prolific artist are at three Greene Street addresses: 142 (a Leo Castelli gallery) has, for instance, works incorporating those Japanese-made art souvenirs decorated with decals of Louvre paintings (and objects mimicking them), paper works executed in China (others from this series are now at the Museum of Modern Art), and a hundred-foot photograph; and 135 and 112 (sponsored by Ileana Sonnabend) have a series of his combine paintings, several of them three-dimensional, whose title is "Kabal American Zephyr." Through Jan. 29.

GERHARD RICHTER—Abstract paintings. Through Jan. 29. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

CURTIS RIPLEY—A pair of ceramic urns and drawings of them are among new works. Through Jan. 29. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

JOHN SANDERS—Abstract sculptures carved with blowtorch and chisel from slabs of solid steel (the largest weighs six and a half tons), plus one bronze casting, taken from a work in steel. Through Saturday, Jan. 15. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

GARY STEPHAN—Abstract paintings. Through Jan. 29. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.)

FUMIO YOSHIMURA / NINA RAGINSKY—Meticulously carved lindenwood sculptures of fish skeletons, a tulip plant, an open egg carton. / Portrait photographs that are hand-colored with oil washes. Through Feb. 2. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

EVA HESSE (1936-70)—A drawing retrospective of nearly a hundred works (five sculptures complete the show) by the sculptor. Through Feb. 19. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.) ... Paintings and reliefs dated 1963-66. Through Jan. 29. (Metro Pictures, 169 Mercer St.)

CHILDREN'S BOOK ILLUSTRATIONS—More than two hundred original illustrations for children's books published in 1982. Some of the illustrators are William Steig, James Stevenson, and

Lee Lorenz. Through Feb. 10. (Master Eagle Gallery, sixth floor, 40 W. 25th St. Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

BERENICE ABBOTT—Photographs spanning fifty years of her career, about a quarter of them vintage prints. Through Saturday, Jan. 15. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

ROGER CUTFORTH—New photographs: still-lives and Western landscapes. Through Feb. 5. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.)

THOMAS EAKINS (1844-1916) / JEAN-LOUIS DURIEU (1800-74)—Seventy photographs from a single collection. / Nude studies the photographer made for Delacroix, who used them for his paintings. Through Jan. 29. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

BERNARD FAUCON—Fresson-color prints. Through Jan. 29. (Castelli Graphics, 4 E. 77th St.)

JAN HENLE—Silver prints that are topographical studies of a field and a beach in St. Croix and of stones in Ireland. Through Feb. 12. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

HELENA KOLDA—Photo-collages, some of which combine color photographs with black-and-whites. Through Jan. 29. (Images, 11 E. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

LYNN SAGE—Photographs representing ten years of work; first solo show in New York. Through Feb. 4. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"La Belle Epoque" is the title for the Costume Institute's eleventh annual exhibit, consisting of a hundred and fifty examples of men's and women's turn-of-the-century clothing (primarily from Europe but with a couple of nods to America) displayed in period settings: Décor evoking Maxim's, Edwardian green-flocked wallpaper, and numerous portraits preside over a promenade of outfits both informal and formal, including ball gowns and court dresses—four from the wardrobe of Queen Alexandra of England. ... The American Wing has opened its first twentieth-century period room, a living room designed in 1912-14 by Frank Lloyd Wright. In addition, a temporary display of about a hundred Wright pieces—from drawings for the room to furniture—in the museum's collections. Through Feb. 27. ... A show of prints by Albrecht Dürer on the theme of the Holy Family, including several woodcuts from "The Life of the Virgin" series. Through Feb. 6. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 18 W. 54th St.—A show of abstract sculptures by Louise Bourgeois. Through Feb. 8. ... An exhibit of Xuan-paper works by Robert Rauschenberg, who spent a month in China devising them. Through Feb. 1. For an itinerary of concurrent shows, see R.R. under "Galleries—SoHo." (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Selections from the Peggy Guggenheim collection of twentieth-century paintings and works on paper, brought over for the first time in a decade from the Palazzo Venier dei Leoni, in Venice. ... A show of about thirty sculptures by Americans represented in the museum's collection, among them Joseph Cornell, Louise Nevelson, and Lucas Samaras. Both shows through March 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of sculptures by Ellsworth Kelly, accompanied by the drawings he used as studies. Through Feb. 27. ... A show of approximately thirty paintings by the Eight marks the seventy-fifth anniversary of their show (from which the prescient Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney purchased four, all on view). Starts Thursday, Jan. 13. ... A Frank Stella print retrospective. Starts Thursday, Jan. 13. A complementary show is at Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St. (The museum is open daily except

Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway.—A retrospective of drawings by Gene Davis. Through Feb. 6. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Star Gods of the Ancient Americas," or how the moon and stars governed the earthly affairs and found expression in the artifacts of various early cultures. An eleventh-century gold calendar disc from Peru on the one hand, a contemporary photomural of the Mayan observatory at Chichén Itzá on the other. Through March 27. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

FRICK COLLECTION, 1 E. 70th St.—A show of nearly a hundred French decorative clocks made between 1532 and 1823. Through Jan. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

GROlier CLUB, 47 E. 60th St.—A loan show from Harvard's Houghton Library gives a sample of the library's acquisitions of the past fifteen years. Prominent among the manuscripts and books are the three-foot-high black-leather coronation book (1856) of Czar Alexander II, a twenty-five-page telegram (1917) from John Reed to the *New York Call*, and James Fenimore Cooper's three-volume "Water Witch" (1830) in its original bindings. Through Feb. 5. (Open daily except Sundays. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

JAPAN HOUSE, 333 E. 47th St.—"The Great Age of Japanese Buddhist Sculpture, A.D. 600-1300," a show offering more than fifty bronze and wood works, ranging from small altarpieces to larger-than-life-size figures. On loan from the national museums in Tokyo and Nara, and from twenty-six temples. Through Sunday, Jan. 16. (Open daily, 11 to 5, and Friday evenings until 7:30.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of a hundred and fifty paintings, sculptures, prints, and drawings by Max Weber. Through Jan. 23. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of medieval French illuminated manuscripts which points up the characteristics of individual artists and regional workshops. All the works are in American collections. . . . Forty etchings by Rembrandt, depicting scenes from the life of Christ. . . . A display of musical manuscripts by Stravinsky and Haydn which commemorates their birth dates. All three shows through Jan. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—A folk-sculpture show presented in two parts: Functional pieces, including five weather-vanes and eight carved-wood *santos*, produced in the nineteenth century; and entirely fanciful pieces that document four environmental-scale works by contemporary folk artists. Starts Thursday, Jan. 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Blake to Beardsley: English Illustrated Books of the Nineteenth Century," an exhibit that also includes the work of William Thackeray, Edward Lear, and Julia Margaret Cameron (seen in one of the first books to use photographs as illustrations). Through March 2. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6, and Monday through Wednesday evenings until 9.)

SCHOMBURG CENTER, 515 Lenox Ave., at 135th St.—A show of nearly forty jazz-related paintings, prints, and photographs, including a monumental painting by Leonard Ruben of Thelonious Monk and Cannonball Adderly performing together; and an etching by Romare Bearden entitled "Jamming at the Savoy." Through Saturday, Jan. 22. (Open Mondays through Wednesdays, noon to 8; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—A show of color-field paintings by Sam Gilliam. Through Feb. 27. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but music, video, dance, and so on.)

ALTERNATIVE MUSEUM, 17 White St., three blocks south of Canal St., at Sixth Ave. Exhibition hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Boaz Vaadia, Mary Beth Edelson, and Cedric Smith are among the thirty-three artists showing icons, relics, and other objects of devotion, religious and otherwise. Through Saturday, Jan. 22.

ARTISTS SPACE, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Individual shows by Jürgen Partenheimer (drawings), Peter Shelton (sculptural model of the gallery), and Stewart Wilson (small figures in several materials). Through Saturday, Jan. 15.

FRANKLIN FURNACE, 112 Franklin St. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—Installations with music composed by Charlie Roth) by Kazuko, Charles Abramson, and others. Through Feb. 12. . . . Artists' books, periodicals, and posters on subjects of a political nature. Through Feb. 5.

THE KITCHEN, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Christine Brodbeck and Caitlin Corbett (dance), Thursday and Friday, Jan. 13-14, at 8:30; Susan Braham and Susan Brown (dance), Saturday and Sunday, Jan. 15-16, at 8:30; John Malpede (performance), Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 8:30; Des Refusés (performance), Friday and Saturday, Jan. 21-22, at 8:30. . . . Paintings by Gordon Voisey. Through Jan. 29.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; for Carnegie Hall 247-7459; for Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St., 570-3949; for Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St., 427-4410; and for Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Wednesday evening, Jan. 12: "Idomeneo," with Benita Valente, Hildegard Behrens, Frederica von Stade, and Luciano Pavarotti; conducted by James Levine. . . . Thursday evening, Jan. 13: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Gianna Rolandi, Catherine Malfitano, Tatiana Troyanos, and Kenneth Riegel; Julius Rudel. . . . Friday evening, Jan. 14: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Jeannette Pilou, Dale Duesing, José van Dam, and Jerome Hines; James Levine. . . . Saturday matinée, Jan. 15: "Idomeneo," with Benita Valente, Hildegard Behrens, Frederica von Stade, and Luciano Pavarotti; James Levine. . . . Saturday evening, Jan. 15: "Il Trovatore," with Adelaide Negri, Fiorenza Cossotto, Ermanno Mauro, and Juan Pons; Nello Santi. . . . Monday eve-

ning, Jan. 17: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Gianna Rolandi, Catherine Malfitano, Tatiana Troyanos, and Kenneth Riegel; Julius Rudel. . . . Tuesday evening, Jan. 18: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Jeannette Pilou, Dale Duesing, José van Dam, and Jerome Hines; James Levine. . . . Wednesday evening, Jan. 19: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Renata Scotto, Viorica Cortez, Neil Shicoff, and Louis Quilico; Thomas Fulton. . . . Thursday evening, Jan. 20: "Boris Godunov," with Mignon Dunn, Martti Talvela, Wieslaw Ochman, and Robert Nagy; James Conlon. . . . Friday evening, Jan. 21: "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," with Gianna Rolandi, Catherine Malfitano, Tatiana Troyanos, and Kenneth Riegel; Julius Rudel. . . . Saturday matinée, Jan. 22: "Pelléas et Mélisande," with Jeannette Pilou, Dale Duesing, José van Dam, and Jerome Hines; James Levine. . . . Saturday evening, Jan. 22: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Renata Scotto, Viorica Cortez, Neil Shicoff, and Louis Quilico; Thomas Fulton. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

BRONX OPERA COMPANY—Two performances of Carl Nielsen's "Maskarade," staged by Thomas Holliday, with the Bronx Opera Orchestra conducted by Michael Spierman. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 14-15, at 8. For information about tickets, call 787-1400.)

BEL CANTO OPERA—Four performances of Donizetti's "Caterina Cornaro," staged by Cynthia Edwards and conducted by Igor Chichagov. (Robert F. Wagner Junior High School Auditorium, 220 E. 76th St. Saturdays, Jan. 15 and 22, at 7:30, and Sundays, Jan. 16 and 23, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the days of the performances.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall—Larry Newland conducting a Carter-Bernstein-Sibelius program on Thursday, Jan. 13, at 8; Friday, Jan. 14, at 2; Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8; and Tuesday, Jan. 18, at 7:30 (all with Janice Meyerson, mezzo-soprano). . . . Giuseppe Sinopoli conducting a program that includes the New York premiere of Bruno Maderna's "Biogramma," as well as works by Mozart and Schumann Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 20-22, and Tuesday, Jan. 25, at 8 (all with Malcolm Frager, piano).

EASTMAN PHILHARMONIA—David Effron conducting a program of American music which includes the New York premiere of Joseph Schwanter's "New Morning for the World," with former Pittsburgh Pirates first baseman Willie Stargell narrating a text based on the writings of Martin Luther King, Jr. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

SCOTTISH CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Jaime Laredo conducting an all-Mozart program and playing the violin, with John Tunnell, also violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 18-19, at 8.)

OPERA ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK—Eve Queler directing the American premiere of Richard Strauss's "Guntram" in concert form, with Ilona Tokody, soprano, and Reiner Goldberg, tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

METROPOLITAN ENSEMBLE OF NEW YORK—Mamoru Takahara conducting a program that includes the premiere of Yasuo Higuchi's "Concerto for Cornet and Chamber Orchestra." With Erick Friedman, violin, and Terumasa Hino, cornet. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 3.)

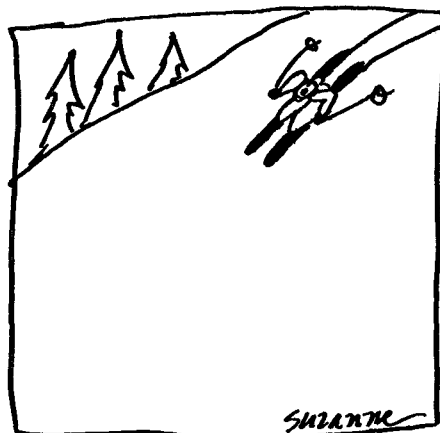
MUSICA AETERNA ORCHESTRA—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Janos Starker, cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

Y CHAMBER SYMPHONY—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Elmar Oliveira, violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 16, at 3.)

NEW YORK CHAMBER ORCHESTRA—Laurine Fox conducting an all-Mozart program, with Joyce Guyer-Hiller, soprano. (City University Graduate Center Auditorium, 33 W. 42nd St. Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

MANNES CHORUS—Amy Kaiser directing. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. Wednesday, Jan. 12, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

COLLEGIATE CHORALE—Robert Bass directing the



première of Paul Suits' "A Prodigal Voice" and Mozart's Requiem. (Church of St. Vincent Ferrer, 869 Lexington Ave., at 66th St. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8, and a repeat performance at the Church of St. Paul the Apostle, Columbus Ave. at 59th St., on Sunday, Jan. 16, at 3. For information about tickets, call 621-9090.)

RECITALS

ISAAC STERN—Violin, in a recital celebrating the fortieth anniversary of his Carnegie Hall debut. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

MONTSEERAT CABALLÉ—Soprano, in a recital postponed from Oct. 13. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

MISHA DICHTER—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Wednesday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

ALASKA MUSIC FESTIVAL—At Carnegie Recital Hall—A series of concerts by faculty members from the University of Alaska. Wednesday, Jan. 12, at 8: A program that includes the premières of Corey Field's "Poem Against the Cold" and Ravonna Martin's "Tis You That Are the Music," performed by Suzanne Sommerville, mezzo-soprano; Theodore DeCorso, clarinet; and Robert McCoy, piano. . . . Friday, Jan. 14, at 8: A program that includes the New York premiere of Judith Lang Zaimont's "From the Great Land: Woman's Songs," performed by the North Star Consort. . . . Monday, Jan. 17, at 8: Kathleen Butler, violin, and James Johnson, harpsichord and piano.

MUSIC TODAY—Gerard Schwarz conducting a chamber ensemble in a program of music by Edgar Varèse, Percy Grainger, Shulamit Ran, and Franz Schreker. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Jan. 12, at 8.)

GLENN BRANCA—Keyboard, with fifteen other musicians, presenting the première of his "Symphony No. 3." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 13-15, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 16, at 2.)

ELIZABETH WRIGHT—Piano, with Earl Carlyss, violin, and Joel Krosnick, cello. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Thursday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

WAVERLY CONSORT—A program devoted to Renaissance music of Florence. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 13, and Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8.) . . . A program of Elizabethan and Jacobean music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

LEAGUE-SCM—The third in this season's series of six programs of contemporary music, this one performed by the New York New Music Ensemble, with Jane Bryden, soprano, and Beverly Morgan, mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, Jan. 13, at 8.)

JUILLIARD STRING QUARTET—Presenting Beethoven's three Razumovsky quartets. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Jan. 14, at 8.)

THE BACH WINTERFEST—The second in a series of four concerts, this one performed by Ani Kavafian, violin; Fred Sherry, cello; and Elaine Comparone, harpsichord. (St. Joseph's Church, 371 Sixth Ave. Friday, Jan. 14, at 8:30, and a repeat performance at St. Michael's Church, 225 W. 99th St., on Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 666-9427.)

COLEMAN BLUMFIELD—Piano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—Dong-Suk Kang and Daniel Phillips, violin; Marcus Thompson, viola; Nathaniel Rosen, cello; Gervase de Peyer, clarinet; and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St. Saturday, Jan. 15, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert. . . . Same program at Alice Tully Hall on Sunday, Jan. 16, at 5, and Monday and Tuesday, Jan. 17-18, at 7:30.)

JANOS STARKER—Cello. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. Sunday, Jan. 16, at 2. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

MENDELSSOHN STRING QUARTET—Chamber music. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, Jan. 16, at 2. For information about tickets, call 741-5689.)

ANDRÉ-MICHEL SCHUB—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 16, at 3.)

BEETHOVEN FESTIVAL—The last in a series of con-

certs performed by Alison Deane, piano; Arturo Delmoni, violin; and Richard Locker, cello. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church Concert Hall, 122 W. 69th St. Sunday, Jan. 16, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

MUSIC BEFORE 1800—The Renaissance Ensemble of Baltimore presenting a program of Elizabethan music. (Corpus Christi Church, 529 W. 121st St. Sunday, Jan. 16, at 3. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

NORTH/SOUTH CONSONANCE—With Manuel Enriquez, violin. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Sunday, Jan. 16, at 3. For information about tickets, call 249-8950, Ext. 650.)

MARILYN HORNE—Mezzo-soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

RAFAEL SOBOLEVSKY—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

PAMELA MIA PAUL—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y. Sunday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

STEPHEN ROBINSON—Classical guitarist. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Sunday, Jan. 16, at 8.)

SAMUEL BARON—Flute, in an all-Bach program, with Jon Humphrey, tenor; Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord; and Laura Blustein, cello. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Monday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

RICHARD TODD—Horn, with James Gemmell, piano, and Kristine Ciesinski, soprano. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Tuesday, Jan. 18, at 8.)

BOWERY ENSEMBLE—The second in a series of three concerts. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Tuesday, Jan. 18, at 8. For information about tickets, call 406-2915.)

ANNE CHAMBERLAIN AND PATRICIA SPENCER—Piano and flute. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 8.)

JANET BAKER—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

ANTONIO BARBOSA—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

PEINEMANN-HANANI-AUER TRIO—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Jan. 20, at 8.)

DENNIS KOSTER—Classical guitarist. (CAMI Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Friday, Jan. 21, at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-3255.)

ALEXIS WEISSENBERG—Piano, in an all-Chopin program. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

DELICIA STEVENSON, GERVASE DE PEYER, AND MICHAEL CAVE—Soprano, clarinet, and piano, in a Schubert-Michael Cave program. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

NEW YORK RENAISSANCE BAND—A program called "Masquerade," involving dance, songs, and scenes from Renaissance court life. With the Court Dance Company of New York. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8.)

BAROQUE CHAMBER MUSIC—Beverly Hoch, soprano; Stephen Burns, trumpet; Daniel and Todd Phillips, violin; Scott Nickrenz, viola; Frederick Zlotkin, cello; and Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8:30, and Sunday, Jan. 23, at 2.)

MISCELLANY

NEW MUSIC FESTIVAL—At Marymount Manhattan Theatre—A four-week festival by com-

posers who record for the Lovely Music label. Wednesday, Jan. 12, at 8: Alvin Lucier. . . . Thursday, Jan. 13, at 8: Joel Chadabe, with Jan Williams, percussion. . . . Friday, Jan. 14, at 8: Nicolas Collins and Ron Kuivilla. . . . Saturday, Jan. 15, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 16, at 4: David Behrman, Paul DeMarinis, and George Lewis. . . . Wednesday, Jan. 19, at 8: Richard Teitelbaum. . . . Thursday and Friday, Jan. 20-21, at 8: (Blue) Gene Tyranny and David Van Tieghem. . . . Saturday, Jan. 22, at 8: Jill Kroesen. (221 E. 71st St. Through Sunday, Jan. 30. For tickets, call 279-4200.)

OPERA INTERVIEWS—Luciano Pavarotti being interviewed by Speight Jenkins. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum. Thursday, Jan. 13, at 6.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Chicago, Monday, Jan. 17, at 7:30. . . . BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Knicks, Saturday, Jan. 15. . . . Nets vs. Atlanta, Monday, Jan. 17. . . . Nets vs. Cleveland, Friday, Jan. 21. (Games begin at 7:35.)

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Jets vs. Los Angeles Raiders in a semifinal playoff game for the National Football League Championship. (Los Angeles. Saturday, Jan. 15.)

HOCKEY—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Winnipeg Jets, Wednesday, Jan. 12, at 7:35. . . . Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Sunday, Jan. 16, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Los Angeles Kings, Saturday, Jan. 15. . . . Islanders vs. Hartford Whalers, Tuesday, Jan. 18. . . . Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Jan. 22. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Islanders, Thursday, Jan. 13. . . . Devils vs. Los Angeles Kings, Sunday, Jan. 16. . . . Devils vs. St. Louis Blues, Thursday, Jan. 20. (Games begin at 7:35.)

RACING—At AQUEDUCT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 16. The Affectionately Handicap, Sunday, Jan. 16. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 12:30; through Tuesday, March 15.

TENNIS—Volvo Masters: Jimmy Connors, Guillermo Vilas, Ivan Lendl, John McEnroe, Mats Wilander, Vitas Gerulaitis, and others. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday and Wednesday, Jan. 18-19, at 7; Thursday and Friday, Jan. 20-21, at 1 and 7; Saturday, Jan. 22, at noon; and Sunday, Jan. 23 [finals], at 3. For information about tickets, call 685-8780.)

TROTting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Jan. 15. . . . ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8, from Monday, Jan. 17, through Saturday, April 2. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8; through Tuesday, Aug. 9.

ET ALIA

POETRY READINGS—Jane Cooper and Gibbons Ruark reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, Jan. 13, at 6. No tickets necessary.) . . . Robert Penn Warren reading from his own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Jan. 17, at 8.)

NATIONAL BOAT SHOW—Cruisers, sailboats, inboards, outboards, dinghies, and canoes, as well as all sorts of nautical fittings and trappings. (Coliseum, Columbus Circle. Saturdays, Jan. 15 and 22, from 10 to 10; Sundays, Jan. 16 and 23, from 11 to 7; and Monday through Friday, Jan. 17-21, from noon to 10.)

AUCTIONS—At SOTHEY'S, York Ave. at 72nd St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 9:30 to 5.) Thursday, Jan. 20, at 10:15: Old Master paintings. Exhibition starts Saturday, Jan. 15. . . . CHRISTIE'S, Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) Tuesday, Jan. 18, at 2: Old Master paintings. Exhibition starts Thursday, Jan. 13. . . . PHILLIPS, 406 E. 79th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, Jan. 13, at 11: Furniture, decorations, and Oriental works of art.



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

Through Jan. 16: "The Night of the Hunter" (†).

Jan. 18-19: "So Fine" (†); and "Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid" (directed by Carl Reiner), with Steve Martin and Rachel Ward.

Jan. 20-21: "Scanners" (1981; David Cronenberg; a Canadian film), with Jennifer O'Neill, Stephen Lack, and Patrick McGouhan; and "Wolfen" (1981; Michael Wadleigh), with Albert Finney and Gregory Hines.

From Jan. 22: "Continental Divide" (†); and "Neighbors" (1981; John G. Avildsen), with John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd.

R.K.O. CENTURY ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Tootsie" (†).

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through Jan. 13: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†); and "The Thing" (John Carpenter), with Kurt Russell.
From Jan. 14: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through Jan. 13: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).
From Jan. 14: "Leap Into the Void" (†).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"48 Hrs." (†).

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through Jan. 20: "Best Friends" (Norman Jewison), with Burt Reynolds and Goldie Hawn.
From Jan. 21: "Threshold" (Richard Pearce), with Donald Sutherland and Jeff Goldblum.

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Toy" (Richard Donner), with Richard Pryor and Jackie Gleason.
Theatre 2: "Airplane II: The Sequel" (Ken Finkleman), with Robert Hays and Julie Hagerty.
Theatre 3: "The Verdict" (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through Jan. 20: "Kiss Me Goodbye" (Robert Mulligan), with Sally Field and James Caan.
From Jan. 21: "The Man from Snowy River" (George Miller), with Kirk Douglas and Jack Thompson.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Through Jan. 20: "Best Friends" (Norman Jewison), with Burt Reynolds and Goldie Hawn.
From Jan. 21: "Independence Day" (Robert Mandel), with Kathleen Quinlan and David Keith.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"The Verdict" (†).

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Diva" (†).

MANHATTAN I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "The Dark Crystal" (Jim Henson and Frank Oz).

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 13: "Trail of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards). Jan. 14-20: "They Call Me Bruce." From Jan. 21: "Sophie's Choice" (†).

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 20: "Kiss Me Goodbye" (Robert Mulligan), with Sally Field and James Caan. From Jan. 21: "The Man from Snowy River" (George Miller), with Kirk Douglas and Jack Thompson.
Theatre 2: "48 Hrs." (†).

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Jan. 13: "Diner" (†).
From Jan. 14: "Missing" (†).

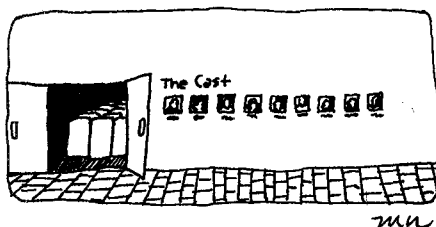
CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 20: "Sophie's Choice" (†). From Jan. 21: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson and Sigourney Weaver.

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 20: "Fitzcarraldo" (†). From Jan. 21: "Threshold" (Richard Pearce), with Donald Sutherland and Jeff Goldblum.

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 21.

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 20: "Madman." From Jan. 21: "Time Riders."

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 13: "Six Weeks" (Tony Bill), with Dudley Moore and Mary Tyler Moore. Jan. 14-20: "The Last American Virgin." From Jan. 21: "Treasures of Four Crowns."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Frances" (Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard.

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "That Championship Season" (Jason Miller).

Theatre 2: "Still of the Night" (†).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Eating Raoul" (†).

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Tootsie" (†).

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
"My Favorite Year" (†).

U. A. 85TH ST. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Jan. 13: "Peter Pan" (†).
From Jan. 14: "They Call Me Bruce."

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 13: "Airplane II: The Sequel" (Ken Finkleman), with Robert Hays and Julie Hagerty. From Jan. 14: "Spring Fever."

Theatre 2: "The Toy" (Richard Donner), with Richard Pryor and Jackie Gleason.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Dark Crystal" (Jim Henson and Frank Oz).

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: "Best Friends" (Norman Jewison), with Burt Reynolds and Goldie Hawn.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 13: "Trail of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards). From Jan. 14: "The Last American Virgin."

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: "Slow Attack" (1980; directed by Reinhart Hauff; in German), with Burkhard Driest. (No performances Mondays.)

Theatre 2: Jan. 12: "Three Songs of Lenin" (1934; Dziga Vertov; in Russian); and "The Girl with the Hatbox" (1927; Boris V. Barnet; a Russian silent film), with Anna Sten. Jan. 13-14: "Viridiana" (1961; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal and Silvia Pinal; "Simon of the Desert" (1965; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Claudio Brook and Silvia Pinal; and "L'Age d'Or" (1930; Luis Buñuel; in French). Jan. 15-16: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig; and "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina. Jan. 17-18: "The Great Madcap" (1949; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish); "Daughter of Deceit"

(1951; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish); and "Un Chien Andalou" (†). Jan. 19-20: "The Young One" (†); and "Death in the Garden" (1956; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Simone Signoret and Georges Marchal. Jan. 21-22: "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (†) and "Le Fantôme de la Liberté" (†).

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Smithereens" (Susan Seidelman), with Susan Berman.

Theatre 2: "Still of the Night" (†).

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE I AND 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 20: "Eating Raoul" (†). From Jan. 21: "Sophie's Choice" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 20: "Peter Pan" (†). From Jan. 21: "Sophie's Choice" (†).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 13: "Siberiade" (1979; Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky; in Russian). From Jan. 14: "Veronika Voss" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Rosel Zech.

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 20: "Fitzcarraldo" (†). From Jan. 21 (tentative): "Le Beau Mariage" (†).

Theatre 3: "Time Stands Still" (Péter Gothár; in Hungarian).

Theatre 4: "My Favorite Year" (†).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"Fantasia" (†).

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Gandhi" (†).

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

Through Jan. 13: "My Favorite Year" (†).

From Jan. 14: "A Time for Revenge" (Adolfo Aristarain; an Argentine film, in Spanish).

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"Coup de Torchon" (Bertrand Tavernier; in French), with Philippe Noiret and Isabelle Huppert.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"Sophie's Choice" (†).

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Tootsie" (†).

LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "The Stationmaster's Wife" (1977; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Kurt Raab.

Theatre 2: "Lola" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German).

Theatre 3: Through Jan. 13: "Veronika Voss" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Rosel Zech. From Jan. 14: "The Girl with the Red Hair" (Ben Verbong; in Dutch), with Renée Soutendijk.

CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 20: "The Seven Samurai" (†). From Jan. 21: "Winter Kills" (William Richert), with Jeff Bridges, John Huston, and Anthony Perkins.

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 18: "Le Beau Mariage" (†). From Jan. 19: "Muddy River."

EMBASSY 72ND ST. I AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "Time Stands Still" (Péter Gothár; in Hungarian).

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 18: "The Light Ahead" (1939; Edgar G. Ulmer; in Yiddish), with David Opatoshu. From Jan. 19: "Lianna" (John Sayles).

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: Through Jan. 20: "Tootsie" (†). From Jan. 21: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 13: "Trail of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards). From Jan. 14: "Spring Fever."

Theatre 3: Through Jan. 20: "Best Friends" (Norman Jewison), with Burt Reynolds and Goldie Hawn. From Jan. 21: To be announced.

Theatre 4: Through Jan. 20: "Tootsie" (†). From Jan. 21: To be announced.

NEW YORKER I AND 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)

Theatre 1: "Eating Raoul" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 13: "Still of the Night" (†). From Jan. 14: "Smithereens" (Susan Seidelman), with Susan Berman.

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)

Theatre 1: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Jan. 13: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†). From Jan. 14: "Still of the Night" (†).

Theatre 3: Through Jan. 13: "My Favorite

IF A CAR IS REALLY AN EXTENSION OF ONE'S PERSONALITY, WHAT KIND OF PERSON WOULD DRIVE A SAAB?

Not long ago, a leading car magazine called Saab owners "the lunatic fringe of the American car-buying public."

Yet according to our statistics, the average Saab owner is male, age 38, college-educated, works in a managerial job, and earns over \$40,000 a year. He is married and has 1.2 children.

The fact is, both descriptions are accurate.

The fringe.

Some people call this person a driving enthusiast; others call him a car nut.

Whatever you call him, he buys a car for one reason.

Economy? Who cares. Luggage space? Who needs it.

His attitude is if a car doesn't give you goose bumps when you drive it, what's the point of owning it.

For him, even a drive to the supermarket should be exhilarating.

For that, Saab's front-wheel drive and taut suspension give him the cornering ability of a sports car.

And every time Saab's new APC turbocharger kicks in, he feels like he's just engaged warp drive.

Engineering philosophy doesn't interest him. Results do.

Often, he belongs to a car club.

Not the kind with leather jackets and secret handshakes.

But every month or so,

they sponsor an event called an Autocross. Much to the dismay of the local townspeople, club members roar their Saabs against the clock through staid suburban parking lots.

Beyond the fringe.

At the other end of the spectrum is the Saab owner who is largely responsible for the respectable statistics that were cited earlier.

He bristles at Saab's cult car reputation. He thinks of car clubs in the same light as motorcycle gangs.

Nonetheless, he does realize that many of Saab's "radical" innovations like turbocharging, front-wheel drive, and aerodynamic design have broader applications than just blowing your neighbor's BMW off the road.

He sees the safety in high performance every time he merges onto a crowded freeway or passes a truck on a two-lane highway.

And, in a Saab APC Turbo, this performance is attained without sacrificing fuel economy. In fact, the APC system actually improves gas mileage*.

He sees the logic of Saab's front-wheel drive and four-wheel disc brakes, especially after the first snowfall. Or the last rainfall.

Even Saab's hatchback design, which some find unconventional, he finds practical, considering that it gives his

Saab the carrying capacity of a station wagon.

And not only does his Saab have plenty of room for luggage, it also has plenty of room for people. More, in fact, than many elitist cars.

For those who insist on luxury for luxury's sake, Saab has made one concession. Some turbo models are now equipped with an *Exclusive Appointments Group* that includes leather-upholstered seats and electric sunroofs. (That's really two concessions, isn't it?)

1983 SAAB PRICE** LIST

900 3-door	\$10,750
900 4-door	\$11,050
900S 3-door	\$13,550
900S 4-door	\$13,950
900 Turbo 3-door	\$16,510
900 Turbo 4-door	\$16,910
Automatic transmission \$370 additional.	

Even with leather upholstery and sunroofs you don't have to open manually, Saabs have not replaced Mercedes and BMW as the standard-bearer at the country club.

But for Saab owners, whatever type they may be, the experience of driving a Saab outweighs the lure of status.

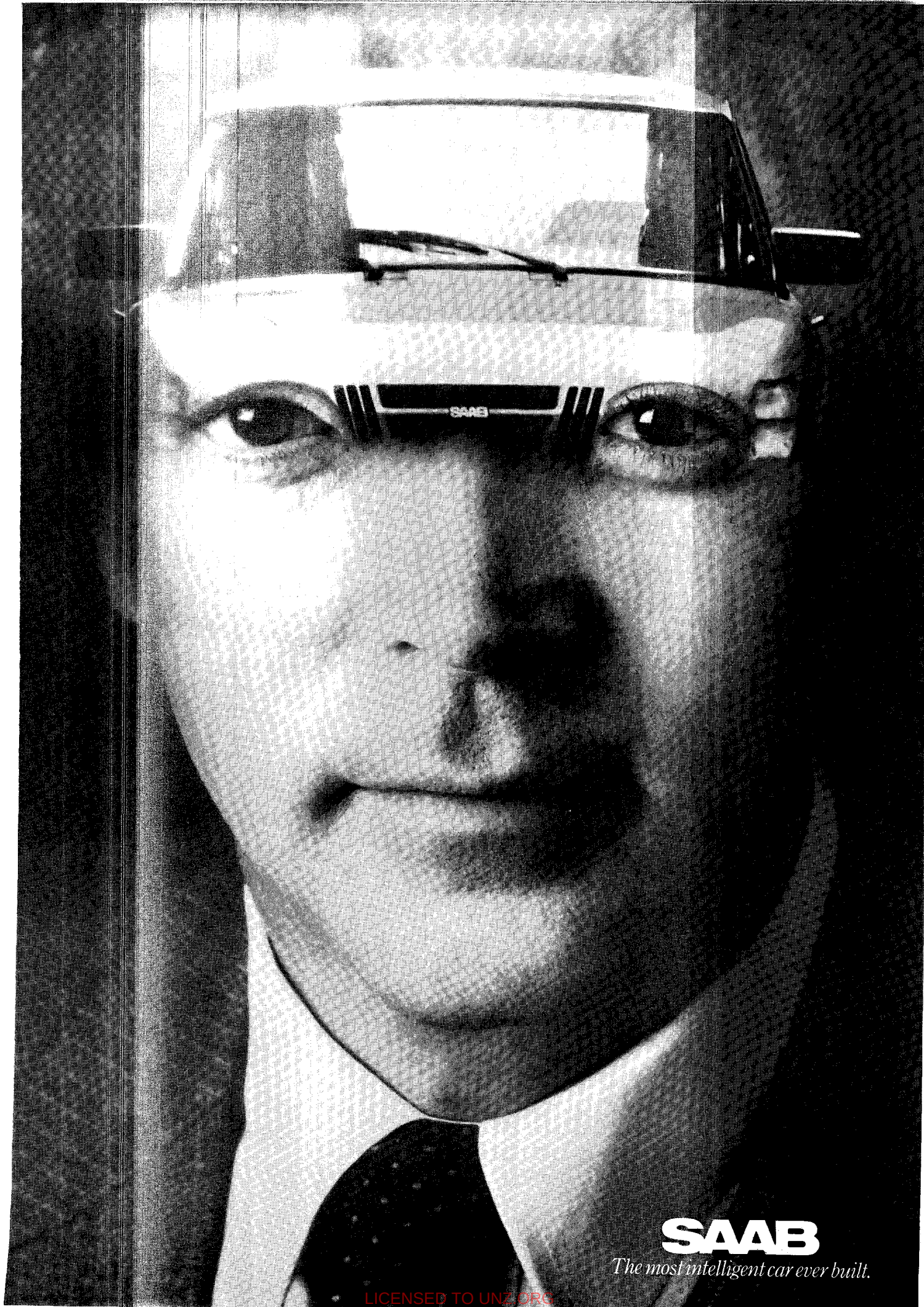
It has to.

How else could they get a practical car that drives as well as most wildly impractical cars? A car that appeals to their emotions as well as their intellect?

So what kind of person drives a Saab?

A very satisfied one.

*Saab 900 5-speed APC Turbo: 21 EPA estimated mpg, 34 estimated highway mpg. Use estimated mpg for comparison only. Mileage varies with speed, trip length and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less. **Manufacturer's suggested retail prices. Not including taxes, license, freight, dealer charges or options.



SAAB

The most intelligent car ever built.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Year" (†). From Jan. 14: "The Last American Virgin."
 Theatre 4: Through Jan. 13: "Peter Pan" (†).
 From Jan. 14: "Fitzcarraldo" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
 Theatre 1: "The Verdict" (†).
 Theatre 2: "Best Friends" (directed by Norman Jewison), with Burt Reynolds and Goldie Hawn.
 Theatre 3: "First Blood" (Ted Kotcheff), with Sylvester Stallone.
 Theatre 4: "Creepshow" (George A. Romero), a five-episode film.
 Theatre 5: Through Jan. 13: "Honkytonk Man" (Clint Eastwood), with Clint and Kyle Eastwood. From Jan. 14: To be announced.
 Theatre 6: "Caligula" (1980), with Malcolm McDowell.

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
 "48 Hrs." (†).

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
 Theatre 2: "48 Hrs." (†).
 Theatre 3: "My Favorite Year" (†).
 Theatre 4: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
 "The Dark Crystal" (Jim Henson and Frank Oz).

LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
 Theatre 1: "Airplane II: The Sequel" (Ken Finkleman), with Robert Hays and Julie Hagerty.
 Theatre 2: "The Toy" (Richard Donner), with Richard Pryor and Jackie Gleason.

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
 "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

NEW EMBASSY 49TH STREET, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
 Through Jan. 13: Two kung-fu films.
 From Jan. 14: "Peter Pan" (†).

REVOLI 1 AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
 Theatre 1: Through Jan. 20: "Madman."
 From Jan. 21: "Time Riders."
 Theatre 2: Through Jan. 13: "Peter Pan" (†).
 From Jan. 14: "They Call Me Bruce."

R.K.O. CENTURY CINERAMA TWIN, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
 Theatre 1: Through Jan. 13: "Trail of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards). From Jan. 14: "Spring Fever."
 Theatre 2: "Still of the Night" (†).

R.K.O. CENTURY NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
 Theatre 1: "Kiss Me Goodbye" (Robert Mulligan), with Sally Field and James Caan.
 Theatre 2: Through Jan. 13: "Murder by Phone." From Jan. 14: "The Last American Virgin."

REVIVAL HOUSES

AGEE ROOM, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
 Through Jan. 18: "Black Wax" (1983; directed by Robert Muge), a documentary about Gil Scott-Heron.
 From Jan. 19: "Voice Over" (1981; Chris Monger).

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
 Jan. 12: "Monterey Pop" (1969; Donn Pennebaker), a documentary on the 1967 Monterey International Pop Festival; and "The Concert for Bangladesh" (1972), filmed at the concert at Madison Square Garden, August, 1971.

Jan. 13: "Pixote" (1980; Hector Babenco; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "Xica" (1976; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese).

Jan. 14-15: "The Road Warrior" (1982; George Miller; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson; and "The Warriors" (1979; Walter Hill).

Jan. 16: "Padre Padrone" (1977; Paolo and Vittorio Taviani; in Italian); and "The Bicycle Thief" (1949; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian).

Jan. 17: "Bob le Flambeur" (1955; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Isabelle Corey and Roger Duchesne; and "Le Silence de la Mer" (1947; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French).

Jan. 18: "Le Silence de la Mer," "24 Hours of the Life of a Clown" (1945; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French); and "Dirty Money" (1972; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Alain Delon and Catherine Deneuve.

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Jan. 19: "Dirty Money;" and "Second Breath" (1966; in French), with Lino Ventura.

Jan. 20: "Second Breath;" and "Le Samourai" ("The Godson;" 1967; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Alain Delon.

Jan. 21: "Le Samourai;" and "Les Enfants Terribles" (1950; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French).

Jan. 22: "Les Enfants Terribles" and "Bob le Flambeur."

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Through Jan. 15: "Leap Into the Void" (†).

Jan. 16: "The Rules of the Game" (1939; Jean Renoir; in French), with Marcel Dalio and Nora Gregor; and "La Ronde" (†).

Jan. 17: "Billy Liar" (†); and "A Taste of Honey" (1962; Tony Richardson), with Rita Tushingham, Dora Bryan, and Robert Stephens.

Jan. 18: "Tunes of Glory" (†) and "Kind Hearts and Coronets" (†).

Jan. 19: "The Naked Night" (†) and "Monika" (†).

Jan. 20: "Kanal" (†); and "Ashes and Diamonds" (1958; Andrzej Wajda; in Polish), with Zbigniew Cybulski.

Jan. 21-22: "Dodes'ka-den" (1971; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese); and "Rashomon" (†).

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Jan. 13: "The Tenant" (1976; Roman Polanski), with Polanski; and "Repulsion" (1965; Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve and Ian Hendry.

Jan. 14-15: "Victor/Victoria" (1982; Blake Edwards), with Julie Andrews, James Garner, and Robert Preston; and "La Cage aux Folles" (1979; Edouard Molinaro; in French), with Ugo Tognazzi, Michel Serrault, and Michel Galabru.

Jan. 16-18: "Bananas" (1971), directed by, and with, Woody Allen; and "Sleeper" (1973; Woody Allen), with Allen and Diane Keaton.

Jan. 19-22: "The Story of O" (1975; Just Jaeckin; in French); and "Maîtresse" (1976; Barbet Schroeder; in French), with Bulle Ogier and Gérard Depardieu.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Jan. 12: "The Last Waltz" (1978; Martin Scorsese), with The Band; and "Pink Floyd, The Wall" (Alan Parker).

Jan. 13: "The Way We Were" (1973; Sydney Pollack), with Barbra Streisand and Robert Redford; and "A Star Is Born" (1954; George Cukor), with Judy Garland, James Mason, and Charles Bickford.

Jan. 14-15: "42nd Street" (1933; Lloyd Bacon), with Bebe Daniels, Ruby Keeler, Dick Powell, and Warner Baxter; and "Pennies from Heaven" (1981; Herbert Ross), with Steve Martin and Bernadette Peters.

Jan. 16: "Dr. No" (1963; Terence Young), "From Russia with Love" (1964; Terence Young), and "Goldfinger" (1964; Guy Hamilton), all films with Sean Connery as James Bond.

Jan. 17: "Christiane F." (1982; Ulrich Edel; in German), with Natja Brunckhorst; and

"Foxes" (1980; Adrian Lyne), with Jodie Foster, Scott Baio, Sally Kellerman, and Randy Quaid.

Jan. 18: "Prince of the City" (1981; Sidney Lumet), with Treat Williams, Lindsay Crouse, and Jerry Orbach; and "Sharky's Machine" (1981), directed by, and with, Burt Reynolds.

Jan. 19: "Deathtrap" (1982; Sidney Lumet), with Michael Caine, Christopher Reeve, and Dyan Cannon; and "The Shining" (1980; Stanley Kubrick), with Jack Nicholson, Shelley Duvall, Danny Lloyd, and Scatman Crothers.

Jan. 20: "The Grateful Dead" (1977), a concert film.

Jan. 21-22: "The Atomic Café" (1982; Kevin Rafferty, Jayne Loader, and Pierce Rafferty); and "The China Syndrome" (1979; James Bridges), with Jane Fonda, Jack Lemmon, and Michael Douglas.

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Jan. 12: "The Ritz" (1976; Richard Lester), with Jack Weston, Rita Moreno, and Jerry Stiller; and "Norman... Is That You?" (1976; George Schlatter), with Redd Foxx.

Jan. 13-15: "Requiem for a Heavyweight" (1962; Ralph Nelson), with Anthony Quinn, Jackie Gleason, Mickey Rooney, and Julie Harris; and "Somebody Up There Likes Me" (1956; Robert Wise), with Paul Newman, Pier Angeli, and Everett Sloane.

Jan. 16-17: "The Elephant Man" (1980; David Lynch), with Anthony Hopkins and John Hurt; and "Eraserhead" (1977; David Lynch).

Jan. 18-19: "Midnight Cowboy" (1969; John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight; and "Marathon Man" (1976; John Schlesinger), with Dustin Hoffman and Laurence Olivier.

Jan. 20-22: "Pennies from Heaven" (1981; Herbert Ross), with Steve Martin and Bernadette Peters; and "The Boy Friend" (†).

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Jan. 13: "The Wild Bunch" (1969; Sam Peckinpah), with William Holden; and "The Dirty Dozen" (1967; Robert Aldrich), with Lee Marvin.

Jan. 14-15: "Life of Brian" (1979; Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman, Terry Gilliam, John Cleese, and Jones; and "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972; Ian Macnaughton), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus."

Jan. 16: "The Bridge on the River Kwai" (1957; David Lean), with William Holden, Alec Guinness, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa.

Jan. 17-18: "Moulin Rouge" (†); and "Lust for Life" (1956; Vincente Minnelli), with Kirk Douglas and Anthony Quinn.

Jan. 19-20: "Mildred Pierce" (1945; Michael Curtiz), with Joan Crawford, Jack Carson, Zachary Scott, and Ann Blyth; and "Mommie Dearest" (1981; Frank Perry), with Faye Dunaway.

Jan. 21-22: "The Omen" (†) and "Damien: Omen II" (†).

METRO CINEMA, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Jan. 12: "Bye Bye Birdie" (1963; George Sidney), with Janet Leigh, Dick Van Dyke, and Ann-Margret; and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers" (1954; Stanley Donen), with Jane Powell and Howard Keel.

Jan. 13: "Cries and Whispers" (1972; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Liv Ullmann, Harriet Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, and Kari Sylwan; and "Interiors" (1978; Woody Allen), with Diane Keaton, Maureen Stapleton, and Geraldine Page.

Jan. 14: "The Aviator's Wife" (1981; Eric Rohmer; in French), with Philippe Marlaud and Marie Rivière; and "Chloé in the Afternoon" (1972; Eric Rohmer; in French), with Bernard Verley and Zouzou.

Jan. 15: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "Key Largo" (1948; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart, Edward G. Robinson, and Lauren Bacall.

Jan. 16: "Born Yesterday" (1950; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, William Holden, and Broderick Crawford; and "The Solid Gold Cadillac" (1956; Richard Quine), with Judy Holliday, Paul Douglas, Fred



Clark, Hiram Sherman, and John Williams. Jan. 17: "Lola Montès" (1955; Max Ophüls; in French), with Martine Carol, Peter Ustinov, and Anton Walbrook; and "Le Plaisir" (†).

Jan. 18: "One-Eyed Jacks" (†); and "Shane" (1953; George Stevens), with Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, Brandon de Wilde, Van Heflin, and Jack Palance.

Jan. 19: "Guys and Dolls" (1955; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Marlon Brando, Jean Simmons, Frank Sinatra, and Vivian Blaine; and "Pal Joey" (1957; George Sidney), with Rita Hayworth, Frank Sinatra, and Kim Novak.

Jan. 20: "Bus Stop" (1956; Joshua Logan), with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell, Betty Field, and Eileen Heckart; and "Picnic" (1956; Joshua Logan), with William Holden, Rosalind Russell, and Kim Novak.

Jan. 21: "Stolen Kisses" (1968; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Delphine Seyrig, and Claude Jade; and "The Story of Adèle H." (1975; François Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani.

Jan. 22: "Swept Away" (1975; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato; and "Seven Beauties" (1976; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Through Jan. 15: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell; and "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden.

Jan. 16-18: "The Great McGinty" (†) and "Hail the Conquering Hero" (†).

Jan. 19-22: "The Lady Eve" (1941; Preston Sturges), with Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda; and "Palm Beach Story" (†).

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Jan. 12: "The Prisoner of Shark Island" (1936; John Ford), with Warner Baxter, Gloria Stuart, and Claude Gillingwater; "Blood Money" (1933; Rowland Brown), with George Bancroft and Judith Anderson; and "The Undying Monster" (1942; John Brahm), with James Ellison.

Jan. 13: "Tam Lin" (1971; Roddy McDowall), with Ava Gardner; and "A Little Night Music" (1978; Harold Prince), with Elizabeth Taylor, Diana Rigg, and Len Cariou.

Jan. 14-15: "Made in U.S.A." (1967; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina; and "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Jan. 16: "Yojimbo" (†); and "Sanjuro" (1963; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

Jan. 17: "The Decline of Western Civilization" (1981; Penelope Spheeris), a documentary on punk rock; and "Rock 'n' Roll High School" (1979), with the Ramones.

Jan. 18: "Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (1980; Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu, Nicole Garcia, and Roger Pierre; and "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig.

Jan. 19: "Charlie Chan at the Opera" (1936; Bruce Humberstone), with Warner Oland as Chan; "Mr. Moto Takes a Vacation" (†);

and "Chandu the Magician" (1932; William C. Menzies), with Bela Lugosi and Edmund Lowe.

Jan. 20: "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis and Anne Baxter; and "This Woman Is Dangerous" (1952; Felix Feist), with Joan Crawford, David Brian, and Dennis Morgan.

Jan. 21-22: "Home Sweet Home" (1973; Benoit Lamy; in French); and "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Jan. 12: "The Sun Also Rises" (1957; Henry King), with Tyrone Power, Ava Gardner, Errol Flynn, Mel Ferrer, and Eddie Albert; and "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" (1952; Henry King), with Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward, and Ava Gardner.

Jan. 13: "No Man of Her Own" (1932; Wesley Ruggles), with Carole Lombard and Clark Gable; and "Made for Each Other" (1939; John Cromwell), with Carole Lombard and James Stewart.

Jan. 14: "On the Waterfront" (1954; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Lee J. Cobb, Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Rod Steiger; and "The Wild One" (1954; Laslo Benedek), with Marlon Brando.

Jan. 15: "Notorious" (1946; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern; and "Spellbound" (1945; Alfred Hitchcock), with Ingrid Bergman and Gregory Peck.

Jan. 16: "Song of the Thin Man" (1947; Edward Buzzell), with Myrna Loy, William Powell, and Keenan Wynn; and "Another Thin Man" (†).

Jan. 17: "Blackmail" (†) and "Sabotage" (†). Jan. 18: "Humoresque" (†); and "Mildred Pierce" (1945; Michael Curtiz), with Joan Crawford, Jack Carson, Zachary Scott, and Ann Blyth.

Jan. 19: "Down Argentine Way" (†) and "That Night in Rio" (†).

Jan. 20: "Anastasia" (1956; Anatole Litvak), with Ingrid Bergman, Yul Brynner, and Helen Hayes; and "The Inn of the Sixth Happiness" (1958; Mark Robson), with Ingrid Bergman and Curt Jurgens.

Jan. 21: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Béatrice, Riva, and Eiji Okada; and "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig.

From Jan. 22: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Where's Poppa?" (1970; Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, and Trish Van Devere.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)

Jan. 13 at noon: "Le Premier Age du Cinéma Français: 1895-1914" (directed by Armand Panigel; in French, with English subtitles).

... Jan. 13 at 2:30: "La Sultane de l'Amour" (1917; René Le Somptier and Charles Burguet; a French silent film, with French inter-titles), with Gaston Modot.

... Jan. 13 at 6: A program of early French films. ... Jan. 14 at noon: "Le Premier Age du Cinéma Français." ... Jan. 14 at 2:30: "Fantômas: Chapter II" (1913; Louis Feuillade; a French silent film, with English inter-

titles). ... Jan. 14 at 6: "La Sultane de l'Amour." ... Jan. 15 at noon: "The Sundowners" (1960; Fred Zinnemann), with Robert Mitchum, Deborah Kerr, and Peter Ustinov. ... Jan. 15 at 2:30: "L'Histoire d'une Petite Fille Qui Voulait Être Princesse" (1926; Ladislav Starevitch; a French silent film, with French inter-titles) and "Dans les Griffes de l'Araignée" (1924; Ladislav Starevitch; a French silent film, with French inter-titles). ... Jan. 15 at 5: "La Folie du Docteur Tube" (1915; Abel Gance; a French silent film, with English inter-titles); and "Mater Dolorosa" (1917; Abel Gance; a French silent film, with English inter-titles), with Emmy Lynn and Gaston Modot. ... Jan. 16 at noon: "The Sundowners." ... Jan. 16 at 2:30: "Fièvre" (1921; Louis Delluc; a French silent film, with no inter-titles), with Eve Francis and Gaston Modot; and "El Dorado" (1921; Marcel L'Herbier; a French silent film, with no inter-titles), with Eve Francis and Jaque Catelain. ... Jan. 16 at 5: "Le Carnaval des Vérités" (1919; Marcel L'Herbier; a French silent film, with English inter-titles), with Paul Capellani and Jaque Catelain. ... Jan. 17 at noon: "L'Age d'Or du Film Muet: 1915-1928" (Armand Panigel; in French, with English subtitles). ... Jan. 17 at 2:30: "L'Histoire d'une Petite Fille Qui Voulait Être Princesse" and "Dans les Griffes de l'Araignée." ... Jan. 17 at 6: "Permanent Vacation" (1980; Jim Jarmusch), with Chris Parker, Leila Gastil, and John Lurie. ... Jan. 18 at noon: "L'Age d'Or du Film Muet: 1915-1928." ... Jan. 18 at 2:30: "Le Carnaval des Vérités." ... Jan. 18 at 6: "Booming" (1981; Dennis Lanson) and "In Our Own Backyards: Uranium Mining in the United States" (1981; Pamela Jones and Susan Styron). ... Jan. 20 at noon: "L'Age d'Or du Film Muet: 1915-1928." ... Jan. 20 at 2:30: "Fièvre" and "El Dorado." ... Jan. 20 at 6: "Fantômas: Chapter II." ... Jan. 21 at noon: "L'Age d'Or du Film Muet: 1915-1928." ... Jan. 21 at 2:30: "La Terre" (1921; André Antoine; a French silent film, with French inter-titles). ... Jan. 21 at 6: "La Roue" (1921; Abel Gance; a French silent film, with French inter-titles), with Séverin-Mars. ... Jan. 22 at noon: "The Day the Earth Stood Still" (1951; Robert Wise), with Michael Rennie, Patricia Neal, Hugh Marlowe, Sam Jaffe, and Billy Gray. ... Jan. 22 at 2:30: "Au Secours" (1923; Abel Gance; a French silent film, with French inter-titles), with Max Linder; and "Le Voyage Imaginaire" (1926; René Clair; a French silent film, with French inter-titles), with Albert Préjean and Dolly Davis. ... Jan. 22 at 5: "Coeur Fidèle" (1923; Jean Epstein; a French silent film, with French inter-titles), with Gina Manès and Léon Mathot. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Through Jan. 16: "Passes" (1982; Ed Emshwiller), a multichannel video and sound work. Showings every half hour from noon to 6. ... Starting Jan. 18: "Citizen" (1982; William Farley), with Michael Barrack and Stoney Burke. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 on Tuesday evenings). Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

ANOTHER THIN MAN (1939)—The third in the series, and without any new ideas except a bad one: still airily casual, Nick and Nora Charles (William Powell and Myrna Loy) are now the parents of a baby boy. The screenplay (once again by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett) tosses shootings and skulduggery and repartee at us before we're ready, and then Nick Charles takes an unconscionable amount of time sorting things out. The plot involves a weekend at the estate of an explosives manufacturer (C. Aubrey Smith) who expects Sheldon Leonard (looking very young and sleek) to kill him. The film is dispiriting, but a lot of amusingly familiar faces turn up, among them Otto Kruger, Ruth Hussey, Virginia Grey, Nat Pendleton, Tom Neal, Marjorie Main, Abner Biberman, and, of course, Asta. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 16.)

LE BEAU MARIAGE—Béatrice Romand plays Eric Rohmer's heroine Sabine, a bright working girl who is studying for her master's in art history. At twenty-five, Sabine is weary of freedom and insecurity and married men; she wants to be taken care of and to make a home for a man and have children. When she meets a lawyer who she decides is her type, she goes after him so briskly and transparently that she might seem a madwoman, except that she has such a dumb little obsession. Seriocomic triviality has become Rohmer's specialty. His sensibility would be easier to take if he'd stop directing to a metronome. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/4/82.) (Cinema Studio; through Jan. 18. ... Quad Cinema; starting Jan. 21, tentative.)

BILLY LIAR (1963)—An English comedy in which Tom Courtenay plays a boy who can't stop telling disastrous whoppers. With Julie Chris-

tie. Directed by John Schlesinger. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 17.)

BLACKMAIL (1929)—A London-set Hitchcock silent thriller that was in part reshot and in part dubbed to make it a sound film—and an unusually imaginative and innovative one. With its trick shots in the British Museum and a chase on the museum roof, the film seems almost German in its pictorial style, and the heroine is indeed played by the German actress Anny Ondra, who married Max Schmeling. (Her voice is dubbed.) Cyril Ritchard, who didn't look very different half a century later, plays the artist who tries to rape the heroine. Also with Sara Allgood, John Longden, and Donald Calthrop. Hitchcock turns up being pestered by a little boy while he tries to read a book. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 17.)

THE BOY FRIEND (1971)—It might have been a

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lovely little musical, with the bittersweet Jazz Age gaiety that is foolish and yet heart-breakingly winning. But Ken Russell turned the Sandy Wilson show (first produced in London in 1953) into an anti-musical and destroyed most of the pleasure the audience might have had. Russell's greatest deficiency is that he doesn't understand the beauty of simplicity. The glittering, joyless numbers keep coming at you; you never get any relief from his supposed virtuosity. Twiggy sings adequately (though not well enough for the load of singing she's asked to carry), and she dances rather better, but Russell doesn't develop her possibilities, and she remains an appealing blank. With Christopher Gable, Max Adrian, Georgina Hale, Vladek Sheybal, Tommy Tune, Barbara Windsor, Antonia Ellis, and Glenda Jackson in a wonderful cameo as the injured star who is replaced by Twiggy. Cinematography by David Watkin; sets by Tony Walton; costumes by Shirley Russell. Made in England. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Jan. 20-22.)

UN CHIEN ANDALOU (1928)—Even without the famous shock image of the sliced eye, Luis Buñuel and Salvador Dalí's short silent film has the hallucinatory and incendiary effect they sought. Some of the images have great poetic force, and at times they have an erotic humor that one has difficulty explaining, even to oneself. With Pierre Batcheff as the cyclist, Dalí as the priest, and Buñuel as the man with the razor. (Film Forum; Jan. 17-18.)

CONTINENTAL DIVIDE (1981)—John Belushi plays a muckraking Chicago reporter so famous that everyone on the streets knows him, and Blair Brown is a saintly ornithologist who lives on a mountaintop in Colorado studying the American bald eagle. Then the script-writer, Lawrence Kasdan, is at an impasse: How can he get these two together in marriage without taking either away from a dedicated endeavor at one particular site? Kasdan has eliminated all the conflicting interests and the psychological impediments to a happy marriage, leaving the physical separation as the only obstacle. There's nothing left for the movie to be about except how the hero and the heroine can conquer space. (And at the end the picture fudges even this.) The characters' mild quandary drags on and on, while the director, Michael Apted, tries to create a little texture out of the void. What the movie never even whispers (because it would be bad sexual politics) is the simple fact that neither of these people cares enough about the other to give up anything. With Tony Ganios, Allen Goorwitz, Carlin Glynn, and Val Avery. (11/9/81) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting Jan. 22.)

DAMEN: OMEN II (1978)—The followup to "The Omen" (see below), with Jonathan Scott-Taylor as the possessed child, now thirteen, grown in satanism from six. Directed by Don Taylor. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Jan. 21-22.)

THE DIARY OF A CHAMBERMAID (1964)—Luis Buñuel's version of a film first made by Renoir in 1945 with Paulette Goddard. Buñuel uses Jeanne Moreau as the chambermaid, required to read Huysmans to her old, pernickety employer. One of the best Buñuel films, full of those characteristic small scenes that manage to be both scathing and spiked with pity. In French. (Film Forum; Jan. 21-22.)

DINER—A wonderful movie, set in Baltimore in 1959. Five or six young men in their early twenties who've known each other since high school still cling to their late-night bull sessions at the diner—where, magically, they always seem to have plenty to talk about. It's like a comedy club—they take off from each other, and their conversations are all overlapping jokes that are funny without punch lines. They can sound worldly and sharp, but when these boys are out with girls they're nervous, constricted, fraudulent, half crazy. Written and directed by Barry Levinson, "Diner" is a great period piece—a look at middle-class relations between the sexes just before the sexual revolution. It features some of the best young actors in the country: Mickey Rourke, Ellen Barkin, Daniel Stern, Kevin Bacon, Steve Guttenberg, Paul Reiser, and Timothy Daly. (4/5/82) (D. W. Griffith; through Jan. 13.)

DIVA—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller

from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmina Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil," it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (4/19/82) (Plaza.)

DOWN ARGENTINE WAY (1940)—Twentieth Century-Fox forties-musical camp, so outrageous that it's hard to believe it isn't at least partly intentional—but why would anybody make this picture on purpose? The queen of these excruciating extravaganzas was Alice Faye, but she had become ill, and Betty Grable, a featured player for a decade, got her big chance. Unbelievably, this picture made her a star. With stolid Don Ameche, smiling his pained, hardworking smile, just as he always did for Alice; Charlotte Greenwood, the high-kicker who had seen better days before she started playing chaperones; and Carmen Miranda, the "Brazilian Bombshell" in her manic début. When she stands on her nine-inch heels and sings "Mama Yo Quiero," she is so frenetically irresistible that there's no use trying to fight it, though some people have been hiding under seats for decades. Irving Cummings directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 19.)

EATING RAOUL—The director, Paul Bartel, and his five-foot-eleven star, the innately kinky Mary Woronov, play a couple of prissy squares—the Blands, of Los Angeles—who consider sex disgusting and want to open a nice, clean country restaurant. They raise the money they need by murdering swinging singles; in their eyes these swingers deserve to be punished. This spoofy black comedy is thin-textured and it's sedated; it doesn't have enough going on in it—not even enough to look at. The nothingness of the movie is supposed to be its droll point, but viewers may experience sensory deprivation. With Richard Beltran, who brings some energy to the role of Raoul, Garry Goodrow, and Buck Henry. Written by Richard Blackburn and Bartel. (11/29/82) (68th St. Playhouse, and New Yorker. . . . Greenwich Playhouse; through Jan. 20.)

E.T. THE EXTRA-TERRESTRIAL—Steven Spielberg's movie is bathed in warmth and it seems to clear all the bad thoughts out of your head. It's the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and

rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert MacNaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. The script is by Melissa Mathison. (6/14/82) (Eastside Cinema, and Movieland. . . . St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, and Olympia Quad; through Jan. 13.)

FANTASIA (1940)—Disney enlisted an odd assortment of collaborators (among them Stokowski, who did it voluntarily, and Stravinsky, who was brought in involuntarily), and this grab bag of ambitious animated shorts—an attempt to combine high art and mass culture—was publicized as if it were an artistic landmark. Disney's animators provided visual interpretations of Bach's "Tocatta and Fugue in D Minor" (in Stokowski's transcription, which is a precursor of the musical processing in "2001") and of hyped-up excerpts from "The Nutcracker Suite," "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," "The Rite of Spring," the "Pastoral Symphony," "The Dance of the Hours," and "A Night on Bald Mountain" (which somehow leads into the "Ave Maria"). Volcanoes erupt and dinosaurs battle during "The Rite of Spring," garlanded girl centaurs cavort during Beethoven's "Pastoral." Initially, the film was a box-office failure, but it proved successful in revivals, especially in the early seventies, when it became a popular head film because of such ingredients as the abstract first section, the mushroom dance during "The Nutcracker Suite" (one of the liveliest sequences), and the overly bright—somewhat psychedelic—color. "The Sorcerer's Apprentice," featuring Mickey Mouse, and parts of other sequences are first-rate Disney, but the total effect is grotesquely kitschy. (Guild.)

LE FANTÔME DE LA LIBERTÉ (1974)—Buñuel's theme is freedom, in the sense of chance: the picture is a random series of anecdotes and paradoxes, and they miss as often as they connect. Buñuel has a great spare, tonic style, but the domesticated surrealism of this picture has no sting and no aftereffect. The film drifts out of your head before it's over. The actors come on in relays: the cast includes Monica Vitti, Jean-Claude Brialy, and Adriana Asti. In French. (Film Forum; Jan. 21-22.)

FITZCARRALDO—The biggest disappointment in this epic written and directed by Werner Herzog is Peru. After a visually promising beginning, Herzog seems to lose interest in the external world (and no one in this movie has much of an internal world, either). Set in the eighteen-nineties, the film is about a three-hundred-and-twenty-ton steamboat being dragged over a mountain that separates one tributary of the Amazon from another. At times, the ship slowly climbing the mountain seems rather magical, but the deliberateness of Herzog's pacing can put you in a stupor. The hero, played by Klaus Kinski, is trying to get rich in the rubber trade so that he can build an opera house in the jungle and bring Caruso to sing in it. He seems meant to be a lovable loser, but it's hard to know quite what Kinski's Fitzcarraldo is because he's not like anyone else in the world—except maybe Bette Davis playing Rutger Hauer. As Molly, the whorehouse madam, Claudia Cardinale is ripely alive in this asexual movie. In German. (10/18/82) (Cinema II, and Quad Cinema; through Jan. 20. . . . Olympia Quad; starting Jan. 14.)

48 HRS.—Walter Hill's fast and brutal action comedy is a roller coaster that hurtles along. Nick Nolte is a San Francisco police detective and Eddie Murphy (making his movie debut) is a young hipster thief who outsmarts him by his hustler's verbal finesse and his black man's sense of irony. The detective has been turned into a rabid honkie so that the sleek twenty-one-year-old Murphy can be the underdog hero and deliver the zingers. The two set out as brawling and cursing enemies and, of course, become guffawing pals; the racial infighting is what gives the film its charge. You're probably meant to think that this paranoid fantasy of race relations is what the TV shows with black and white buddies don't have the guts to let you see. It's as false as they are, but in a hip way. It's like "The French Connection," "Dirty Harry," "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid," and a half-dozen other films all put in a com-



pactor, smashed, and pressed into cartoon form. Hill loads some of the scenes with style because they have no other weight. With Annette O'Toole, Frank McRae, James Remar, Sonny Landham, Brion James, Olivia Brown, David Patrick Kelly, and the Busboys. (1/10/83) (Bay Cinema, Coronet, Embassy 1, and Embassy.)

GANDHI—A biographical epic, directed by Richard Attenborough, whose sensibility is conventional. Spanning fifty-five years, the picture covers some of the principal events in Gandhi's public life and tidies up his rather kinky domestic relations. Gandhi goes by in a cloud of serenity, and everyone who sees him knuckles under (with the exception of a few misguided fellows, of course). Ben Kingsley, who plays the Mahatma, looks the part, has a fine, quiet presence, and conveys Gandhi's shrewdness. Kingsley is impressive; the picture isn't. The first half builds up considerable interest in Gandhi; the second half is scattered—as if it had been added to or subtracted from at random. From a script by John Briley. (3 hours, 8 minutes.) (12/27/82) (Ziegfeld.)

THE GREAT McGINTY (1940)—After writing a series of successful pictures, Preston Sturges offered Paramount this script (which was to win an Academy Award) for peanuts, on condition that he be allowed to direct it. Given a three-week shooting schedule and a budget of less than \$350,000, he made his debut as a director (thus preparing the way for other writer-directors, such as John Huston and Billy Wilder). In this satire of American political corruption, the low-life hero (Brian Donlevy) gets in solid with the local boss (Akim Tamiroff) by voting thirty-seven times in one day. He rises to be alderman, then mayor, and, finally, governor, but having fallen in love, he tries to go straight, and his career is wrecked. Not up to the classic Sturges comedies that followed, partly because of Donlevy's lack of personality (the viewer can't see what would attract the competent, worldly woman—played by Muriel Angelus—who marries him) and partly because of the uneven pacing. There are wonderful patches, though, with the slapstick reversals on Horatio Alger success themes that became the Sturges specialty. With Alyn Joslyn, William Demarest, Libby Taylor, Thurston Hall, Arthur Hoyt, Steffi Duna, Esther Howard, Jimmy Conlin, Harry Rosenthal, Robert Warwick, Frank C. Moran, and Dewey Robinson; many of them were to become members of the Sturges stock company. (Regency; Jan. 16-18.)

HAIL THE CONQUERING HERO (1944)—If you've never seen one of Preston Sturges's classic comedies, you may not quite know what hit you. He uses verbal slapstick as well as visual slapstick, and his comic timing is so quirkily effective that the dialogue keeps popping off like a string of firecrackers. In this satire on hero worship, patriotism, and mother love, Eddie Bracken, son of his town's biggest First World War hero, joins the Marines in the Second World War and is discharged for hay fever. Ashamed, he writes his mother that he's been sent overseas and, thinking he can never return home, tells his girl (Ella Raines) that he doesn't love her anymore. But one night he's out drinking with six Marines, and one of them, known as Bugsy, for good reason, tells him he should go home and see his beautiful mother; the upshot is that the Marines drag him home, claiming that he's a war hero. The town goes mad. With Freddie Steele, once middleweight boxing champion of the world, as Buggy, William Demarest as a Marine sergeant, and Raymond Walburn, Esther Howard, Elizabeth Patterson, Jimmy Conlin, Franklin Pangborn, Chester Conklin, Paul Porcasi, Dewey Robinson, and Arthur Hoyt. Sturges wrote and directed. (Regency; Jan. 16-18.)

HUMORESQUE (1946)—In this second version of Fannie Hurst's hokey weeper, the heroine (Joan Crawford) is myopic, dipsomaniacal, dissatisfied with her husband (Paul Cavanagh), older than her ghetto-born violinist lover (John Garfield), and given to brooding heavily about the futility of a life devoid of everything but sables, limousines, Napoleon brandy, town houses, seashore estates, and enough liquid assets to make a Morgan partner's eyes widen. She bears her burdens gallantly, and when she realizes that her career as a social butterfly has not prepared her adequately to be the helpmate of her violinist, she bravely wades out into the ocean and gurgles to her

doom, wreathed in seaweed and clamshells. (The music that accompanies her demise is the "Liebestod," from "Tristan and Isolde.") Clifford Odets worked on the update, and some of the dialogue is sharp-witted, but with frequent interruptions for big, yeasty passages on the meaning of life and art. If Carol Burnett were to step in and take over, she'd hardly have to change a thing. Garfield saws away impressively while Isaac Stern is heard playing several violin concertos, and there are lines to treasure, such as Cavanagh's remark about the music: "It has fire—rather like what you'd feel in a van Gogh painting." Jean Negulesco directed. (Possibly Odets was called in because he'd used a violinist hero in his 1937 play "Golden Boy.") As the hero's old neighborhood pal, Oscar Levant plays the piano and makes jokes; with J. Carrol Naish, Craig Stevens, Ruth Nelson, John Abbott, Fritz Leiber, and Robert (then Bobby) Blake. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 18.)

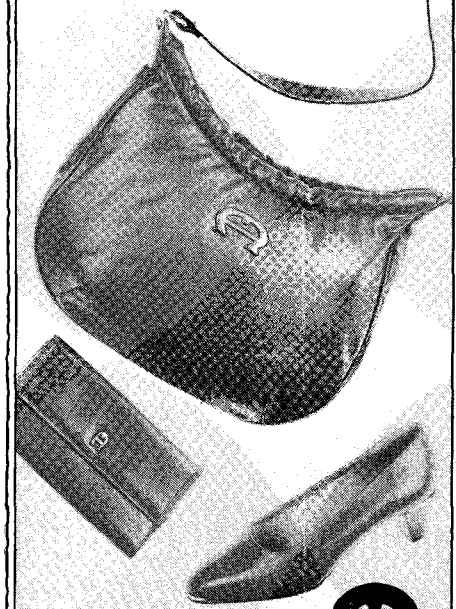
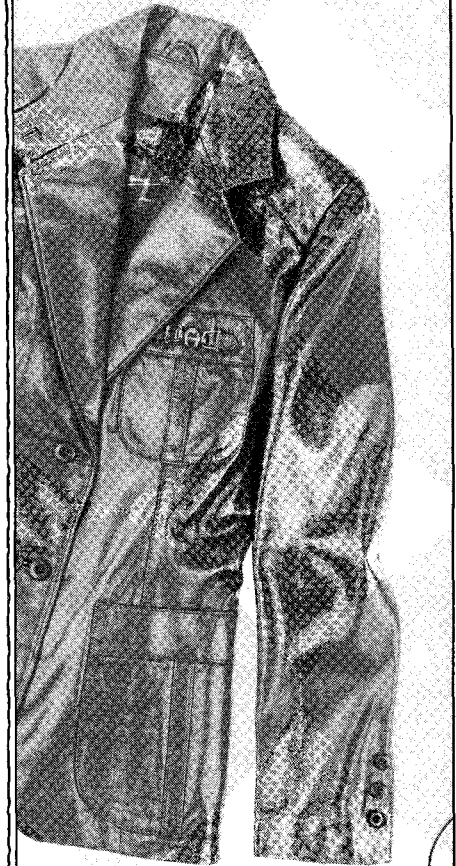
KANAL (1956)—The second in Andrzej Wajda's trilogy about the Second World War generation in Warsaw, and one of the most eloquent and dense political records on film, made with wonderful sensibility. There is an amazing account of the time that some of the young patriots spent in the sewers under their beloved capital as it was razed, with Sheybal, as a young composer, playing a flute with a sound that echoes against the tiles. In Polish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 20.)

KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS (1950)—This tart black comedy on the craving for social position and the art of murder has a brittle wit that came as a bit of a shock: such amoral lines were not generally spoken in forties movies. The film is heartless, and that is the secret of its elegance. Ninth in line to inherit a dukedom, the insouciant young hero (Dennis Price) systematically eliminates the intervening eight—a snob, a general, a photographer, an admiral, a suffragette, a clergyman, a banker, and the duke—all, by a casting stroke of genius, played by Alec Guinness. Secure in the knowledge that Guinness will return in another form, the audience suffers no regret as each abominable D'Ascayne is coolly dispatched. And as the murderer takes us further into his confidence with each foul deed, we positively look forward to his next success. With purring little Joan Greenwood as the minx-nemesis Sybilla, Valerie Hobson as the high-minded Edith, and Miles Malleon as the poetasting executioner. Based on the 1907 novel "Israel Rank," by Roy Horniman, adapted by Robert Hamer and John Dighton. Hamer directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 18.)

LEAP INTO THE VOID (1979)—The Italian director Marco Bellocchio ("Fists in the Pocket," "China Is Near") has a feral sense of the ridiculous and a snake charmer's style. This film is poised between farce and tragedy, and he keeps it in slippery chiaroscuro—it all might be taking place in a dark dream. Michel Piccoli gives a mesmerizing performance as an Italian judge who's a craven fraud, a distant cousin to the characters W. C. Fields used to play. Anouk Aimée is the judge's older sister, a menopausal virgin who has begun to rebel. This film about family entanglements and the functions of madness is perverse, horrifying, and funny. With Michele Placido, as a dashing, bearded outlaw (and sociopath), and the director's small son, Piergiorgio. Written by Bellocchio, Piero Natoli, and Vincenzo Cerami. In Italian. (11/29/82) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; through Jan. 15.) (Gramercy; starting Jan. 14.)

MISSING—Making his first American movie, Costa-Gavras uses the same approach that American directors have often used when they wanted to teach us something: he has given his accusatory political thriller a soft, warm-and-human center. As the businessman Ed Horman, the father of a young American who has disappeared in Chile during the days after the military coup that overthrew Allende, Jack Lemmon is playing a variant of the role that Jane Fonda has been playing in films such as "Coming Home" and "The China Syndrome": he's the naive, protected, nonpolitical conservative who is radicalized (or, at least, reeducated) by what he learns. And Lemmon is so eager to have depth that he looks on a serious role as a chance for redemption; Ed arrives in Santiago to look for his son and we're stuck, observing each step in the calibrated process of his coming closer to the counterculture values

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

of his son's wife (Sissy Spacek, who's fresh and natural). Costa-Gavras's antipathy to Americans appears to be so deep-seated that he can't create American characters. The only real filmmaking is in the backgrounds: in the anxious, ominous atmosphere of a city under martial law—the sirens, the tanks, the helicopters, the feeling of abnormal silences and of random terror. With John Shea as Charles, the son (seen in flashbacks), and Melanie Mayron. Based on the book by Thomas Hauser; shot in Mexico. (3/8/82) (D. W. Griffith; starting Jan. 14.)

MR. MOTO TAKES A VACATION (1939)—There were nine of these ingratiating, mildly clever B-pictures starring Peter Lorre as the smiling, super-polite, super-smart Oriental detective. They were scheduled on the lower half of double bills, but were frequently the better half. This is the eighth of the batch; in this one, Mr. Moto perceives, from an examination of footprints, that a man who pretends to be lame is only faking. Norman Foster directed; with Joseph Schildkraut, Lionel Atwill, and Virginia Field. (Thalia; Jan. 19.)

MONIKA (1952)—Harriet Andersson in a great performance early in her career, in one of Ingmar Bergman's most interesting, least-seen movies. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 19.)

MOULIN ROUGE (1953)—John Huston's fictionalized re-creation of the life of Toulouse-Lautrec (José Ferrer, standing on his knees in tricky boots). With Colette Marchand, Suzanne Flon, and incredibly pretty Zsa Zsa Gabor as Jane Avril, singing the famous Georges Auric theme song in a dubbed voice. Cinematography by Oswald Morris; Eliot Elisofon was the color consultant. The movie could have used a script consultant. Huston and Anthony Veiller adapted Pierre La Mure's novel. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Jan. 17-18.)

MY FAVORITE YEAR—The year is 1954, when Sid Caesar was the king of live TV comedy, and this movie is a fictional treatment of life backstage during the days when many soon-to-be-famous writers worked on his shows, brainstorming together. As the brawny, truculent King Kaiser, Joe Bologna suggests an introverted ox, and Peter O'Toole is King's guest star from Hollywood—the notorious womanizing boozier Alan Swann, who is part John Barrymore and part Errol Flynn. Bologna has an authentic boss-comic aura, and O'Toole plays Swann with a funky daring that is simply astounding. This show-business farce is the first film directed by Richard Benjamin, and it's a creaky job of moviemaking, but it has a bubbling spirit. Bill Macy, Lainie Kazan, Cameron Mitchell, and Anne De Salvo all have a crack at fresh material. Also with Mark Linn-Baker, Jessica Harper, Selma Diamond, Adolph Green, Lou Jacobi, Tony Di Benedetto, Gloria Stuart, and Basil Hoffman. From a terrific script by Norman Steinberg (who appears in a bit as Sandy) and Dennis Palumbo. (10/4/82) (72nd Street East, Quad Cinema, and Embassy. . . . ¶ 57th St. Playhouse, and Olympia Quad; through Jan. 13.)

THE NAKED NIGHT (1953; "Sawdust and Tinsel")—Written and directed by Ingmar Bergman, the film is set in the circus world at the turn of the century. It opens with a flashback shot on different film stock: a clown's wife—a dumpty, middle-aged woman—bathes exhibitionistically in view of a whole regiment of soldiers; the clown comes and takes her away. From there the story moves to the circus owner, Ake Gröenberg, and his voluptuous mistress, Harriet Andersson; this swinish Circe betrays him, and is in turn betrayed, and they go on together. The atmosphere suggests E. A. Dupont's 1925 film, "Variety," with Emil Jannings, but has upsetting qualities all its own. There is an erotic scene between Miss Andersson and Hasse Ekman, as a seducer-actor, that leaves audiences slightly out of breath. "The Naked Night" is one of the bleakest of Bergman's films: no one is saved from total damnation; life is a circus, and the people are gross clowns; it is a round of frustration, humiliation, and defeat. Yet this heavy, mawkish Expressionism, of a kind widespread in Germany in the twenties, was extraordinarily popular with young Americans in the late sixties. With Anders Ek, Gunnar Björnstrand,



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and Ake Fridell. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 19.)

THE NIGHT OF THE HUNTER (1955)—Despite its peculiar overtones of humor, this is one of the most frightening movies ever made (and truly frightening movies become classics of a kind). Robert Mitchum is the murderous, sex-obsessed, hymn-singing soul-saver with hypnotic powers, and his terrified new wife (Shelley Winters), who has a boy and a little girl from an earlier marriage, becomes his fervent disciple. He is something of a Pied Piper in reverse: adults trust him, children try to escape. The two kids' flight from the madman is a mysterious, dreamlike episode—a deliberately "artistic" suspense fantasy, broken by the appearance of a Christian variety of fairy godmother (Lillian Gish). The adaptation of Davis Grubb's novel was James Agee's last film work, and this shadowy horror fable was the first and only movie directed by Charles Laughton; it was a total financial disaster, and he never got a chance to direct again. With Evelyn Varden, James Gleason, Don Beddoe, and Peter Graves. Cinematography by Stanley Cortez. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; through Jan. 16.)

AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN—This formula romantic melodrama seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School. Gere has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the millworker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Gossett plays the sergeant bone hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith and Robert Loggia. With Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. The script is by Douglas Day Stewart. (8/23/82) (Olympia Quad, and Embassy.)

THE OMEN (1976)—Directed by Richard Donner, starring a very sonorous and vapid Gregory Peck, who tells his wife (well played by Lee Remick) that she is talking to the future Ambassador to the Court of St. James. The plot involves the replacing of Lee Remick's still-born baby with an orphan who turns out to be the child of Satan. There are quite a number of silly scares about priests in the pay of the Devil, and animal skeletons under what are purported to be human gravestones in an Italian cemetery—not to speak of a number of variously horrid deaths. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Jan. 21-22.)

ONE-EYED JACKS (1961)—Marlon Brando, the Great Unpredictable, is both star and director of this Western about a bandit whose only purpose in life is to kill his former partner. As

the prospective victim, Karl Malden makes a tough antagonist. Katy Jurado and Pina Pellicer, a lovely young Mexican actress, give aid and comfort to the two enemies. Also with Slim Pickens, Timothy Carey, Ben Johnson, and Elisha Cook, Jr. The picture is of variable quality: it has some visual grandeur; it also has some bizarrely brutal scenes. It isn't clear why Brando made this peculiarly masochistic revenge fantasy, or whether he hoped for something quite different from what he finished with. From a script by Guy Trosper and Calder Willingham, based on Charles Neider's novel "The Authentic Death of Hendry Jones." Cinematography by Charles Lang; music by Hugo Friedhofer. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 18.)

PALM BEACH STORY (1942)—One of the giddiest and most chaotic of Preston Sturges's satiric orgies. The romantic problems of the leads (Joel McCrea and Claudette Colbert) get shoved aside by the secondary characters. Colbert, travelling by train, becomes involved with a bunch of drunken millionaires—members of the "Ale and Quail Club," on board with their hounds and guns—who stage an informal skeet shoot in the club car and demolish the glassware. Sturges's comic invention soars, but the picture is too wild to be sustained; still, it's a joy, despite the lulls of waggish humor. With Mary Astor, Rudy Vallée, and the Sturges stock company, including William Demarest, Franklin Pangborn, and Jimmy Conlin. (Regency; Jan. 19-22.)

PETER PAN (1953)—A full-length Walt Disney cartoon, with Bobbie Driscoll supplying Peter's voice, and a Tinker Bell who seems to be fashioned along the lines of Marilyn Monroe. (U.A. 85th St. East, Olympia Quad, and Rivoli; through Jan. 13. . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse; through Jan. 20. . . . ¶ New Embassy 49th Street; starting Jan. 14.)

LE PLAISIR (1952)—This Max Ophüls omnibus film, based on three de Maupassant satiric sounds better than it is; the stories allow him to display his virtuoso technique, but two of the three turn out too thin and hokey. The first, "The Mask," famous for the Palais de Danse sequence, is about a man trying to retain the illusion of youth; Gaby Morlay and Claude Dauphin are in it. "The Model" is about an artist (Daniel Gélin) who quarrels with his mistress-model (Simone Simon). The most satisfying, "The House of Madame Teller," is about the temporary closing of a brothel when the madam (Madeleine Renaud) and her girls go to the country to attend the first Communion of the madam's niece. The cast includes Jean Gabin, Danielle Darrieux, Pierre Brasseur, Ginette Leclerc, Mila Parély, and Louis Seigner. In French. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 17.)

RASHOMON (1951)—In ninth-century Kyoto, a nobleman's bride is raped by a bandit; the nobleman is murdered, or possibly he is a suicide. This double crime is acted out four times, in the versions of the three participants (each giving an account that increases the prestige of his conduct) and in the version of a woodcutter who witnessed the episode. Continuously reconstructing the crime, "Rashomon" asks, How can we ever know the truth? This great, enigmatic film was directed by Akira Kurosawa, from stories by Ryunosuke Akutagawa (who died from an overdose of Veronal). The introductory and closing sequences are tedious; the woman's whimpering is almost enough to drive one to the nearest exit. Yet the film transcends these discomforts: it has its own perfection. With Machiko Kyo, Toshiro Mifune as the bandit, Masayuki Mori as the samurai, Takashi Shimura as the woodcutter. Grand Prix, Venice; Academy Award, Best Foreign Film. (There was a Broadway version with Rod Steiger, and a 1964 movie, with Paul Newman, appropriately called "The Outrage.") In Japanese. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 21-22.)

LA RONDE (1950)—Love makes the world go 'round in Max Ophüls' romantic, intricate, and rather tired version of the Schnitzler play, and the actors who move from one affair to the next include Gérard Philipe, Danielle Darrieux, Simone Signoret, Jean-Louis Barrault, Daniel Gélin, and Simone Simon. This 1950 film had censorship trouble and was cut in the heyday of its art-house

fame; this version includes the cut footage. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 16.)

SABOTAGE (1936; called "The Woman Alone" in the United States)—Hitchcock thought that he erred in this one, and that this explained why the picture wasn't a hit. But he was wrong: this adaptation of Conrad's "The Secret Agent" may be just about the best of his English thrillers, and if the public didn't respond it wasn't his fault. Sylvia Sidney and Oscar Homolka are a married pair, the Verlocs, who manage a small movie house; Desmond Tester plays Mrs. Verloc's younger brother, who, unknowingly, carries a bomb on behalf of her husband. There's a breathtaking sequence when Mrs. Verloc, who has just learned of her brother's death, watches the cartoon "Who Killed Cock Robin?" With John Loder as a police detective, Sara Allgood, Martita Hunt, Peter Bull, and Torin Thatcher. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 17.)

THE SEVEN SAMURAI (1954)—Seven hired knights defend a village against forty mounted bandits—their pay a few handfuls of rice. This three-and-a-half-hour epic on violence and action—Akira Kurosawa's masterpiece—has been widely imitated, but no one has come near it. With Toshiro Mifune and Takashi Shimura. (For a period in the fifties, it circulated in a much shorter version under the title "The Magnificent Seven," but in 1960 that title was appropriated by an American version of the story, with the samurai changed to gunmen.) In Japanese. (Cinema Studio; through Jan. 20.)

SO FINE (1981)—This is the first film directed by the comedy writer Andrew Bergman, and it's a visual insult: crudely lighted and framed, and jumping out at you. Jack Warden is Jack Fine, a Seventh Avenue dress manufacturer in debt to the mob; his most frequent line is "Holy s---," which he delivers whenever Bergman thinks the movie needs a really big laugh. The central gimmick is that Jack's college-teacher son (Ryan O'Neal) splits a pair of jeans and stuffs see-through plastic into the cheeks, and that this turns into a fashion craze. There are potentially funny scenes, but Bergman doesn't know how to give timing and polish to his own jokes. Stuck with frantic gags, O'Neal just revamps his tightmouthed professorial priss from "What's Up, Doc?" The film's only freshness comes from the lovely, tiny Italian blonde, Mariangela Melato, making her American debut as a mobster's wife. In her deep voice she garbles her English charmingly; she's an erotic imp—she looks a bit like Harpo Marx, and she's always flying, like Carole Lombard in a hurricane. With Irving Metzman, who gives likable readings to his role as an accountant; Bruce Millholland as Sir Alec, the world's greatest poet; Mike Kellin as the smiling, ever-hopeful salesman; and Richard Kiel and Fred Gwynne. The assaultive cinematography is by James A. Contner. (10/12/81) (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; Jan. 18-19.)

SOPHIE'S CHOICE—This unusually faithful adaptation of William Styron's Holocaust Gothic comes to us stuffed with literary references and encrusted with the weighty culture of big themes: evil, tortured souls, guilt. The director, Alan J. Pakula, did the screenplay himself. He didn't write it, he penned it. Meryl Streep is Sophie the Catholic; Kevin Kline is Nathan the mad-genius Jew, who is her lover and tormentor; and Peter MacNicol is Stingo the Protestant, the young heir to Southern chivalry (and stand-in for Styron)—he moves into the Brooklyn house they live in and becomes involved in their sadomasochistic trials. The movie is a novel being talked to us, and it has the kind of plotting that points relentlessly at a character's secret and then has to have the character lying constantly, so that the lies can be stripped away. Meryl Streep is colorful in the first, late-forties scenes, when she does amusing, nervous bits of business, like fidgeting with a furry boa—her fingers twiddling with our heartstrings. But when the flashbacks to Sophie's past start up and the delayed revelations are sprung on us, it's apparent that the whole plot is based on a connection that isn't there—the connection between Sophie and Nathan's relationship and what the Nazis did to the Jews. (12/27/82) (Cinema 3, ...

¶ Cinema I; through Jan. 20. ... ¶ Manhattan, and Greenwich Playhouse; starting Jan. 21.)

STILL OF THE NIGHT—The writer-director Robert

Benton is unquestionably intelligent, but this murder mystery set in Manhattan shows almost no evidence of the nasty streak that's part of the pleasure of a good thriller, or of the manipulative skills that might give us a few tremors. Meryl Streep plays the icy hot woman suspected of murder, a femme fatale who is meant to be guileful and slinky, but she seems pale and gaunt, and more zombieified than anything else. And, as the psychologist who is attracted to her yet is afraid that she's a killer, Roy Scheider is competent but colorless. In the early part, we do get some prickly sensations from Josef Sommer as Scheider's patient and Streep's lover, who works in an art-and-antiques auction house. Sommer and Sara Botsford—she's one of the women who work at the auction place—are lively (in a creepy-crawly way). The film needs static and, shot by Nestor Almendros, it looks sterile. With Jessica Tandy, Joe Grifasi, and Irving Metzman; the story line was worked out by David Newman and Benton. (12/13/82) (Loews New York Twin, Waverly, and R.K.O. Century Cinemas Twin. ... ¶ New Yorker; through Jan. 13. ... ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Jan. 14.)

THAT NIGHT IN RIO (1941)—Alice Faye could dance, and she had a lush contralto voice (no lover of movie musicals will forget her "This Year's Kisses," in "On the Avenue"), but in this low-camp musical her co-star is Don Ameche, the cipher that sings, in a double role. That's twice nothing. As the wife of a Brazilian baron (Ameche), she is weighed down by huge, glassy necklaces and by the other characters' references to her great beauty; she keeps staring, in misery and embarrassment. The mistaken-identity plot, with the neglected wife falling in love with the night-club entertainer (also Ameche) hired to impersonate her husband, is just a farce variation on "The Prisoner of Zenda." The film, directed by Irving Cummings, for Twentieth Century-Fox, features the studio's Brazilian Bombshell, Carmen Miranda—it would be a euphemism to describe her as volatile. She plays the entertainer's girlfriend, wears fruit on her head, and sings "I Yi Yi Yi Yi Like You Very Much." The movie was remade ten years later as the Danny Kaye vehicle "On the Riviera," those with really long memories may recall that it was done for the first time back in 1935 as a Maurice Chevalier-Merle Oberon musical called "Folies-Bergère." Of the three versions, "That Night in Rio" takes the booby prize. With Maria Montez as Inez, and S. Z. Sakall, J. Carrol Naish, Curt Bois, Leonid Kinskey, Fortunio Bonanova, and Frank Puglia. From a play by Rudolph Lothar and Hans Adler; at least five writers worked on the script. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 19.)

TOOTSIE—Marvellous fun. Dustin Hoffman plays Michael Dorsey, a brilliant, "uncompromising" New York actor whom no one wants to hire because he makes things hell for everybody. When Michael's girlfriend (Teri Garr) goes up for an audition for a role in a soap and is rejected, he makes himself up as a woman, presents himself as Dorothy Michaels, and lands the job. And Michael finds himself when he's Dorothy—he's such a dedicated, fanatical actor that he comes fully alive only when he's playing a role. Michael is still in the guise of Dorothy when he meets his dream girl—Jessica Lange, who's like a shock absorber to him. With Bill Murray, Charles Durning, George Gaynes, Doris Belack, Dabney Coleman, and, as Michael's

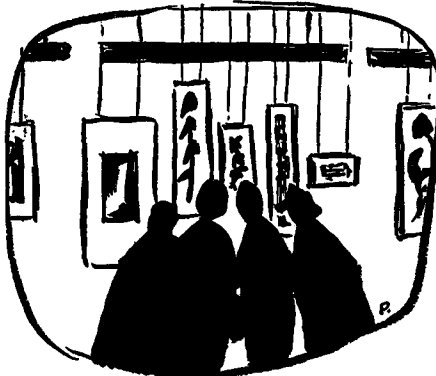
agent, Sydney Pollack, who also directed. Pollack does some of his best work yet in the opening sequences—a crackling, rapid-fire presentation of the hopes versus the realities of out-of-work actors' lives. The script is credited to Larry Gelbart and Murray Schisgal, but Don McGuire wrote the first draft, and Elaine May and many others worked on it. (12/27/82) (R.K.O. Century Art, Loews Tower East, and Loews Paramount. ... ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Jan. 20.)

TUNES OF GLORY (1960)—An English film starring Alec Guinness and John Mills as two colonels in a peacetime Scottish regiment who are out to destroy each other. There are times when the two virtuoso performances are completely overpowered by the clumsy staging, but the acting and the unusual theme help to compensate for the muddy exposition and mediocre film techniques. It's an ugly-looking movie, though. Ronald Neame directed, from James Kennaway's script, based on his own novel. With Susannah York, Kay Walsh, Dennis Price, Gordon Jackson, Duncan Macrae, and John Fraser. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Jan. 18.)

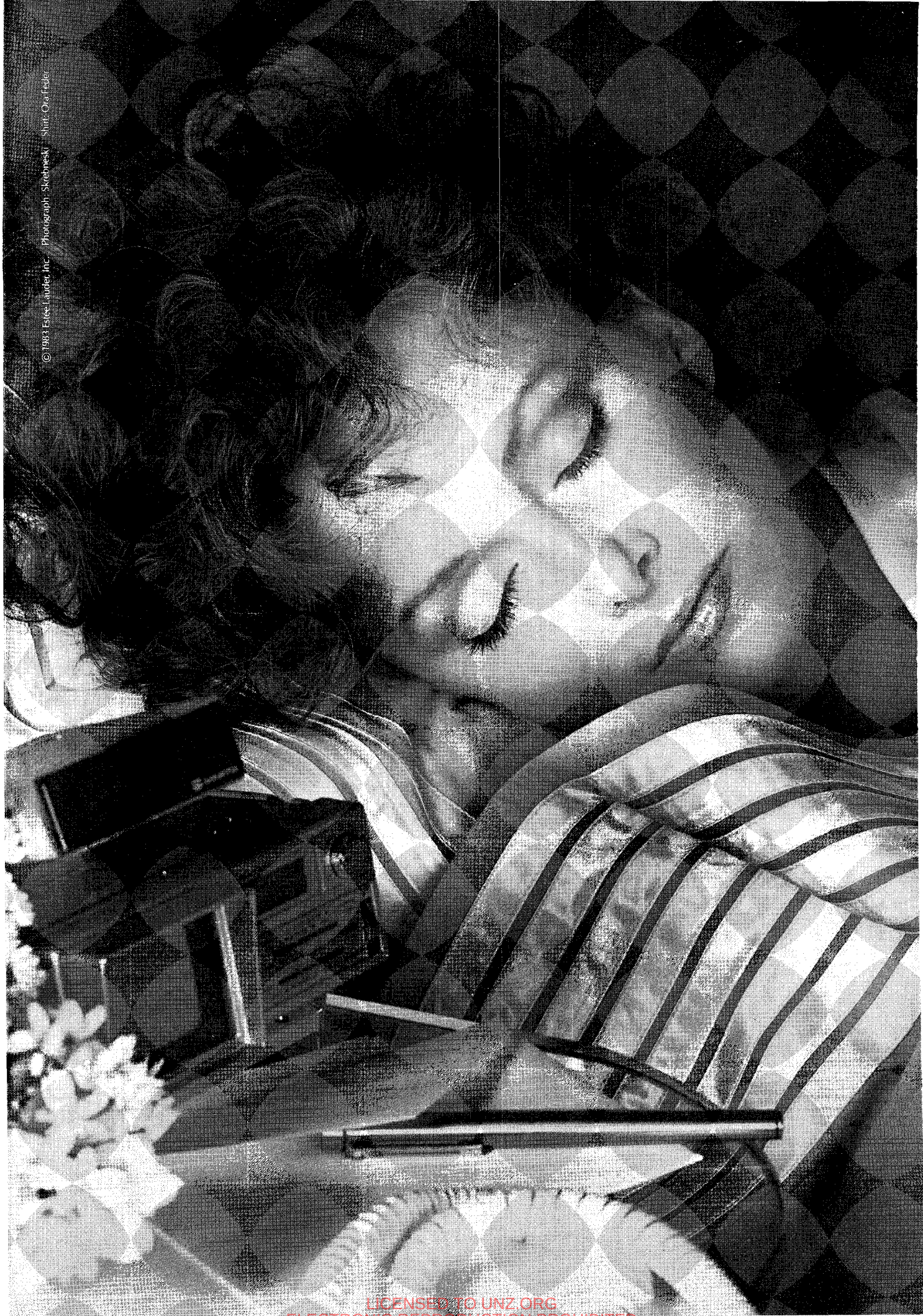
THE VERDICT—When Sidney Lumet gets serious, his energetic, fast-moving style falls apart, and he photographs scenes from fifty yards away. The camera sits like Death on the dark, angled images of this anguished movie about a Boston Irish lawyer, played by Paul Newman, who was hurt by those closest to him and became a booze-soaked failure. Lest anybody miss the point, Lumet puts dirges on the soundtrack; they serve as accompaniment to the lawyer's heavy breathing and to the uninflected voice of Charlotte Rampling, the mysterious woman who shows up to complicate his life. When the lawyer goes into court to fight the powerful Archdiocese of Boston, his faith in the judgment of the ordinary people who sit on the jury enables him to redeem himself. It's a Frank Capra setup given art-film treatment. (There's plenty of drizzle and brown gloom.) Newman plays his role for all it has got, making himself look softer and heavier, and even a little jowly, but it's a bowed-down, sorrowful-sot performance—a tired old show-business view of "a good man." In its own sombre, inflated terms, the picture is effective, but it's dragged out so self-importantly that you have time to recognize what a hopelessly naive, incompetent, and untrustworthy lawyer the hero is. With James Mason, Jack Warden, Lindsay Crouse, Milo O'Shea, Edward Binns, Julie Bovasso, Lewis Stadlen, and Wesley Addy. The script, by David Mamet, is based on a novel by Barry Reed. (1/10/83) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Gotham Cinema, and Criterion Theatres.)

YOJIMBO (1961)—Akira Kurosawa's boisterous, exuberant comedy-satire about violence, with Toshiro Mifune as an unemployed samurai, a sword for hire. When our Westerner came into town, although his own past was often shady, he would pick the right side—the farmers against the gamblers and the cattle thieves. This samurai walks into a town divided by two rival merchants quarrelling over a gambling concession, each supporting a gang of killers. He has his special skills and the remnants of a code of behavior, but to whom can he give his allegiance? He hires out to each and systematically eliminates both. We might expect violence carried to extremity to be sickening; Kurosawa, in a triumph of bravura technique, makes it explosively comic and exhilarating. There is so much displacement of the usual movie conventions that we don't have the time or inclination to ask why we are enjoying the action; we respond kinesthetically. One of the rare Japanese films that is both great and funny to American audiences. (Sergio Leone made his own version of it, "A Fistful of Dollars.") In Japanese. (Thalia; Jan. 16.)

THE YOUNG ONE (1960)—Luis Buñuel on race relations in the Deep South, in the always dangerous form of parable. A black musician (Bernie Hamilton), fleeing from a false charge of rape, takes refuge in a small island hunting preserve. The only other inhabitants are a cloddish white gamekeeper, played by Zachary Scott, and a thirteen-year-old girl (Key Meersman). When the blustery white master seduces the child, the ironies are ready for milking. The dialogue is full of literary touches, with many a clinker. Adapted from a story by Peter Matthiessen. (Film Forum; Jan. 19-20.)



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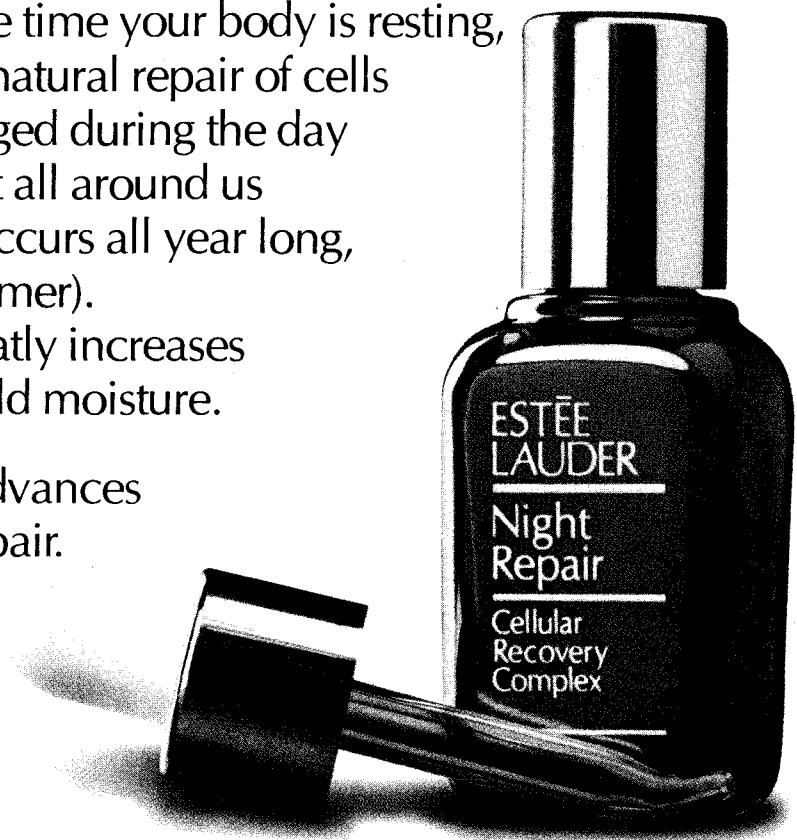
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AS the new Congress gets down to work and the Reagan Administration embarks on the second half of its term of office, the nation and the world face two issues of overriding concern: the peril of nuclear war, which has been raised to a new level of urgency by a rapid escalation of the arms race, and the peril of economic collapse, including, especially, the peril of a collapse of the international financial system, which is threatened by towering international debts that have accumulated in the last decade or so. Ordinarily, it might seem that few things could resemble each other less than international finance and the nuclear-arms race, but some striking similarities between the two have emerged. The immediate problem facing the international financial community is how to prevent the default of any of a rather long list of countries that are in shaky or, in some cases, desperate financial condition, among them Mexico, Brazil, Poland, and Zaire. A major default could bring about a breakdown of the structure of world finance, and a world depression might ensue. At present, however, the world is in possession of no institution that is empowered to guarantee the solvency of countries, and thereby to insure the world's solvency. The world may collapse as one if its financial system collapses, but the world cannot act as one to prevent such a collapse. In consequence, the decision by even a few creditors to demand full and prompt repayment of a loan to a financially ailing country can now conceivably trigger a global depression. According to an illuminating article in *Time*, during the recent negotiations between governments and bankers to save Poland from default "it would have been theoretically pos-

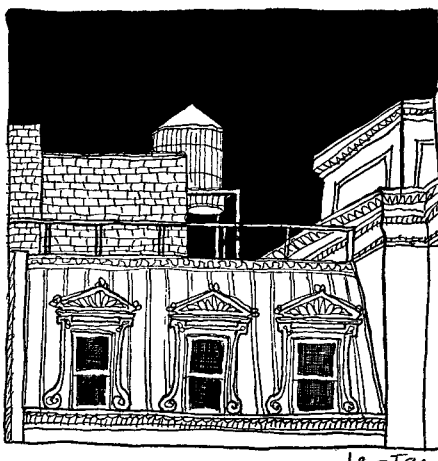
sible for a small institution that loaned \$100,000 or so to bring down that country's \$27 billion dollar house of cards"—not to mention the global house of cards surrounding it. The world economy is thus held hostage by its individual members—individual banks as well as individual countries—whose separate interests may diverge sharply from the interests of the whole. In the absence of any duly constituted international authority, the international community is forced to resort to ad-hoc, semi-secret conclaves of financial people and others, convened on the spur of the moment to deal with emergencies as they arise—a course of action that is a little like trying to organize a new fire department every time a fire breaks out. For example, according to *Time*, when Mexico recently found itself in need of about four and a half billion dollars in credits if it was to go on meeting its international financial obligations "13 leading U.S., Japanese, British and West German bankers worked around the clock for nearly two weeks in the 29th-floor dining room of Citicorp headquarters in New York City to keep the country from defaulting." Later, *Time* reports, an observer re-

marked that the operation "was handled like a money-raising telethon."

In the nuclear predicament, it is, of course, not the world economy but the world itself that is at stake, yet our response to this peril has a discouraging resemblance to the telethon in Citicorp Center. In both our economic predicament and our nuclear predicament, the sole path even to individual survival lies in our acknowledgment of the common global interest and in action in common, yet in both predicaments we enshrine individual interest and let the common interest fend for itself, staking the fate of all on the voluntary self-restraint of each party involved. What appears to be at the root of this peculiar situation is not so much a failure of resolve as a failure of observation. In times past, some "idealistic" people dreamed of establishing "one world" to replace the system of separate nation-states, and other, "realistic" people dismissed such a notion as impractical. But while the idealists and the realists were arguing, the world—reality itself—quietly changed. For reasons that had nothing to do with anyone's ideals—or, for that matter, with anyone's less creditable impulses—economic, technical, and political links tying the people of the earth together like so many mountain climbers on a slope were forged, and the one world came into being. This one world, in which we all now live, whether we like it or not, is no dream but an irrevocable fact, which awaits our recognition and our response.

Yearbook Pictures

DURING a two-week period when more than eight hundred seniors at Hillcrest High School in Jamaica, Queens, were scheduled to be photographed for their graduation yearbook,



we were on hand for one busy afternoon in a small office that Hillcrest provided for the picture-taking. The students who filed in and out were allotted seven and a half minutes each to have their pictures taken in several poses, both in street clothes—which meant jacket and tie for the boys and, for the girls, an off-the-shoulder “drape” provided by the photography studio—and in cap and gown. In the rear of the darkened little room, the students who were to be called next preened and fussed and chatted furtively while their classmates were being photographed.

“I really did well in the tenth grade,” said one girl to another, who was fixing a barrette in her hair.

“We all did well in tenth grade,” said her friend. “Then we got diseased by high school.”

“I have to take this picture *today*,” said one boy to another. “I kind of rented this jacket.”

“You rented a corduroy sports jacket?” said the other boy.

A girl adjusted the drape so that it revealed the roundness of her shoulders. “This is my last effort to look good for this school,” she announced.

“You look like a barmaid in that thing,” another girl told her.

“I hate having my picture taken,” a girl complained to a friend as her eyes followed her lipstick in a compact mirror. “I always come out terrible.”

“Better talk to your mama about your face,” said a boy who overheard her.

“O.K., gimme a big smile,” said the photographer, speaking above the din of voices and his own Walkman headphones as he backed away from a boy he had set in a pose. The boy was wearing a purple graduation gown, and he sat with one hand clutching the cap to his heart and the other hand fixed on his knee. His head and his body were cocked at slightly different angles to the camera, with the result that he appeared to be gazing off into the middle distance; when he smiled, he looked like a blissed-out choirboy.

“Hey! Don’t blow it!” the photographer said sharply. “This is for the yearbook. *Forever*, and all that stuff, right? Ready—one, two, three—say ‘sex!’” The camera clicked just as a broad natural smile appeared on the boy’s face. As soon as he could, the boy pulled off the robe, unbuttoned his jacket, whipped off his tie, stepped out

of the circle of light surrounding him, faced the other students, and shouted, “This is the beginning of the end!” Then he turned and left the room.

Having followed the boy out into the hallway, where he met up with a few of his friends, we learned that he was Nick and that the friends were Debbie, Susan, and Peter. They were discussing yearbooks in general.

“I’d like to see candid photographs that show life in high school as it really is,” said Peter. “You know, like a picture of fifty people hanging around the running track outside of school, drinking and smoking.”

“There are three things I like about high-school yearbooks,” said Nick. “The haircuts, the clothes, and the ugly people.” Turning serious, he added, “It’ll be pretty interesting for my kid to see a picture of his pop when he didn’t have a clean haircut and a job.”

“I like yearbook photographs,” said Debbie. “It shows that you were part of something, part of an achievement. But I can’t stand the writing—it’s so phony. It’s always about the winter breeze and the sun coming up. That’s nice, that’s O.K., but it doesn’t express how seniors really feel. The yearbook turns us into the Brady Bunch.”

“You guys are gonna die,” Susan interjected, “but I just found out that the theme of this year’s yearbook is ‘Horizons.’”

The group groaned.

“Could have been worse,” said a girl named Courtenaye, who had been listening in. “Up until yesterday, the teacher in charge had this thing about anniversaries. Like last year was the one-hundredth year since New York City was electrified. Now, what does *that* have to do with the 1983 class at Hillcrest High School?”

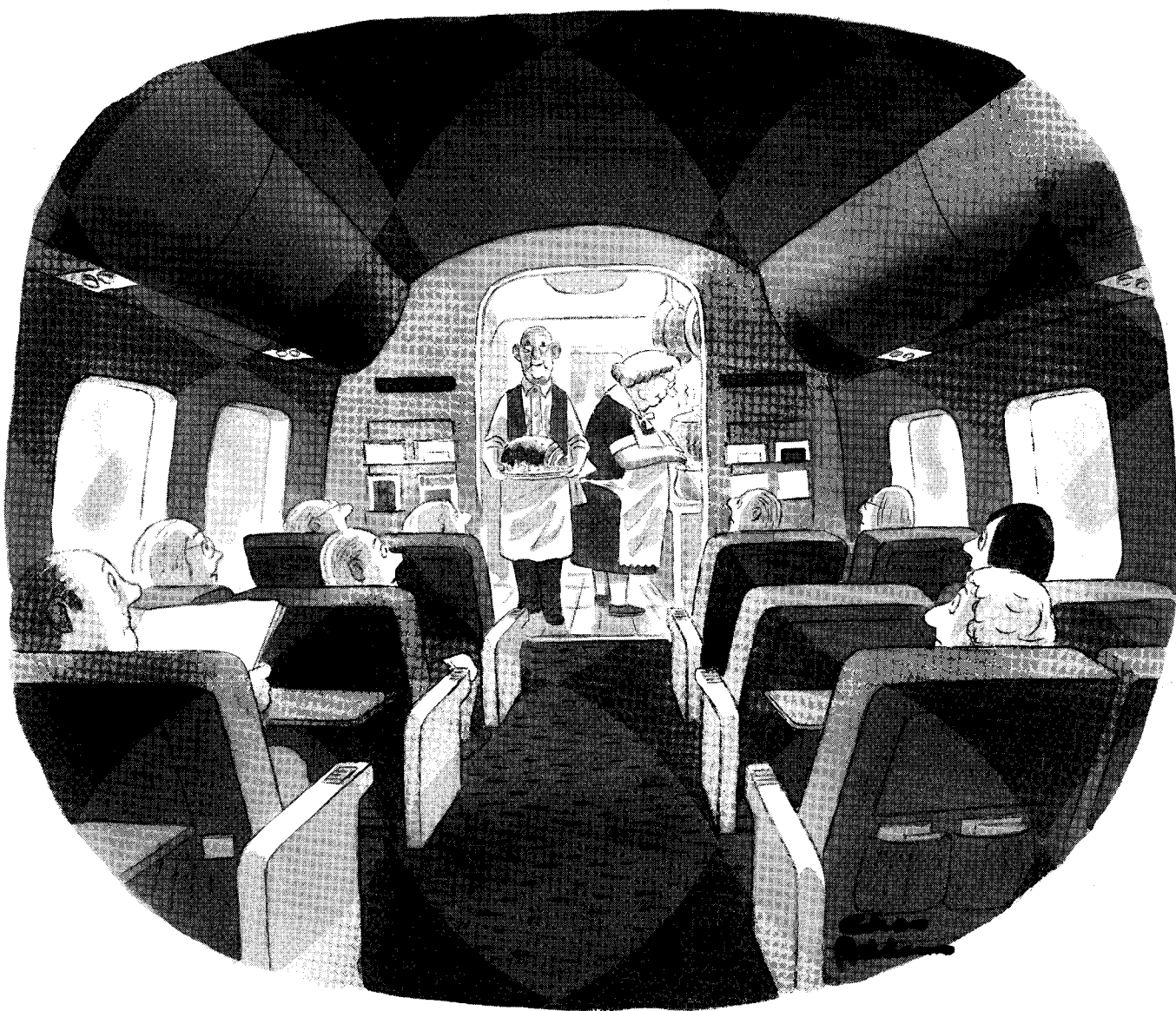
During a break in the schedule, we leafed through a stack of slips that the

photography studio had provided for the students, which included space for personal data like the clubs or organizations they belong to, their hobbies, their nicknames, their favorite quotations, and their goals after graduation—information that the yearbook committee might decide to print below the photographs. We found out that Shahrouz likes to read and to make bead bracelets and that his nickname is Philip; that Juliet, whose nickname is Thumb, plans to become “Absolute Ruler of All Time Space and Dimension;” that Johnathan’s favorite quotation is “A day is wasted without laughter” and that his goal is to become an orthopedist; that Dawn, who professes to like singing and shopping for clothes, chose as her favorite quotation “Life is life, but then again life can be very tedious;” that David’s goal is “to get into the jewelry business;” that Sarah’s favorite quotation is “There is no need to be nice on the way up ’cause you’re not comin’ down;” that Iris, who is known to her friends as Miss Holly-wood, and whose favorite quotation is a tossup between “A star is born” and “If you’ve got it flaunt it,” plans to “travel for a year, then continue my education, and finally become a legal secretary;” that there are dozens of students at Hillcrest who plan to be pediatricians; that there are two brothers whose favorite quotation is “Ungawa;” and that one girl’s nickname is Portuguese Baby.

Later in the afternoon, we talked to two students who had been photographed at the beginning of the week, and both recounted experiences that had impressed them. Pedro told us that on the day he was to be photographed he dressed up as though he had been invited to a wedding, because he felt great pride in his accomplishments and in his high school. “But when I got to the room to be photographed I saw that one of my friends hadn’t really paid that much attention to his clothes and he wasn’t as excited as I was,” Pedro went on. “He looked like he was feeling pressure. He told me, ‘Yeah, I’m taking my picture, but am I gonna graduate?’ Having to sit for the yearbook pictures was a heavy thing for him.”

Tiera found that all her school friends were quite eager to get together after school on the day they had been photographed—something they didn’t often do. “We all sat





around talking about why we didn't get closer sooner and how we met and how we reacted to each other when we first met," she told us. "We remembered classes we had together and teachers we liked or ones that got on our nerves. It hit us all of a sudden that after June we'll probably never see each other again. It was nice talking like that, but it was sad, too. I'll always have the yearbook photographs to look at, but I thought, Maybe we should get each other's phone numbers."

The Typewriter

THE decline in recent years of certain institutions—the convertible, for instance, and real grass on baseball outfields—has hurt us profoundly. But now we fear that our

bar-none favorite consumer item, the traditional typewriter, may be on the edge of a long and painful descent into obsolescence. At Gimbels, it has in recent years been impossible to buy a typewriter; the management, says Vice-President Robert Gottlieb, considers it a "nonprofit" product. And across the nation, though typewriter sales have held pretty steady, an increasingly large share of the market has been conquered by a device that bears only a superficial resemblance to the real thing. The electronic typewriter, unlike the sturdy manual, or even the jittery electric, is the spawn of the mating of a typewriter with a word processor. It is a purring, simpering machine in which the mechanical response to the push of a button has been replaced by a "memory," albeit a short one. If typing is driving a car,

electronic typing is climbing into the back of a cab.

In case our premonition someday turns into sterile, muffled reality, we decided this winter to canvass the Manhattan department stores that still find some percentage in the sale of the proud typewriter. Our purpose: to collect for history's sake a few of those sheets of practice paper left by retailers in their machines and used by potential buyers, and others, both to test the feel of the keyboard and to pour out their souls. The last time we attempted anything similar was more than a quarter century ago; the most common sentiment of the typewriter shopper was then and still is (we are nostalgically pleased to report) "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their country"—a mongrelization of "Now is the time for all

good men to come to the aid of the party," which was the typing test used to demonstrate the first practical machine, in the politically charged autumn of 1867. An awful lot of people just type the sentence over and over, in capital letters and small letters, in red ink and black. But some take the line and run with it, vamping and jamming and blowing until they come up with some hot new variation. Like:

This typewriter comes highly recommended by its makers

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of me!

The touch on this machine is fairly good for a non-IBM model

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of me!

Or, in a thought-provoking mélange of literary sources:

Now is the time for to be or not to be that is the

On occasion, shoppers even reflect on the meaning of the line, which does seem to defy logic. (If now has been the time since 1867, either it's been one dandy of a big crisis or the lack of response on the part of good men has

been something less than disastrous.) Our favorite development of this theme was:

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their country.

Why is now the time?

Maybe it's too late. Anyway, I think I'll come about sevenish.

The other standard typing test, the one about the quick brown fox hurdling the lazy dog, shows up only occasionally these days, often in mutant form:

The quick red jumped beer the lazy brown dog

Most confused of all the shoppers we encountered, however, was the person who, apparently on the theory that what is hard for the tongue must also be hard for the fingers, tapped out, "She sells sea shells by the sea-shore."

Potential typewriter buyers make up only a small portion of the typing public, and often those with weighty things on their minds who just happen by are the ones who leave the best work. Poets, for instance:

Sometimes I wonder why I spend these lonely nights dreaming a dream
a haunting melody in my reverie

Or public-policy analysts:

This store is for the birds man!! The politics floating around symbolizes the type of petty and cutthroat mentality that permeates so clearly. These are the reasons American management is so decadent on a global comparison. Do what the Japanese do!! Forget ego and status and superficiality, and get back to basics, honest and simple hard work and a solid sense of decency and common courtesy to your fellow man is what it takes to elicit favorable results.

Or philosophers:

This is a joke's world and we are all here to enjoy the jokes which is on us. There is a world far beyond the horizon Heavenly Father we appreciate you.

Or, best of all, rebels:

allison and nannette were here
but now there gone
they left their names
to carry on
those who knew them, knew them well
those who didn't GO TO HELL!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Some writers make brave beginnings and then tail off. "Joseph Jefferson has a lot to think about," reads the top of an otherwise blank page. "Thank you very much for your valued attention," another typist pecked, and then



"I know I'm in the political community, but my role in it remains something of a mystery."

fell silent. "Things are looking up—and yet Europe," typed another. "What do you feel when you fall in love?" inquired one customer, who can hardly be blamed for not answering. A few can't stand the pressure of a blank page. "Let go home now or else I will kill you," wrote one person. But others take it entirely in stride. One writer, a member of an ultra-realist school, ogled an Olivetti and then punched out, on a clean sheet:

you ar
you are a typewriter.

Luncheon

"AND just what is this particular luncheon for?" asked the man of his enthusiastic companion, the girl, as they entered a restaurant crowded with people who were holding glasses filled with liquids and ice and standing among tables already set up for dining.

"This is a luncheon for people who have been in a movie," said the girl. "There is Bruce Dern, there is Robert Mitchum, there is Martin Sheen, there is Paul Sorvino," she said in one breath and pointing with her chin.

"There is Stacy Keach," said the man, pointing with a finger.

"There is your finger falling off and lying on the floor," said the girl. "You mustn't point."

"I like the waitresses," said the man. "They favor bangs and short, blunt-cut hair; dresses above their knees; and boots that fall down to their ankles."

"Martin Sheen has just beamed at me," said the girl.

"Martin Sheen has just beamed at that nice woman standing a step or two behind you," said the man.

"Martin Sheen is not as tall as I had expected, and yet he's not short enough to be devastatingly appealing," said the girl.

"I see that we are being asked to sit down now," said the man.

"There are rolls on the table," said the girl.

"There are always rolls on the table," said the man, "and nobody seems to eat them. When I find food just sitting on the top of a table somewhere, I won't eat it before washing it."

"Have you spoken to the man who has taken a large amount of his hair from the right side of his head and brushed it all the way over to the left side, only it won't quite lie still and so as you speak to him you are constantly tempted to put it back as it was originally and at the same time straighten his tie?" asked the girl.

"I have spoken to a man who writes exclusively about tennis and who grew up in Wilkes-Barre," said the man.

"A woman has mentioned interviewing Robert Mitchum," said the girl, "and now I see him sitting over there, his lunch untouched in front of him."

"What are we eating?" asked the man.

"Chicken in lemon sauce with French fries and boiled beans," said the girl.

"I know, but what are we really eating?" asked the man.

"Bruce Dern takes each of his French fries, butters it thoroughly, and then eats it," said the girl.

"Bruce Dern has said he is the only man who has killed John Wayne," said the man.

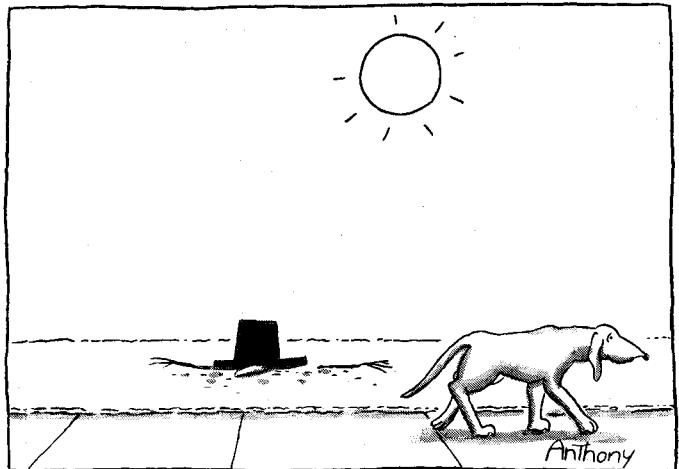
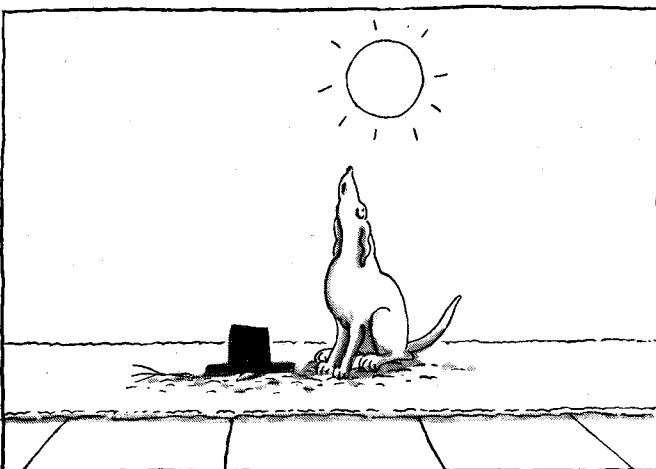
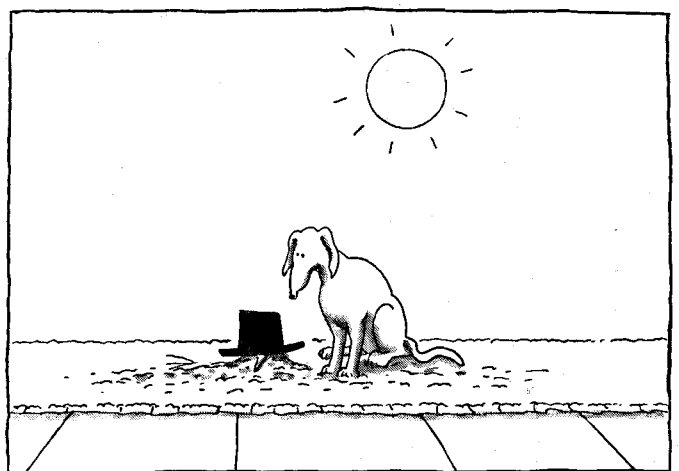
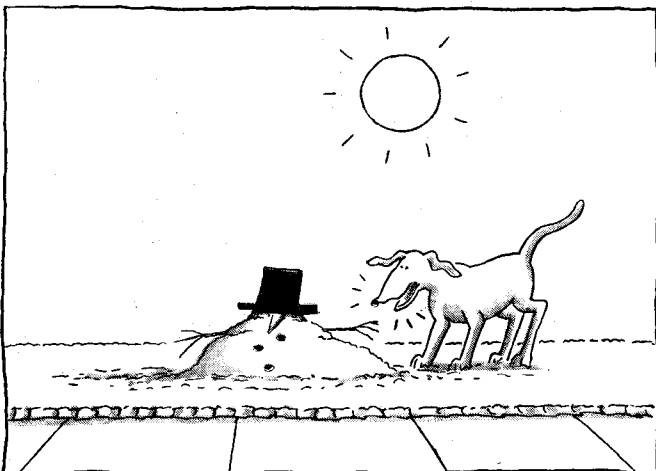
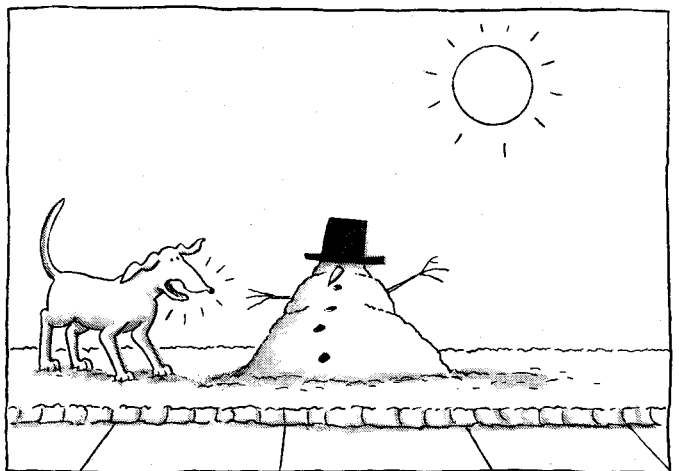
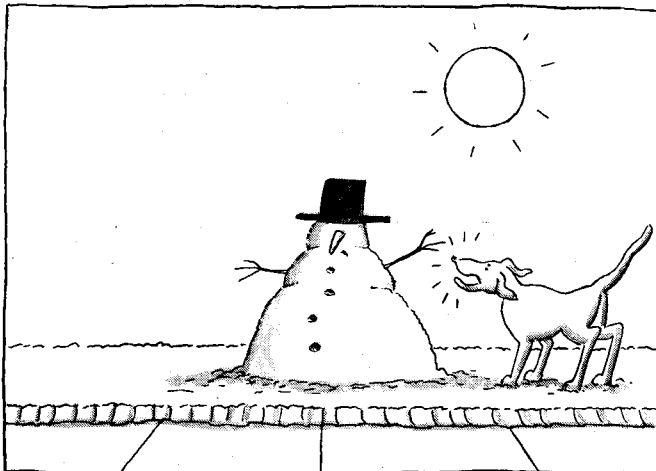
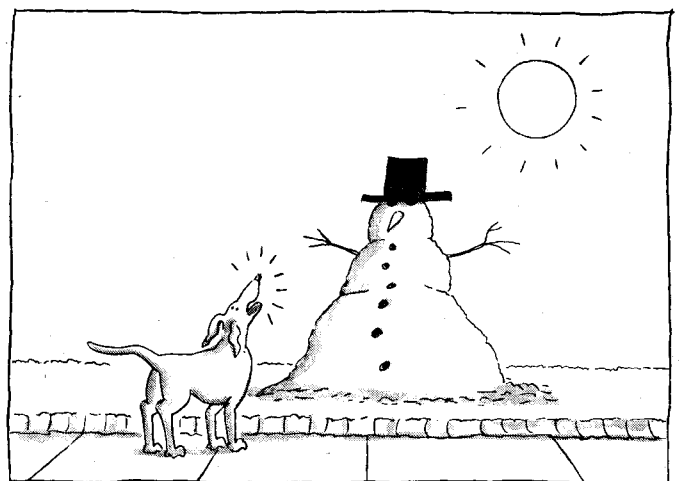
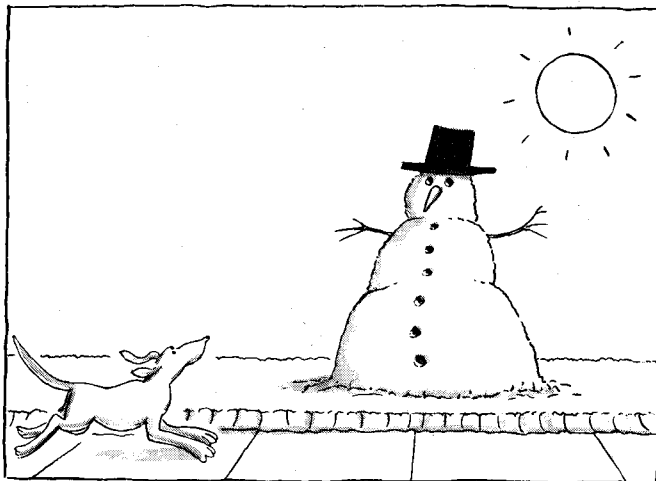
"From where I am sitting, in my view is Stacy Keach," said the girl. "I always feel that I should like what is in my view, so I make a great effort to sit facing attractive people."

"I wish the room were aglow," said the man. "I wish I had a feeling of expansiveness and fulfillment and delight in small, unimportant things. I cannot finish my chicken."

"I have noticed," said the girl, "that whenever people want you to eat a strange sort of animal they immediately tell you that it tastes just like chicken. This chicken that you cannot finish tastes just like chicken."



"Apparently, the Merryweathers have a very good relationship—although, come to think of it, I don't believe that's Mrs. Merryweather."



CHECKOUT

(REVERIES OF A WALLA WALLA HOUSEPERSON STANDING IN LINE AT THE GRAND UNION AND WONDERING WHETHER TO FORK OUT SIXTY-FIVE CENTS FOR THE "NATIONAL ENQUIRER")

BURT'S SURPRISE NEW NO. 1
HEARTTHROB: WALLA WALLA'S
BETTY JO UPCHURCH!

HE'S head over heels again! And she's not even in show biz! Macho-man Burt Reynolds has been secretly carrying on a sizzling love affair for the last two months with a voluptuous 34-year-old sex goddess from way up north in Walla Walla, Washington. Burt's sultry new flame, insiders reveal, is Betty Jo Upchurch, of 86 Beaver Bog Street in Walla Walla, a homemaker and the curvaceous mother of five small children. "Yes, it's true, Burt and I have dated quite a few times lately, but we're just good friends and there's no hanky-panky going on between us," Betty Jo told intimates last week, adding, "I mean my husband, Forrest, knows all about my thing with Burt and he's a hundred per cent for it—it gets me out of the house, he says." But despite Betty Jo's lame attempts to deny the truth of her torrid liaison with filmdom's leading he-man, Hollywood sources predict that the Walla Walla bombshell will soon be shedding her hubby of fourteen years and ankling to the altar with the love-struck Burt.

The ga-ga couple first met in October, when Reynolds, uh, went up to Walla Walla on a promotion tour for one of his movies, that's it, right, a promotion tour, and the lovely Mrs. Upchurch slinked up to him to ask for his autograph. Burt took one look at blue-eyed Betty Jo and, vavoom, their forbidden amour began. While Reynolds himself has been unavailable for comment about his steamy romance with the Walla Walla glamour girl, a close friend of the dashing Hollywood muscleman admits that Burt has indeed been seeing a good deal of Mrs. Upchurch of late, squiring her to exclusive parties in big Bev. Hills mansions and to such posh L.A. eat-

eries as Ma Maison and Mortimer's. When asked why Burt was so smitten with Betty Jo, who is somewhat heavier than those super-slim starlet types he has been linked with in the past, the close friend replied, "Burt has always had a hidden yearning to hook up with a gal who has a little bit of meat on her bones. Besides, Betty Jo has promised Burt that she is going on a very major crash diet the first thing next Monday morning, at the latest, or anyway right after the holidays. And she plans to lose at least—"

"I LOST 85 POUNDS
IN 14 DAYS!" REVEALS
WALLA WALLA WOMAN

"Yes, it's true, I took off an amazing 85 pounds in only two weeks," smiled Betty Jo Upchurch last Monday evening as she told a coast-to-coast nationwide TV audience of her astonishing quick-weight-loss on ABC's top-rated "That's Incredible!" "I'm now down to a slim-trim 108 pounds, whereas just two weeks ago I was a slightly unsightly fatty," jubilantly added Mrs. Upchurch as she modelled her stunning new thin figure for the nationwide TV audience all over the country. "That's incredible!" commented good-looking John Davidson of "That's Incredible!" Mrs. Upchurch, of Walla Walla, Washington, is the first per-

son in America to have been put on a miraculous new diet that has been clinically developed in clinical tests at the Mayo Clinic, in Rochester, Minnesota. And that has been given a one-hundred-per-cent seal of approval, or whatever they call it, by the federal Food and Drug Administration and every other government administration that there is. "The diet is not only astoundingly quick but it is also absolutely safe—and the lost poundage stays off, too, for good," said Dr., uh, Milton G. Needleman of the Mayo Clinic, the well-known famous Nobel Prize researcher who invented the diet and who appeared with Mrs. Upchurch on "That's Incredible!"

"And the best thing about the diet is that you can eat all you want on it—hot-fudge sundaes, Mars bars, pizza, Fritos, anything—and still lose weight," happily explained Mrs. Upchurch. "As a matter of fact, the more you eat, especially if you constantly fill up on what they call junk food, the better the diet works. All that you have to do when you're on it is every night just before you go to bed you take this little pill, that's it, right, this little purple pill, it costs a dime, and then when you wake up in the morning you find that during the night, when you were asleep, you lost six, seven, eight pounds, or whatever. That's how it works. That's all you have to do. And you shouldn't exercise, either."

Although she is the busy mother of five small children and has been happily married for fourteen years to Forrest Upchurch, the owner and operator of a Walla Walla window-washing service, Betty Jo cheerfully admitted that she is enjoying the ogling looks that she is more and more getting these days from some very handsome men. "The nicest thing about being skinny again," grinned Mrs. Upchurch, "is that all kinds of nice-looking guys are coming up to me and—"

"Is this the kind of Stove Top stuffing you said to get?"

"Huh?"

"Is this the—"

"No. For gosh sakes, Forrest, can't you do any-



thing right? Wait here with the cart. I'll get it."

"Wait here? What am I supposed to do standing here like a lump?"

"I don't know."

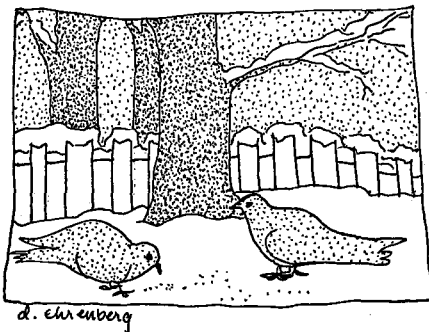
PRO FOOTBALL'S AMAZING MIDDLE-AGED ROOKIE QB: WALLA WALLA'S FORREST UPCHURCH!

He hadn't played football for twenty-five years! And even back then he'd only been a second-string high-school quarterback! But now, at the astonishing age of 43, when most pro footballers have long since hung up their helmets, he's a starter in the N.F.L.! "Yes, it's true, I'll be quarterbacking the Los Angeles Raiders in their game next Sunday against the San Diego Chargers," Forrest Upchurch told a crowded L.A. press conference last Tuesday as he met with reporters at the side of the Raiders' veteran coach, Tom Flores. Until recently, Upchurch had been the owner and operator of a window-washing service in Walla Walla, Washington, where he lives with his very attractive wife Betty Jo and their five small children. But now he is a \$200,000-a-year N.F.L. quarterback who could well be destined someday to be enshrined in the Pro Football Hall of Fame, at Canton, Ohio. Upchurch's remarkable rise from obscurity to the national gridiron spotlight began last spring when he, uh, joined a local Jack LaLanne Health Spa in Walla Walla, sure, he joined this local health spa and began exercising for two hours each evening after work. Three hours. "I worked out on the Nautilus machine, did fifty miles on the Exercycle, and swam a hundred laps in the pool every night," Upchurch told the press on Tuesday. In three months, he recalled, he had trimmed down from a flabby, out-of-shape 246 pounds to 194 pounds of hard-as-rock muscle set on his compact 5'7" frame. In the early summer, Upchurch began getting up at 5 A.M. each morning to jog fifteen miles and to do wind sprints that enabled him to pare his time for the 40-yard dash down from 23.2 to 4.8 seconds.

"Upchurch has outstanding speed and agility, especially for a 43-year-old window-washer, and he also has great lateral movement," Coach Flores told the Tuesday press conference. A couple of months ago, Upchurch began tossing a football around with a group of high-school

players on a Walla Walla field and found to his amazement that he could now easily hit pass-catchers with deadly accuracy at a distance of up to sixty yards. Seventy yards. *Eighty* yards.

"At first, I gotta tell you, I didn't even want to look at Upchurch, a balding middle-aged man, a walk-on out of nowhere, but thank God I did,"



IT IS NOT DEAD

It is not dead. It is simply weighty with wisdom.

A long way and painful it has come to become

What it is. In nameless heat under

Nameless pressure, liquefied,

It has tried

To find its true nature, seething in depth and darkness when earth

Was not yet ready to be torn asunder

But heaved in silence like throttled thunder.

What eons still

To wait the cataclysmic birth—

That exploded, roared, glowed

To change its mind to hardness like glass, an iron will?

What name has the plowshare that plowed

It wide to the fury of light on a high place?

What years did the crowbar of ice

Take to pry loose from the crag face

An edged mass to scythe an undefined

Forest to splinters? Then in what night,

And with what might,

Came the first unmerciful grasp of the glacier, the grind,

The trundling descent in darkness, white

But absolute? What timeless thoughts ground its downward mind?

Then fingers of water, weak but uncountable,

Worked in their tangle of multitudinous will

Age after age, until

Half-in, half-out of my brook it lies,

Honed to perfection, perfect in structure, moss-idle, sunlit,

And, naked, I lie on it,

Brooding on our common destinies.

Against the declaration of sunlight I close my eyes.

All night it will lie there under the stars,

Attent to the riddle, and I, in brotherhood, lie abed where I lie,

Hearing the riddle, too, though a curtain bars

Me in darkness except in one twisted spot where I spy

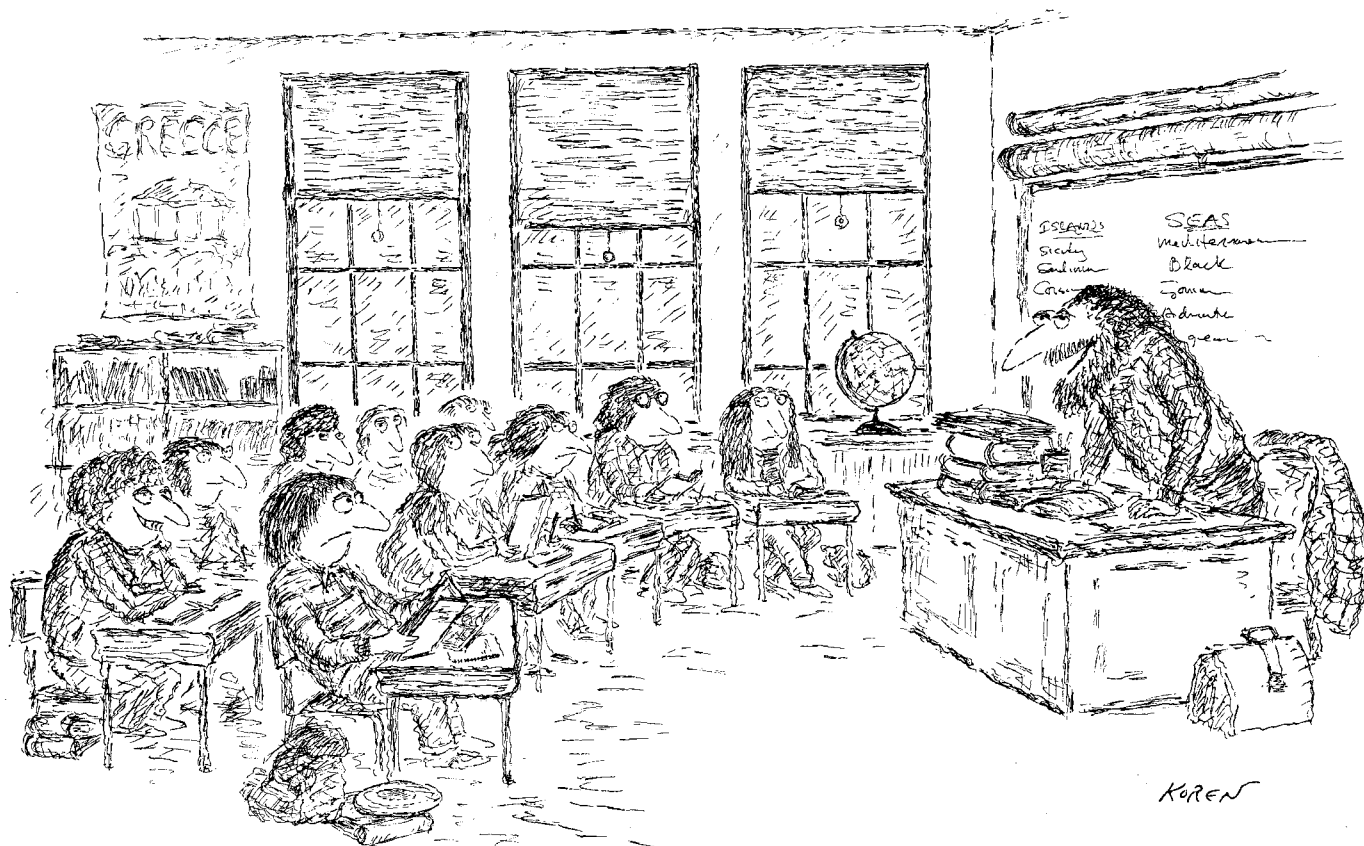
A fleeting fracture of the immensity of night sky.

—ROBERT PENN WARREN

smiled Coach Flores. "The guy, I found out, has got a rifle for an arm and is a threat to hit the long bomb from anyplace on the field. I'd figured to go at quarterback with Jim Plunkett, but now, after only ten days of him working out with the team, the job belongs to Upchurch. And I sincerely believe that he can take us all the way to the Super Bowl."

Adds Frank Gifford of ABC's "Monday Night Football," who looked in on a recent Raiders practice session at which Upchurch picked the secondary apart with a dazzling array of on-the-money passes, "Forrest Upchurch is some kind of quarterback—he comes to play."

"I'm amazed, too, at Forrest's in-depth knowledge of game strategy—he can not only pass, scramble, and run with the likes of Joe Montana but



"Nicholas, you are to address me as 'Larry,' not 'sir.' Is that clear?"

he is also a master of pro-football tactics," commented Coach Flores. "But I guess that comes naturally to someone who, by his own admission, has watched over 900 pro-football games on TV in the last ten years. Forrest is smart *and* tough. He's a tiger who plays to win."

And Upchurch is apparently as much of a tiger off the field as on. He has lately become a familiar figure on the Hollywood party circuit, cruising around L.A. in the \$45,000 Porsche that he purchased from the undisclosed six-figure bonus that he received for signing with the Raiders and being seen frequently at poolside Bel Air bashes and opening nights on the arm of, uh, Angie Dickinson, the lovely and very shapely blond star of TV, who—

"O.K., I got it. I'll take over, Forrest. You can wait out in the car."

"You sure you don't want me to stay and carry the stuff?"

"Nah, the kid there can do it. I don't mind it here. I'm used to it."

WALLA WALLA MOM TO BEAR
WARREN BEATTY'S BABY!

"Yes, it's true, I'm to have Warren Beatty's love child sometime in late

April," reveals Betty Jo Upchurch, a houseperson and mother, of 86 Beaver Bog Street in Walla Walla, Washington. Mrs. Upchurch met the very good-looking Hollywood movie star last summer when she, uh, won a free trip to Los Angeles in a local Walla Walla raffle, yes, she did, a free trip in a raffle, round trip for one, economy class, and was introduced to the handsome actor on a movie set while taking the Universal Studios tour. "We took one look at each other and, va-voom, our passions rose," says Betty Jo. Mrs. Upchurch and Warren had one night of tempestuous love together, or maybe a couple of nights, at his, uh, Malibu Beach hideaway and haven't seen each other since. "But it is definitely his child," Mrs. Upchurch told insiders last week, adding, "I've revealed to my husband, Forrest Upchurch, all about my thing with Warren and, I've got to tell you, he has been very loving and understanding. We will raise the child as though he was one of our own." Mrs. Upchurch, who already has five other small children—Johnny, Ronny, Connie, Bonnie, and Donny—says that if the baby is a boy he will be named Warren, Jr., and that if it is

a girl she will be named, uh, Warrenette.

Mr. Beatty, say secret Hollywood sources, knows of the expected child, admits that it is his, and is absolutely delighted. Because of her pregnancy, says Betty Jo, she has lately gained a good deal of weight. But right after the baby is born she plans to go on a very sensible, no-nonsense, low-calorie, 3-pounds-off-a-week diet and expects by the end of next summer to have lost at least—

"Are you taking that *National Enquirer*, or what?"

"Huh?"

"The magazine you got. You want me to check it out with the rest of the stuff? You buying it?"

"No, Miss, I'm not. Did you think I was trying to sneak it through the line or something? *Honestly!*"

WEIRD OUTER-SPACE X-RAY POWERS
ENABLE WALLA WALLA SUPERMART
CHECKOUT GIRL
TO TRANSFORM GRODY
CUSTOMERS INTO TINY PERDUE
CHICKENS WITH SINGLE GLANCE!

—THOMAS MEEHAN

THE FORTUNE-TELLER

THE château lay among woodlands in a wide valley in the heart of the old troubadour country of France. It was about ten years ago, at the end of summer. We were a party of three: Raymond, his wife, Sylvia, and me, Lucy. The marriage between Raymond and Sylvia was already going bad, which made me very uncomfortable. I had decided after the third day of our travels that I would never again go on holiday alone with a married couple, and I never have since.

I had begun to wonder why they had asked me to join them, and I fairly guessed that they were trying to prove, by the evidence of my single state, that they were truly a couple. We arrived at the château after a week in France, by which time I was on the point of getting on a train to the nearest airport and so back to London.

But I changed my mind precisely at the château. Sylvia asked for rooms. Mme. Dessain—thin, tall, work-worn, and elegant—who had come round the side of the house with a bucket of pig swill in her hand to greet us, declined to answer Sylvia. She addressed me, saying very politely that yes, she had a double room for me and

my husband and a small room for Mademoiselle on the maids' floor at the top of the house. Raymond intervened to explain the relationships aright. She gave the sort of smile by which it was plain she had understood perfectly well. I supposed that Sylvia, who spoke French better than I did, had nevertheless lacked the required respect; she had taken Mme. Dessain for one of the hired hands, and had selected her tone accordingly. This was a habit of Sylvia's; I always marvelled at the trouble she must have put into harboring such a range of initial attitudes as she had for different people, when one alone would serve for all. She was, of course, a follower of Lenin, who was class-conscious by profession. Raymond was fairly neutral about the incident. He was big and bearded, a television producer; and he was intelligent. But he was vain enough, and perhaps sufficiently at the point of exasperation with his marriage, to show himself pleased with the proprietor's mistake, if mistake it was. Madame did not apologize; she merely told us the price of the rooms and asked if we wanted demi-pension. Sylvia, when angry, had a leer. Her teeth protruded, and for some reason she

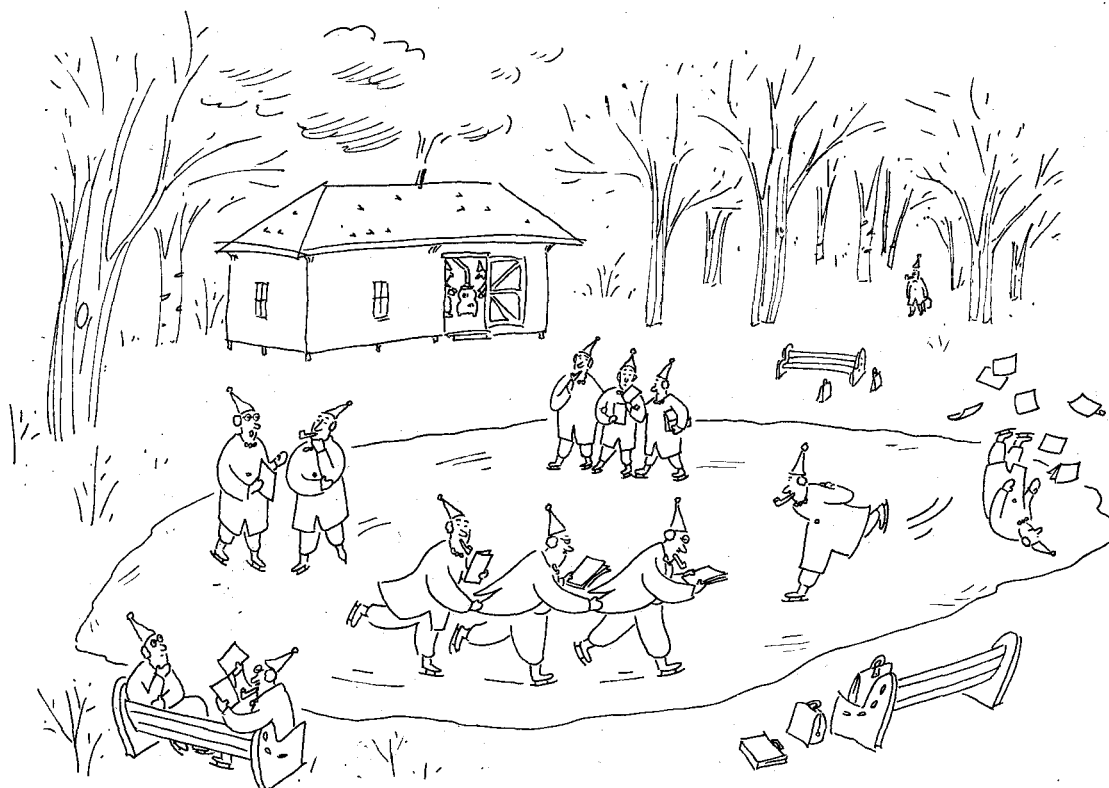
died her hair bright red. In spite of this, she had a handsome look. But, leering, she looked to me morally low—very low—and stupid, although in fact she was a rodent biologist of some distinction.

Mme. Dessain put down the bucket and again addressed me. She asked me if I would like to see the rooms. Plainly, she was not too grand to be catty, and she had taken against Sylvia. "Have we decided to stay?" Sylvia said to Raymond. "Do you like the place?"

"It looks lovely," he said. "I would like to see the room anyway, because I would like to stay."

Mme. Dessain led the way upstairs. I followed, with my two clever friends behind me. The rooms were fine, and we all decided to stay. Strangely enough, I wasn't put in a maid's room upstairs but in a large room on the same floor as my friends. Madame—it turned out that she was in fact a marquise—ran down to get on with her jobs, leaving us to cope with our luggage. I thought she looked well over fifty when I first saw her, but, watching her trip so easily downstairs, I could see she was younger, not much over forty. She had obviously taken a dislike to Sylvia, but I didn't care. Already I felt free of the embarrassing couple. In a curious way, Mme. Dessain had released me. She had held out a straw. I clutched it and miraculously it held me up. It struck me she was highly intuitive, as, indeed, are so many in the hotel business.

I was delighted with my room. It had windows on two sides. The furniture was French Provincial, plainly belonging to the château and by no means brought in for hotel guests. It was much the same all over the house. There were two drawing rooms, the yellow one and the green, and these were by no means rustic but in the great high style of eighteenth-century France. There was an Oriental room, with a Chinese part and



THINK RINK

an Egyptian part, full of those furnishings and treasures, brought back from the travels of nineteenth-century ancestors, which are too good for the use of ordinary tourists yet not too rare for everyday accommodation. It was a satisfaction to feel we had been taken in as guests, since clearly Mme. Dessain had to be discriminate.

Few of the guests used the Oriental room, or the other priceless-seeming rooms, with their Sèvres ornaments and plates behind glass cabinets. There was a more serviceable library in general use, with a television set, tables, and plenty of worn, cretonne-covered sofas and chairs.

It was there that a few evenings later I offered to tell Mme.

Dessain's fortune by cards. People were grouped around after dinner, some just talking, others playing various card games; and a couple in a far corner were playing chess. Outside, it was pelting with heavy, thick rain; it had been raining all day. A small, stout elderly man was Mme. Dessain's husband; a surprising couple. He sat by her side while I told her fortune. Sylvia and Raymond, bored with my fortune-telling, had moved away.

I MUST explain that when I find myself in a country or seaside establishment of the residential sort on any of my many travels, if I see someone lonely or ill at ease, and obviously not enjoying his stay, I always offer to tell his fortune by my cards. I've never been refused. On the contrary, it tends to have a hypnotic effect on the other guests, and candidates for my fortune-telling are never wanting; they even come up to me and ask me what I charge, and when I explain that I do it for free they are slightly embarrassed, but want their fortune just the same, and politely accept being put off when I've had too much or for some good reason don't want to do it.

My peculiar method of fortune-tell-

ing follows no tradition of occult sciences; I follow rules, but they are my own secret ones, varying quite a lot in their application to each individual. They are my own secret rules, but they arise from deep convictions. They cannot be formulated, they are as sincere and indescribable as are the primary colors; they are not of a science but of an art. Very often I make a mistake, but I know it; at such moments I'm thinking my way, talking through a dense fog, shining the torch of my intuition here and there until it hits on some object that may or may not prove to be what I say it is. Sometimes my predictions are wildly astray as they pertain to the present time and environment, but I have known them to become surprisingly true much later in life, in a different place, and presume that this may happen, too, in some of the cases where I lose sight of the person whose fortune I have told.

For the actual selection of the cards I have a precise system. I should never reveal it in detail, except to say that it is based on sevens and fives. Sevens and fives; and if you should ask me any more about this initial stage of the proceedings I should tell you a false-

hood. Indeed, the whole of the process is most precious and fragile to me, and I wouldn't give it away lest I lose my powers. I mean what Yeats meant:

I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

To tell the cards I begin by asking my client to shuffle them. Then I deal according to my seven-and-five system; a varying number of cards that emerge from this process are set apart, and I ask my client to shuffle again. Again I deal and set apart, and a third time, three cycles in all. The client then shuffles the cards that have been set aside; these are the cards of his fortune. At the same time, the client is asked to make a silent wish and mightily concentrate upon it.

Now I take these cards and again deal them. You mustn't think that because I take my gifts seriously I take them solemnly. It is all an airy dream of mine, unsinkable because it is light. I don't play the eerie fortune-teller at all; I don't play anything when I tell the cards. I am simply myself.

Well, I take the cards that have fallen to my client's lot and deal them under the following headings: (1) the



secret self; (2) the known self (by which I mean the more limited aspect of the person, as he is observable to others); (3) the client's hopes; (4) the client's degree of self-ignorance; (5) his present destination (I don't say his "destiny" for this reason: that any destiny I might take from the cards would be prematurely conceived and would fail to allow for a client's probable divergence from his present destination. Circumstances change. There can be a change of heart. Human nature is essentially unpredictable in the long run. But "destination" nonetheless often answers for destiny. No clairvoyant, believe me, can say more); (6) affairs of the heart, which means the prevailing love—that is, of any object, including, from time to time, money; (7) the wish—will it or won't it come true?

AGAIN I see Mme. Dessain in the friendly library of her house, leaning over the table, those many years ago, with her husband by her side as I began to tell her cards.

While she was shuffling I saw that she was extremely punctilious about the performance. While I dealt and discarded according to my secret method, she watched me with an in-

tensity that meant, to me, a decided confidence in my powers. Her wish was evidently of critical importance. She seemed absorbed by the cards that fell to constitute her fortune, but I advised her lightheartedly not to give weight to them herself, to concentrate hard on the wish, and to leave the interpretation in due time to me.

"There are many spades," observed Mme. Dessain. "And there is an ace of spades, Madame."

I was puzzled as to why she insisted on addressing me as "Madame" when I was plainly "Mademoiselle." In my conjuring out of the meaning of cards I never go by the tradition. It is true that no one is delighted by the ace of spades, but it does not necessarily mean a personal death. It might mean the death of a hope, or the end of a fear. Everything depends on the combination. Anyway, I was dealing the third cycle. I said, "Leave it to me," and finished.

Now I gathered up Mme. Dessain's cards.

"Will the rain never stop?" said Mme. Dessain, her eyes wandering to the enormous French windows. She was putting this on, this absent air, as if she didn't care in the least about her fortune.

"Concentrate on your wish, Madame," I said.

"Oh, I am concentrating. The rain is a tourist attraction if they like the flooded fields—very beautiful." So she laughed off her fortune-telling, but I could see she was eager, even a little agitated. Her husband, too, watched with care. I wanted to remind them it was only a game, but I refrained; I didn't want to bring their nervousness to light.

I dealt the cards under their seven headings, which naturally I didn't pronounce. Thirteen cards had emerged from the process of selection. I noted the high proportion of court cards in Mme. Dessain's set.

Now, in the first round to her secret self, came up the eight of spades, to her known self the six of spades.

"Spades in my wish!" said Mme. Dessain immediately.

"Have patience," I said, still setting forth the cards. It was obvious to me now that she was trying to penetrate my method, for when I put down the king of hearts she said, "A fair, handsome lover." But I gave no sign, although I felt annoyed at the interruption.

Her cards finally came out as follows: secret self—eight of spades and six of clubs; known self—six of spades and nine of diamonds; things hoped for—king of hearts and ace of spades; self-ignorance—five of hearts and king of clubs; present destination—queen of hearts and three of hearts; affairs of the heart—queen of clubs and three of diamonds; the wish—knave of hearts.

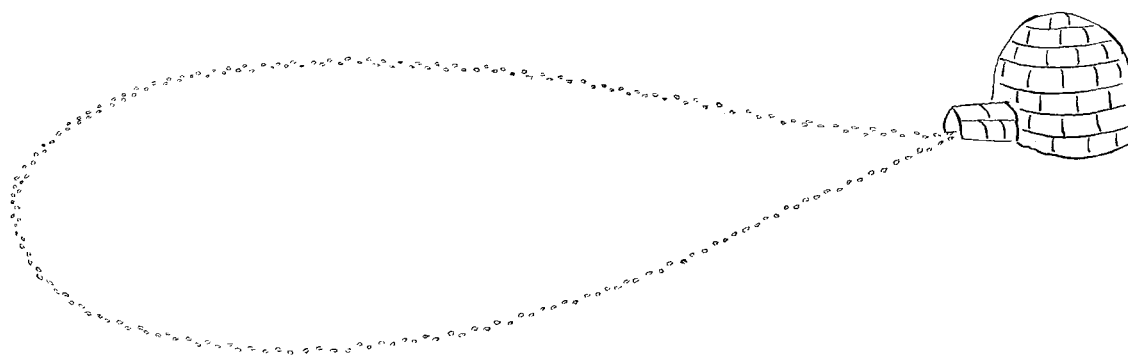
Mme. Dessain was really perplexed. She saw all seven sets of cards placed out before her, but she had no way of guessing the private headings I had placed them under. Her eyes were bright upon the cards, as if she were telling my fortune, not I hers.

"You have got your wish," I said at once, seeing that she had come in for one card only, the knave of hearts, under that heading, and there was no opposition. "However, it is a wish that you should not have made."



"Very 1983, Madam."

MCCALLISTER



WANDERLUST

"Which cards represent my wish?" she asked, almost in a panic—strange for such a grand lady.

I wouldn't tell her. I smiled at her, and said, "This is only a game, after all."

She put on an air that she was pacified, pulled together. But I could see that she was not.

Altogether, from this moment what her cards told me was one thing and what I told her was another. I had reason to be cautious. As I looked at the whole picture that was formed by the seven groups of cards, it was at first a colored mass, changing into a tableau of patterns, until one idea protruded larger and more brilliantly than the others. And so it appeared to me all in a quick moment that Mme. Dessain was herself a natural clairvoyant; she was able to read my mind perhaps better than I was able to read her cards. What had been to me a laughing matter, a game, seemed now to

veer rather dangerously toward myself, and I knew that her wish had been in some way connected with me. I say connected with me, not directed at me, because there was something indirect about it; at the same time, it was distinctly malevolent.

I braved out the performance. I told her a certain amount of nonsense, but as I spoke I could see she discerned that I wasn't as frank as I might have been. More specifically than before, I could now see under the heading of the secret self that she was clairvoyant.

Now, for instance, I looked at the known self in a special way. I felt that her very attractive, haggard, and aristocratic appeal was by no means as artless as it had seemed when she was working around the outhouses or busy with the vast baronial pans in the great stone kitchen. She looked airily up at the beautiful windows now, those tall windows with leaded corners. I was aware of her husband's

attention upon her and thought he seemed jealous, wondering what had been her wish and looking for her reaction to everything I said.

I continued to say many sweet things with a grain of what seemed probable. "You are hoping," I said, "for a visit from a tall, bearded man, I should imagine an Englishman, who has an interest in gardening." Indeed, I received from Mme. Dessain's cards a very strong premonition concerning the garden.

"That's Camillo, our odd-job man," said the anxious husband. "He's been away for five days, and he's overdue. But he's Italian."

"Alain!" rebuked Mme. Dessain. "Let Mme. Lucy continue."

I continued. It did seem to me very plain that Mme. Dessain had set her heart on a visitor. He would be about her age, probably an American or an Englishman (he could have been a German but for the fact it was ex-

tremely unlikely that a woman of Mme. Dessain's age and ethos would have a German lover). She was, however, moving toward this love affair full tilt. I was sure he had been a guest at the château, certainly married then, if not now, and decidedly rich. It was a disastrous enough attachment for her house and family.

All this I saw, and Mme. Dessain knew that I saw it. What she was unaware of, or was bound by her infatuation to ignore, was the vast amount of bother and anxiety this course was leading her to. Her husband, though not in the least faithful to her, would make nothing but bitterness of the affair.

"You may be unaware that certain benefits will come to the house as a result of your visitor's appearance," I said. And I told her the visitor would be poor, and warned her against unforeseen expenditure. The husband rejoiced to hear these words, and I wound up, "Tomorrow you will receive a very important family letter"—one of the few honest comments on Mme. Dessain's cards that I chose to make. Indeed, I thought it was harmless, for the husband said, "That will be from our son Charles," and Mme. Dessain once more cried out, "Alain! You interrupt."

I said, "I've finished."

Mme. Dessain was looking beyond me. "Here comes Madame's husband," she said ambiguously; anyway, I looked round and saw Raymond approaching. I guessed he had quarrelled with Sylvia, who, leaving the room, looked round smiling with that deplorable angry leer of hers, which quite ruined her appearance.

I left next day. The tense atmosphere between my married friends was not to be borne by me. When I went to pay my bill Mme. Dessain sent a maid to take the money and with the message that she was occupied.

But Raymond came running after me as my luggage went into the taxi. His face was fairly frantic. It struck me that he would have been rather handsome without his beard.

"Lucy," he said. "Lucy."

"I'm sorry, Raymond. But I have to go."

He was really inarticulate, and I thought it quite civil of him to feel for me and my embarrassment at being on the scene of a messed-up marriage.

"Lucy."

"My apologies to Sylvia," I said. "She'll understand."

That was the last I saw of Ray-

FREEZE

Across the tall sky
ragged and swift
an exodus of dream stuff:
shadows, white peaks, blossoms, wisps,
and rare islands of blue
where the stranded early-morning moon
will flare for a moment
before it dissolves into wild smoke.

I stand in the blowing dawn,
breathless, cold,
unable to turn away.
It comes on like a spell
of misery. Mist
swarming the houses and bare trees.

By noon, branches rattle
their glass antlers at the sun.
There's a glittering skin
on the statues, the streets
are varnished, the government
buildings locked in a bright daze.

This morning, I was lazy.
Now I walk for miles, thinking
To whom do we owe the favor of such armor?
Even the churches wear stiff coats and glare.

—GEORGE AMABILE

mond, as he watched my taxi depart.

Everything but the physical memory of the lovely château went far away to the back of my mind in the general nuisance of changing my holiday plans. The next week, I returned to London and took up my life. Mme. Dessain and the telling of her cards slept latent for year after year, but with each detail regularly arranged in case it should ever be needed, as is the way with memory.

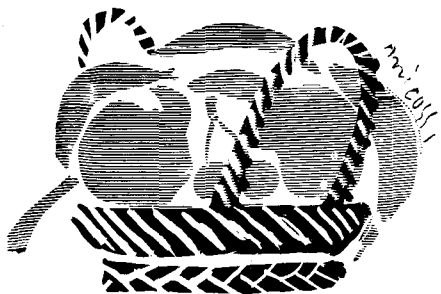
Some time over the following year, I heard that Sylvia and Raymond had finally separated; I was told that Sylvia was married again, to a social worker much younger than herself, and that after the divorce Raymond had given up his good job and gone to live abroad. Abroad is a big place, and the rumors were equally too large and too amorphous for me to take any account of, busy with my own life as I was.

When occasionally I thought of that holiday I shared with them, I thought of the beautiful château, but a cloud came over my thoughts when I remembered how uncomfortable I felt as the third party. I didn't know till much later that they stayed on at the château for another week.

NOT long ago I came across M. Dessain. I didn't recognize him at first. I was aware only of a little wizened man walking out of the Black Forest at Baden-Baden. I should say that it isn't unusual for anything whatsoever to walk out of the Black Forest, so I took no particular notice. Moreover, he was dressed in beige, and I might say that every visitor to Baden-Baden wears beige, both men and women. Their clothes and their shoes are beige, and their faces are beige; in which respect they are quite lovable.

But I noticed him again that day, seated alone at a lunch table in the dining room of my hotel. Even then, I failed to see anything familiar about him; I noticed only that he looked at me once or twice, briefly, but in a decidedly curious way.

That evening I was sitting in the public room of the hotel playing with my cards. I was alone, waiting for a



friend to join me there the next day. I shuffled my cards and dealt them out in my own style, which seems so haphazard; I don't ever tell my own fortune, but I can't keep away from the cards. I shuffle and deal and see what comes up, and in the meantime my ideas take form as if the cards were a sort of sacrament—"an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace," as the traditional definition goes.

Up to me at my table came the wizened guest. He sat down on the edge of a sofa, watching me. I felt he was sad, and I was about to ask him if he would like me to tell his fortune.

"Mlle. Lucy," he said.

Then I recognized him, the once chubby little husband of Mme. Dessain, and I saw how the years had withered him. In all its formal detail of ten years ago or more, I remembered the features of the room in the château where I told Mme. Dessain's fortune while she, intense and distressed, perceived in her clairvoyance all that I was about. I remembered the two chess players sitting quietly apart, the tall shapes of Sylvia and Raymond moving away impatiently from the scene, the worn floral fabric on the chairs. I wondered if Mme. Dessain's lover had materialized, and I recalled vaguely some of my lighthearted predictions, which hadn't fooled Mme. Dessain one bit. "You are hoping for a visit from a tall, bearded Englishman, interested in the garden." And my one sincere prediction, "You will have a family letter."

I looked at M. Dessain and said, "What a long time ago. Are you on holiday?"

"I am here for my health."

"How is Mme. Dessain?" I said.

"She does very well. As you predicted, the letter came next day."

"Oh dear. I hope it was a good letter."

"Yes. It came from her cousin Claude. It announced his engagement. I was delighted, because Claude was my wife's lover."

"Oh," I said. "Well, that must have solved a problem for you, M. Dessain."

"It was a good thing for Claude," he said. "And a good thing for you, Mlle. Lucy."

"For me?"

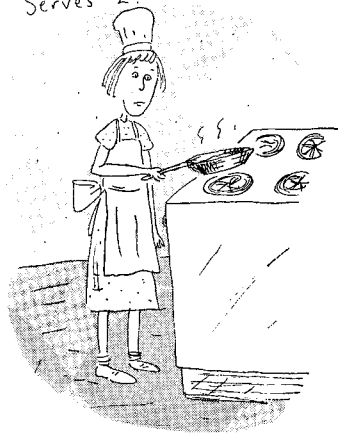
"My wife changed your destiny," said the sad and withered man. He repeated, "Your destiny, Mlle. Lucy. She saw that you were destined to marry your friend Raymond, and she intervened."



Cheese Omelette

- 2 eggs
- 5 lb. Swiss cheese
- 1 tbsp. butter

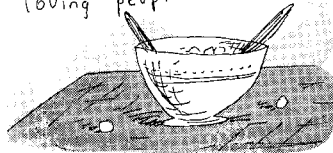
Melt butter in pan. Add eggs and cheese. Cook until done.
Serves 2.



Cheese Salad

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| 1 tomato | 1 lb. feta cheese |
| 1 mushroom | 1 lb. blue cheese |
| 1 leaf of lettuce | 1 lb. Parmesan |
| 2 lb. cheddar | 1/2 lb. Camembert |
| 1 lb. Muenster | 1/2 lb. Gruyère |

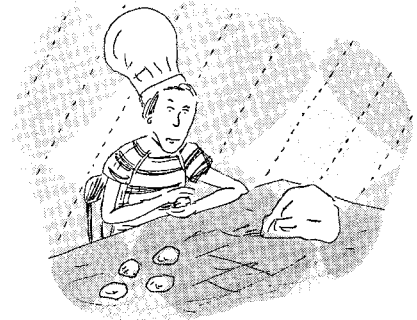
Make everything bite-sized, then place in bowl. Serves 6 cheese-loving people.



Cheese Patties

- 6 lb. soft cheese

Form cheese into patties.
Serve on a bun.
Makes enough for 12 patties.



Cheese Pick-Me-Up

- 1/2 cup water
- 1 lb. Brie

Put everything in blender at a high speed. Serve immediately.
Just enough for one.



"Marry Raymond? I never thought of such a thing. There was nothing at all between us. He was on bad terms with his wife, but that had nothing to do with me."

"Nevertheless, my wife foresaw the outcome. You would have married Raymond, but after your departure, before the week was out, she had him for her new lover. He is still at the

château. She forestalled your destiny."

"Not my destiny, then," I said, "only my destination." And, seeing that he looked so sad and beige, I asked, "Would you like me to tell your fortune, M. Dessain?"

He didn't answer the question. He only said, "Raymond is very good in the garden and in the grounds."

—MURIEL SPARK

A WAY OF MAKING THINGS HAPPEN—II

TANGLEWOOD, the summer home of the Boston Symphony Orchestra and the Berkshire Music Center, is a pastoral paradise for musicians—over two hundred acres cradled in the Berkshires, in western Massachusetts, near the towns of Lenox and Stockbridge. André Previn, the music director of the Pittsburgh Symphony, conductor emeritus of the London Symphony Orchestra, and the future (1985) music director of London's Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, says of Tanglewood, "There are a lot of summer festivals, and most are either to keep the orchestra lucratively busy, to meet the payroll, or they are a desperate attempt to draw huge audiences. Granted, the B.S.O. is one of the greatest symphonies in the world. Its musicians have to be kept busy, of course, and they would love it if every night were jammed full. But that is only fifty per cent of Tanglewood. The other fifty per cent is working with the absolute cream of music students from all over the world. And I find that it is that kind of division of labor that makes Tanglewood so wonderful. To walk around and hear students practicing, to know that the rehearsals are *full* of music students, of conducting students with scores, eyes riveted to the page. So serious, and so ambitious. They *care* so much. I find it absolutely wonderful. To me, it's thrilling to conduct the Boston, but working with the student orchestra and the student conductors is *just* as big a reason for me to come to Tanglewood. I'm not happy working summers, but this is a genuine exception. I'll always come here if they ask me."

Previn has been one of a number of visiting conductors at Tanglewood—at the invitation of Seiji Ozawa, the Boston Symphony music director, and Gunther Schuller, the artistic director of the Berkshire Music Center. Leonard Bernstein is always welcome, and usually there. Previn enjoys Tanglewood so much that



André Previn

one summer he figuratively broke his neck to get there. He says, "I was conducting in Salzburg, and the day after the last concert I *had* to get to Tanglewood. I arrived at the airport at nine in the morning, only to learn that my flight had been cancelled, and the next plane would leave that night. I was not prepared to sit on my luggage for twelve hours—that airport has about three minutes' entertainment value. So I went to the counter and asked, 'Where does the next flight go?' 'Zurich.' I thought, Good. The Zurich airport is bigger, and there are more flights. So I took the scores I needed, my razor, toothbrush, and a shirt, and put them in a bag, which I carried onto the plane. I knew I wouldn't be seeing the luggage for a while. When I got to Zurich, I asked if they had a flight to Boston. No. New York? No. 'Well, where can you get me right away?' 'Amsterdam.' 'Fine.' In Amsterdam, I asked if they had a flight to New York. No. Boston? Yes. *Great!* In Boston, I caught a plane to Pittsfield, and in Pittsfield I rented a car and drove to Stockbridge and the Red Lion Inn, where I usually stay. I felt as if I'd been through three wars, but I got there."

The Boston Symphony holds its rehearsals and concerts in Tanglewood's Music Shed, a rough-hewn structure that was completed in 1938. Eliel Saarinen had a hand in its design. Lack of funds was the initial reason for the unfinished interior, but the acoustics proved to be so good that, with the exception of

kite-shaped gray acoustical panels in flight formation which cover the ceiling's steel girders above the orchestra, nothing has been changed. The Shed is wedge-shaped, curved at the broad end, and open on three sides. The roof extends beyond the seating area, and, as one visitor put it, "the music comes out and the rain doesn't get in." Five thousand slatted wood seats fan out from the stage, and are divided into nineteen

sections, separated by wide aisles and white steel pillars, which have the section numbers painted on them, high and in huge numerals, for easy identification. Outside, on each side of the Shed, there are rows of long green benches to accommodate the music students and off-duty volunteers who work at Tanglewood as ushers. People who do not have reserved seats sit on the lawn. They bring blankets, chairs, food, and wine, and it is not unusual to see evening dress and candelabras, too.

On a Wednesday morning in July, Previn arrived early for the ten-o'clock rehearsal. He would have two three-hour rehearsals Wednesday and Thursday for the Friday and Saturday concerts: on Friday the orchestra would play the Elgar "Enigma" Variations and the Rachmaninoff Third Piano Concerto, with Horacio Gutiérrez as soloist, and on Saturday the Haydn Symphony No. 88 and the Mahler Symphony No. 4, with the soprano Kathleen Battle. Not nearly enough rehearsal time, but, as Previn says, "this orchestra is run off its *feet* during the season." On the following Friday, Previn, who, in addition to being a conductor and a composer, is a pianist of concert-artist calibre, would conclude his stay at Tanglewood by playing the Mozart Piano Quartet in G Minor, K.478, with members of the Boston Symphony, for the seven-o'clock Weekend Prelude concert.

Previn was wearing a navy-blue T-shirt, jeans, and blue jogging shoes, and he had a khaki jacket tossed over one shoulder, though Tanglewood

was having a heat wave. (He lives in Surrey, and possibly anticipated a sudden English chill.) He talked to Joseph Silverstein, the concertmaster and a good friend, whom he calls Joey; spoke to several other friends in the orchestra; and, promptly at ten, started the rehearsal. The stage was mercilessly hot, but the audience area had the benefit of morning breezes. One or another section of the grass that stretches from the Shed, at the eastern edge of the lawn, to the Theatre-Concert Hall, at the western edge, is perpetually being mowed, and the breezes were scented with a lovely blend of pine, from the grove of trees that backs the Shed and half encircles it, and new-mown grass.

There was a sizable number of students at the rehearsal, many following scores, and a general air of informality. Previn's relationship with the Boston Symphony, unlike the ones with the London Symphony Orchestra and the Pittsburgh Symphony, is almost businesslike. Because he is a guest conductor, a certain degree of formality carries over even to the rehearsals. (He did surprise, and perhaps warm up, the Boston his first summer there, though. He was asked to do, among other things, the Rachmaninoff Second Symphony, and at a rehearsal he stopped conducting at the end of the clarinet solo in the third movement and said to the soloist, Harold Wright, "My God! That is the most beautiful thing I have ever heard in my life.") Some London Symphony members, on the other hand, recall rehearsals when they laughed almost more than they played. Previn hopes this is true, because he feels that making music is so deadly serious, such a matter of life and death, that levity is a necessary relief. The Tanglewood rehearsals were succinct.

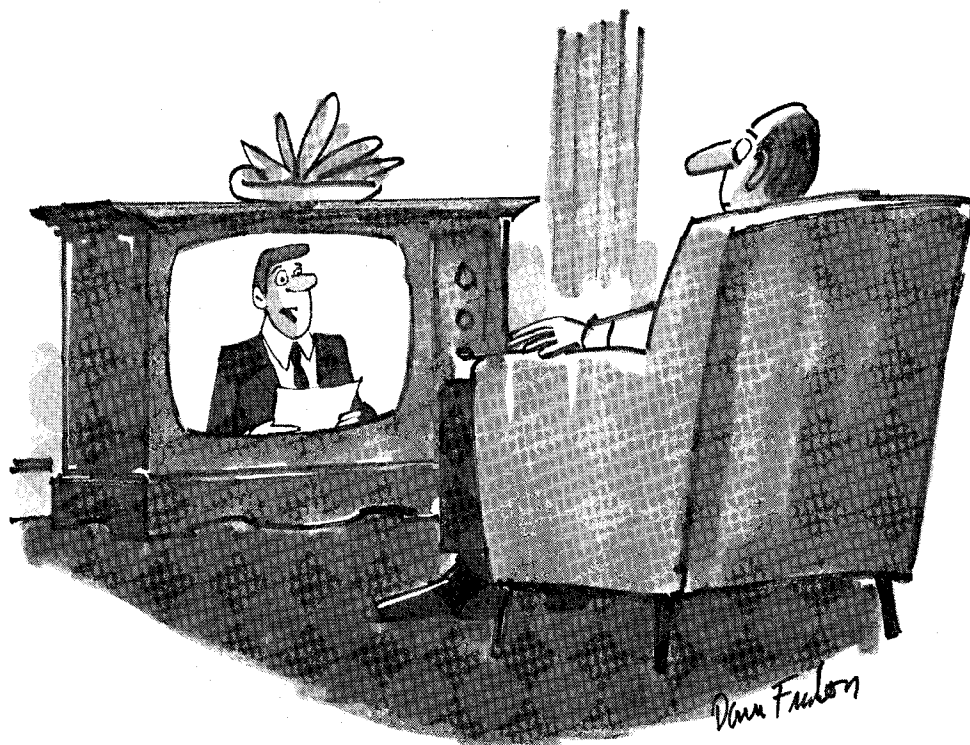
Previn had only an hour and a half with Gutiérrez, but they both accepted this philosophically, and the per-

formance went superbly. Miss Battle, a beautiful young black woman, proved to have the floating, rounded, almost unearthly sound that is perfect for Mahler. At both concerts, Previn, in white jacket (because of the heat the orchestra men played in white shirts, the women in white blouses), performed effortlessly on the podium. At each performance, there was a near-capacity crowd; the Shed was filled, and there were some seven thousand people on the lawn. The often acerbic Richard Dyer, of the *Boston Globe*, reviewing the first concert, was almost beside himself with praise. The "Enigma" Variations "was one of the great events of recent BSO history. . . . [No conductor] has built the piece as such a totality . . . and none, it has to be added, has got the BSO to play with such consistent glory of tone. . . . Previn is probably the best Rachmaninoff conductor before the public today." Dyer did not review the Haydn-Mahler concert, but Stefan Kozinski, one of the student conduc-

tors, whom I'd talked to several times during rehearsal breaks—he was riveted to the scores—told me at summer's end how he felt about it. Kozinski had studied at Princeton and Juilliard, and had spent a year and several summers studying with Nadia Boulanger in France, and he had wooed his wife with Previn's recording of Rachmaninoff's Second Symphony. Of Saturday night's concert, he said, "In the Mahler, there was a very personal warmth coming from Previn. It is human love, and you know he is terribly involved, really baring himself—a great difficulty for many conductors. It's a highly transcendental piece—a glimpse into the other world that Mahler was yearning for. The third movement, in particular, was the peak of the month, if not the entire season—the million-dollar moment at Tanglewood. All of the sudden pianissimos were great, but there was one in particular that was wonderfully structured, planned, by Previn. There were certain moments—a new phrase,



"Would you mind waiting out here for a few minutes?
We're having a little misunderstanding."



"Last week, interest rates went down again, the Dow-Jones went up, inflation dropped, unemployment dropped, tension between the United States and the Soviet Union eased, our balance of payments stabilized, the gross national product grew very nicely, but still everything seemed to get worse."

a progression—where you heard the silence along with the music. The only unfortunate aspect of the Mahler was that it made people forget the Haydn 88. It was considered a *prelude* to the Mahler by everyone—even people in the trade. They were two marvellous achievements of human history. They coexisted."

DIRECTLY in front of the main gate, and midway into the Tanglewood grounds, is the Main House of the Berkshire Music Center—a rambling green building, encircled by a porch, where student chamber-music groups are coached by members of the Boston Symphony and visiting musicians. There are small studios edging the lawn, but the lawn itself is a grand sweep of greenery, punctuated by an occasional old and stately spruce or chestnut. Just inside the gate, to the right, is a gift shop, and to the right of that is a cafeteria for students and concertgoers. Down a dirt path from the cafeteria is the Theatre-Concert Hall, where Previn worked with the student orchestra and two of the conducting fellows on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, for a Wednesday-night concert. (Of the twenty students

in this year's conducting seminar, four had received fellowships, which meant, among other things, that they could conduct the student orchestra on a regular basis.) The hall, which seats eleven hundred, is every bit as rustic as the Music Shed. It is enclosed on three sides, however, and there are several corrugated-steel doors that can be pulled down to enclose the fourth side—the back—in bad weather.

I had coffee with Previn in the cafeteria before the ten-o'clock rehearsal on Monday, and he told me something about the Vaughan Williams Symphony No. 5, which he would conduct. "It took living in England a long time for me to understand how to do his music. The, if you like, *sentiments* expressed in it are not very overt, and often orchestras other than English ones, or orchestras with conductors who have not spent a great deal of time with English music, superimpose the kind of *espressivo* on it that is used in Tchaikovsky, and it won't work. It's simply not that kind of sentiment. It has to be left alone, and it will make its point by itself. I think it was Peter Warlock who said of one of Vaughan Williams' symphonies that it was like a cow looking at you over a gate. Very

beautiful, but so what? That's very *funny*, but it's not true. What I hope to show these kids—and it's easier with kids, because they haven't got that precedential playing yet—is that the simpler the music is played, and the less the personal emotion involved, the more the piece pays off. It might take a while to get the strings not to lean *into* it, in that kind of Russian and/or American style of playing that strings have—simply to let the music happen by itself. That symphony, in particular, of all his nine, is the one I like the best. It's the *least* dramatic."

Shortly before ten, Previn went down the dirt path to the hall. The student-orchestra members were unpacking their instruments in the front rows of the auditorium. Some were already onstage. The student conductors were scattered through the audience, scores in laps. In addition to the Vaughan Williams, the program would consist of Richard Strauss's "Don Juan," conducted by Jahja Ling, from Jakarta, and Mozart's Symphony No. 29 in A Major, led by another young man. Gustav Meier, the coördinator of the conducting programs and the chief coach, was onstage, seated to the right, and Previn joined him. Throughout the rehearsals, Previn and Meier sat there and observed the two conducting fellows. The orchestra members were young. The concertmaster, who had curly brown hair and hazel eyes and was dressed in shorts, T-shirt, and sandals—the rehearsal uniform for most of the musicians, for the heat wave had not abated—appeared to be in his late teens. The ages of the others ranged from eighteen to twenty-eight.

Using a score, Jahja Ling, a thin young man with straight black hair and wire-rimmed glasses, wearing slacks and a sports shirt, led the orchestra through a reading of "Don Juan" with a sensitivity and eagerness that were almost palpable. He was openly grateful for playing that pleased him, smiling radiantly at times. He was polite, and requested rather than demanded certain things of the musicians. After he had finished, he talked to Meier and Previn about various points in the piece, noting in his score details to be attended to at another rehearsal. The other conducting fellow led the Mozart with windmill arms, no baton. There were knee bends and verbal orders: "Loud," "Soft," "Short," "Long," "More," "Less."

During a break, when almost every-

J&B. It whispers.

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The 300 D Turbodiesel is meanwhile perhaps the most *conscientious* performance automobile in America, because it is so inherently efficient that EPA figures show 27 mpg city estimated and 33 highway*. An almost uncanny *balance* of power and frugality is thus struck.

So exotic is engine technology that the interior of each moving piston is constantly cooled by precisely timed jets of oil. But deep down this is still a diesel: a rugged, reliability-minded diesel that will never require a conventional tune-up.

Do not disturb

Over-the-road performance is superb. This means not only that the 300 D can swallow up roller-coaster back-country roads, and nip rather than lurch around corners—but that its occupants usually feel so *undisturbed* in the process.

Generations of Mercedes-Benz engineers have toiled since 1931 to develop, refine, and refine again the principle of four-wheel independent suspension that is primarily responsible.

These engineers have endowed the car with an exquisitely responsive steering mechanism, guided by 24 recirculating ball bearings. It feels



liquid-smooth and seemingly frictionless. The shift lever is mounted down on the transmission tunnel—but look again. The quadrant reads P-R-N-D-S-L. It is no mere automatic but a four-speed automatic, and is designed to serve equally well when shifted by hand. America's most advanced automotive braking system is four-wheel disc braking. An 11-inch disc brake is fitted to every wheel of every 300 D Turbodiesel Sedan.

Mercedes-Benz engineers care little if the outside world knows that total swept brake area is a massive 456.5 square inches, or that the 300 D's front suspension geometry is devised to help minimize front-end "nose diving" in hard stops. Their main concern is that the driver is better served by these and myriad other technical flourishes.

Designed, not decorated

Even when fully padded and finished, the interior of the 300 D's welded steel body shell measures almost five feet in width—sufficient to easily accommodate three adults in the rear seating area, for example. Electronic cruise control, AM/FM stereo radio/cassette player, automatic climate control system and electric window lifts—whatever conventional luxury sedans furnish by way of real conveniences, so does this sedan.

Garishness, however, is absent.

The instrument panel is no entertainment center twinking with gadgetry but an exercise in ergonomics, meant to ease the driver's task by simplifying it.

The engineers continuously strive to make driver controls fewer and less awkward to use, and so reduce driving complexity. Item: the single steering-column lever that lets you perform nine different driving functions—without taking your hands off the wheel.

Seats are not designed to *look* luxurious but to so support your body that you *feel* relaxed, even after an all-day drive.

Interior wood trim is genuine wood from the Mercedes-Benz shops, handworked and fitted and finished. A small thing, but it epitomizes this car's unrelenting honesty of character—as its 120 built-in safety features epitomize its seriousness of character.

The luxury of retained value

The 300 D Turbodiesel boasts a final and powerful distinction. As a Mercedes-Benz, it shares a name so coveted by American buyers today that after the first three years, the *entire Mercedes-Benz line*—not just a few isolated models—has been shown to retain an average of 84 percent of original value.

If retained value is a form of luxury, then perhaps the 300 D Turbodiesel *is*, after all, a luxury car.

*EPA estimate for comparison purposes. The mileage you get may vary with trip length, speed and weather. Actual highway mileage will probably be less.

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Engineered like no other car in the world

one hurried up the dirt path to the cafeteria for something to eat, Previn stood outside the hall, drinking a Coke he'd got from a backstage vending machine. I asked if the gymnastic gestures we had just witnessed were appropriate for anything, and Previn said wryly, "Possibly 'Elektra.'" (The Mozart conductor had begun the symphony with a gesture suitable for stopping traffic; and before one rehearsal one of the student conductors asked Previn how *he* would start it. At first, Previn demurred, saying, "That's really not fair." But the student persisted, and Previn demonstrated: a minute downbeat, a nod. And he said, "Mind you, it took me about ten years to learn that.")

Back in the hall, Previn mounted the podium and began the Vaughan Williams. In one section, the opening bars were sustained triple pianissimo, and he held the first note and, with his left hand, brought the players down to just a whisper. He said, "That's what I want. Sensational. Really sensational." Of a horn passage, Previn said, "You don't need me there. I'll stand here and try to look busy." The musicians applauded in the traditional orchestral manner—by shuffling their

feet. "The forte at Seven—can the horns be really extreme? And *hold* it." Several bars later: "No, no. Start your decrescendo sooner. . . . Oh, *yes*," with pleasure. During a woodwind solo: "*Hear* what's going on, and adjust. It's not enough to look at the score and the conductor." Of a passage that wasn't articulated to his satisfaction: "That won't happen again, so we don't have to go over it. Let's go on." And "Before Nine, the two eighth notes—don't think of them as just two notes on their way to a downbeat. They're important." In the third movement, he asked the concertmaster if he would like to do his solo again, and the young man nodded. After he'd played it, Previn said, "Bravo," and again the orchestra members shuffled their feet. Before another triple-pianissimo passage, he said, "At this point, we have to take all the glue off the notes. The melody is sentimental enough. We don't have to add to it. A little less vibrato, please, and the notes not so sustained."

Previn has said that private teaching is not something he likes to do, but he's good at working with groups of young musicians, and is always encouraging. He was low-key, some-

times amusing, during the rehearsal. At one point, a flute player missed an entrance. Previn stopped and said, "I paid you a compliment and you double-crossed me. I once asked Jimmy Galway why he quit the Berlin Philharmonic. He said, 'I just got tired of being pointed at.' So I didn't point at you. And you didn't come in." Out on the lawn, a baby was crying. Previn said, "Does that belong to one of you? No? Let's proceed. Before you play one *note* in the third movement, make a mental note that it is already too loud." There was an English-horn solo in that movement, and before it began Previn told the orchestra a joke. "There was a horn player in the L.S.O. who *never* missed an entrance. He said to me, 'I might not play the right notes, but I always come in.' I bet him five pounds that I could *make* him come in at the wrong time. I'd noticed that he usually waited until his solo was coming up before he stopped reading a book, or whatever, to look at me. I could see his lips moving, counting bars: 'Forty-five, forty-six, forty-seven.' This time, when he looked at me I mouthed, 'Fifty-one, fifty-two, fifty-three,' and he absolutely *plunged* in, in the wrong place. It *enraged* him, but he paid me the five pounds." The young musicians, who had not reacted to the Galway anecdote, laughed at this one. Continuing with the music, Previn said, "Don't *prepare* the triple pianissimo. It should be subito. And here's a blanket rule: When it gets faster, it's not necessarily louder. And it doesn't say so at Ten, but *push* toward the top note." He sang the phrase to demonstrate, and then said, "Christ, I sang that out of tune." As they played, he said to a section or to a principal, without stopping, "That's very nice," "Lovely," "That's really beautiful," "We have a little work to do on that." He stopped. "Since it's so relentlessly pianissimo, the sudden fortes should be short, piercing—shafts of light. And at Fifteen—I don't think that's secure. It's correct, but it doesn't have any conviction. And this is true everywhere—Chicago, Boston: when there's a note tied over the bar, followed by fast notes, everybody rushes the fast notes. Don't do it. It comes up so often—let's get it right. And trumpets, I want to pay you a backhanded compliment: anybody can make mistakes, but not everyone can correct them while *making* them." The orchestra shuffled applause, and Previn added, "But don't do it again." At another point, Previn



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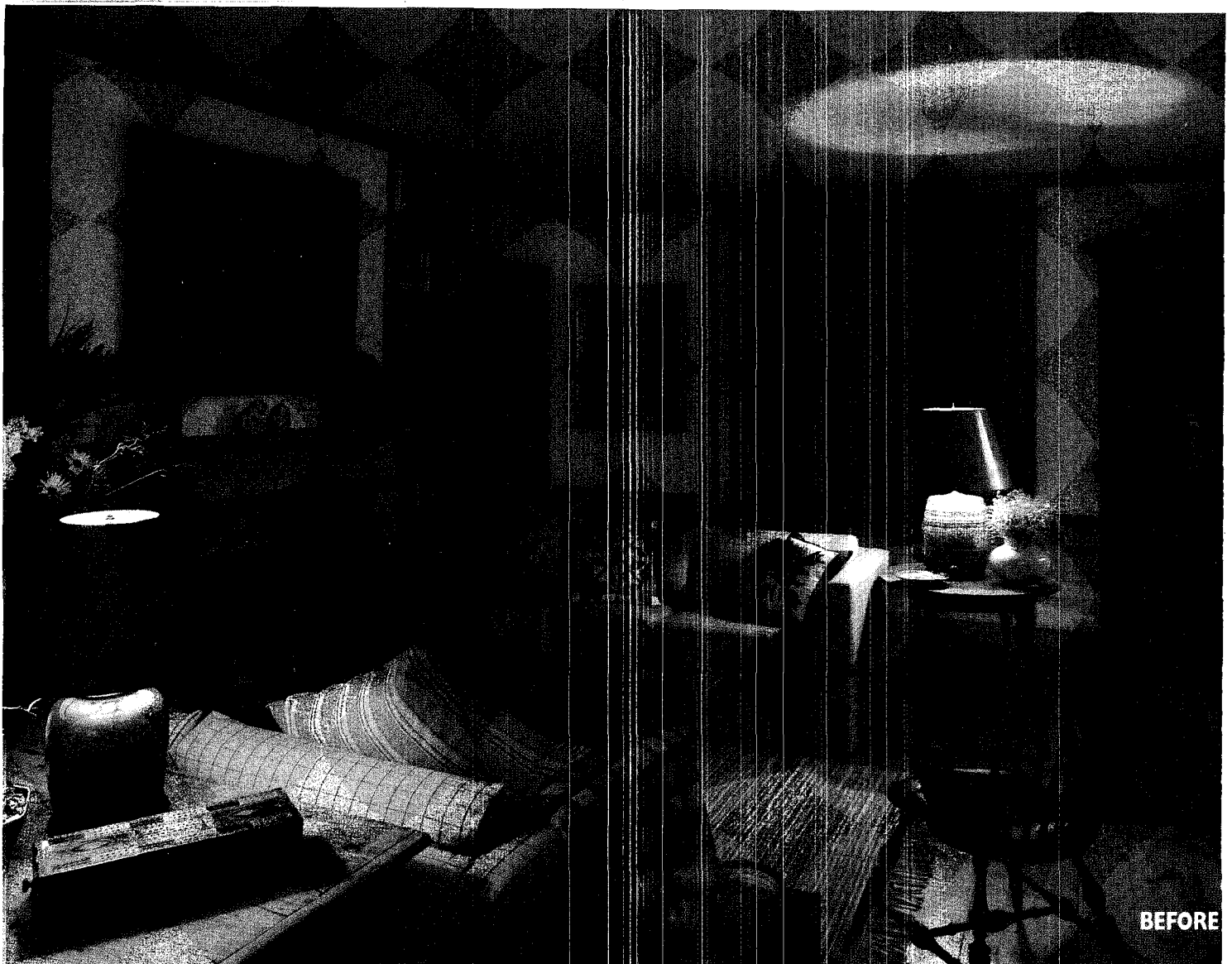
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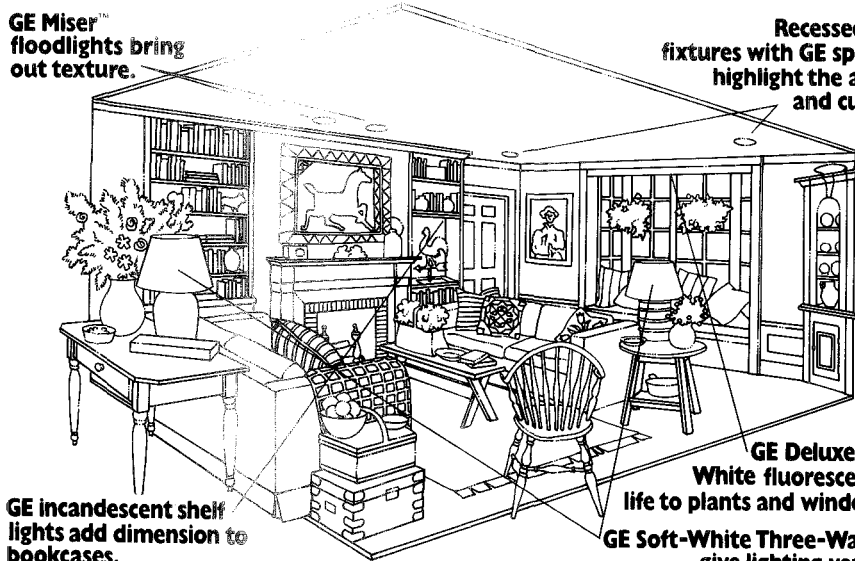
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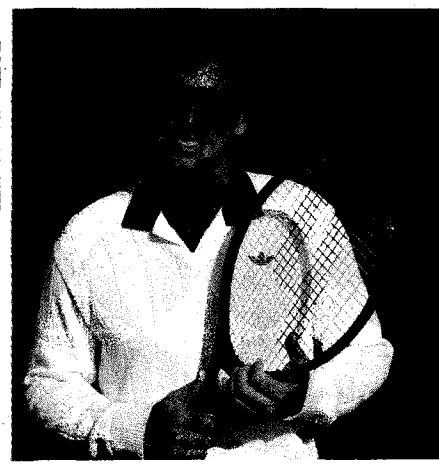


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stopped to say, "Horns, you're not in tune." The orchestra's four horns repeated the passage, and again they were not in tune. Previn continued with the rehearsal nevertheless, and the next day the horns were onstage early, practicing the difficult section until they got it right.

At the final rehearsal, Previn said, "I will try not to stop, but if anything bothers you, for God's sake speak up." He had won them over. They responded to his every gesture, and their playing had a shimmering, pure beauty. There were foot shuffles for a viola solo and again for the concertmaster's solo. About the ethereal, almost silent ending, Previn had instructed the strings to "give yourself enough bow to make that final note last ten minutes," and the note melted into nothingness.

Previn, still standing on the podium, said, "I won't have a chance to talk to you tonight, and I want to say that this has been a great pleasure for me. You can play—you can play *anything*. You like to play, you *love* music, and you get pleasure from it. Those things should always be present. Unfortunately, they aren't. If you can, hang on to that."

To Jahja Ling, who had repeatedly sought Previn's advice on "Don Juan," Previn said, "Be bold, be daring, take chances. You might be terrible, you might be absolutely wonderful. But you won't be boring."

At the concert, Jahja Ling, though he brought the score onstage, conducted without it. The performance was one of the most electrifying "Don Juan's" I'd ever heard, and afterward Ling said, "The orchestra was so fantastic. They responded to my *eyelashes*." He was glowing. The young man conducting the Mozart did not shout at the orchestra but confined himself to knee bends and arm flailings. The Vaughan Williams was a miracle of music-making, and at the

end the orchestra applauded along with the audience.

STUDENT conductors come to Tanglewood filled with high hopes. They have been specially chosen, in a nine-month, worldwide screening process, and they all know that Tanglewood is where Leonard Bernstein, Seiji Ozawa, Claudio Abbado, Michael Tilson Thomas, Sarah Caldwell, and many others have made their mark. Stefan Kozinski said, "It's a garden for conductors," but he also said, "Because of its *hugeness*, success here is not so possible as it once was. The amount of time a young conductor must spend being political is just so much time taken away from the music." And most of the student conductors find themselves in a frustrating position at Tanglewood. With the exception of the four conducting fellows, they are limited to practicing gestures in a room with a mirror and conducting orchestral repertoire played by two pianists, trained in Tokyo and hired by Ozawa. They will possibly be told by Ozawa or Bernstein or a visit-

ing conductor, at a seminar, that if they can't keep two pianists together, how can they expect to succeed with a hundred musicians? Most feel that conducting two pianists is more difficult, and that it's nearly impossible to work up steam in the "Eroica," singing phrases, gesturing freely, cuing a nonexistent oboe in front of their peers and under the close scrutiny of Ozawa or Bernstein, or both. It's hard to imagine their learning anything except, perhaps, poise under fire.

Some conductors—Maurice Abravanel, Erich Leinsdorf, Previn, to name a few—choose to talk to the students rather than to attempt to teach technique in a limited period of time. Abravanel feels such instruction can be destructive—that in the process of correcting an awkward gesture, creativity can be inhibited. At eighty, he has seen many of the world's greats—Toscanini, Bruno Walter, Pierre Monteux—and he talks about their habits and musicianship. To young conductors who might sometimes feel, as many musicians do, that a conductor's role in music is not so important, he says,



"It doesn't look good. Some of our nationals are at war with some of our other nationals."

"Music is just a skeleton of a work until a conductor puts his own blood into it. Then it becomes a work of art."

Previn told Gunther Schuller and Meier that he'd like to talk to the young conductors about his experiences, and what they might come up against in a world he himself had been introduced to relatively late in life; and on Thursday afternoon at two Previn, Meier, and the student conductors met at Seranak, which had been the summer home of Serge Koussevitzky, the B.S.O.'s music director from 1924 to 1949. The twenty young conductors this summer came from seven states (New York, Ohio, North Carolina, Delaware, Massachusetts, Colorado, and Connecticut) and five other countries (Spain, Brazil, Argentina, Indonesia, and Japan, which supplied five of them). They all had expensive glossy photographs, repertoire lists, and some reviews—for they all had some experience. Jahja Ling, though he had won a bronze medal and a certificate of honor in major piano competitions, wanted to be a conductor, but his accent had not helped him in a bid for an assistantship in Indianapolis, because it was felt he would not speak clearly enough to be understood at children's concerts, which were part of an assistant's duties. All twenty came to the seminar, their heads filled with abstract terms—"vortex," "fulcrum," "rebound"—which would recede in importance in the emotion of really conducting, if they ever got a chance at it. An especially sensitive, hardworking group of musicians, they gave the lie to the cliché notion that most conductors are just standing up there waving a stick, out of some misguided desire for power. (If you ask an orchestra member to name his favorite conductors, he's apt to reply, "They're all dead.")

Seranak is halfway up Bald Head Mountain, in the middle of a hundred and seventy acres of Berkshire beauty. It is approached by a winding road that was cut out of the mountainside, and the road threads through maples and is edged with white hydrangeas. Behind a broad terrace outlined with huge pots of red begonias stands a nineteen-room white Newport-style house with a shingle roof, overlooking Tanglewood, an immense lake, and distant blue mountains.

The living room, where the class met, is dominated by an almost life-size portrait of Koussevitzky, standing, poised to play a bright-orange

string bass. There are two grand pianos and an assortment of antique furniture, which had been pushed against the walls to make room for gray metal folding chairs. Previn and Meier shared a Victorian sofa, facing the class. During the afternoon, only two student voices were readily identifiable: Mr. Ling, because of his accent, and an attractive young woman from New York named Margery Deutsch, because she was the only woman in the class.

Meier, whom Helen Epstein once described in the *Times* as "a Swiss-born island of sanity" at Tanglewood, brought the class to order by saying, "Do I have to introduce—" Applause. "No, I don't think so."

Previn said, "I have no road map for this afternoon. I just thought there must be things that you want to know—on a musical level, a musicological level—which I can't usually answer. Or I can volunteer just cynical professionalism, which is something you'll have to face sooner or later. I didn't even prepare any particular sage opening remarks."

A young man raised his hand.

Previn said, "You came prepared," and the class laughed.

"As a composer, do you trust players to do what you want?" the young man asked. A number of the students were composers as well as conductors.

Previn said, "Oh, yes. I trust players—if things are written down correctly. It's *me* I don't trust." Laughter. "First of all, I'd like to say that I'm a conductor who also composes, not a composer who conducts. My pieces are generally meant to *sound* good. The composing part is back-breaking for me, but I spent so many years in Hollywood orchestrating mu-

sic for people who couldn't do it that that part is fun. I can do it with the World Series on. But, to get to your question, the matter of trusting players has nothing to do with a 'new' work. I think you'll find that the more you trust the players—whether you're doing a Haydn symphony or something with the ink still wet—the better off you'll be. I have a theory that when you have a new piece, the more complex it is, and the more difficult it is, and the more chances there are of *desperate* mistakes, whether rhythmically, accidentals, or a fault of the copyist—some dense thing, like a new piece of Tippett's—the more advisable it is to read a whole movement, or at least half a movement, straight through, disasters and all. It gives the players a chance to know what the piece is likely to be about once it gets corrected. When I was starting out, there was a terrific urge in me to *instantly* stop and correct a wrong note—wrong entry, wrong time, wrong pitch, whatever. But I soon realized that a good player would know in a second what I knew, and the next time he wouldn't play it wrong. So, in a way, you're wasting everybody's time if you stop and correct a mistake. The second time through, I would say, at least fifty per cent of the mistakes will have corrected themselves. It will be harder for you to ferret out the remaining mistakes, but easier on the orchestra. So I always trust the players. Not only do I *trust* them. You'll find that very often they will bail you out." Prolonged laughter.

"No, really. Believe me. When I took over the L.S.O. in the late sixties, the principal horn was Barry Tuckwell, and we got to be good friends. He said to me once, 'André, when you get lost in a piece—and you will—I'll give you a piece of good advice: make nice, vague motions for a while, and we'll sort it out for you. But if you start flogging away at us we're screwed.' And he's absolutely right." More laughter.

Previn, who has quit smoking as many times as Mark Twain, accepted a cigarette from a young man who was sitting in the front row. "That happened to me once in a piece of Maxwell Davies," Previn said. "I made the mistake of thinking I knew it from memory. One of those pieces where I wanted to send him a congratulatory wire for having two bars in the same metre in a row. I suddenly realized, God, I don't know what's happening.



So I just kind of looked elegant for four bars, and the orchestra fixed it for me. If I'd gone on, wildly beating eleven-sixteenths, we would *never* have got out of the hole. I was very grateful to them."

MEIER asked him how he approached a new score—how he studied it.

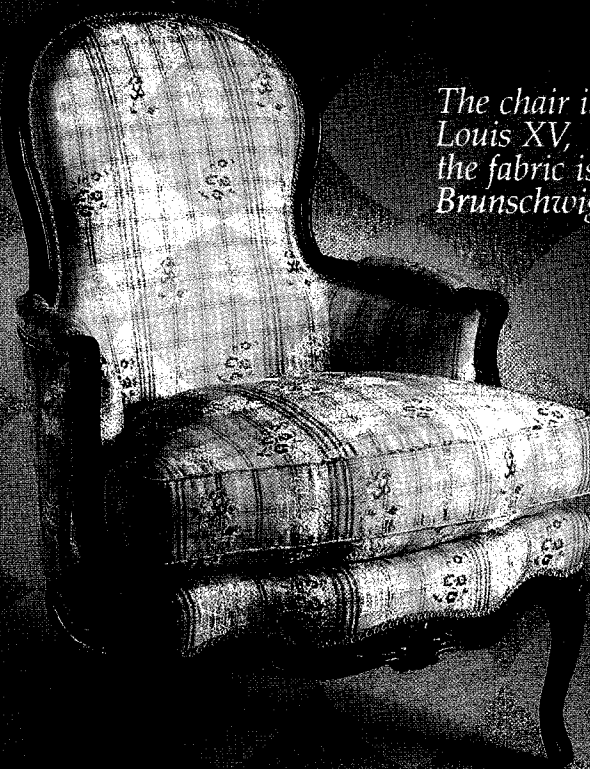
Previn said, "You see, everyone does it in a different way, so I can't tell you 'the right way,' in quotes. If it's a score that one can struggle through at the piano, then I will do that. But, obviously, with contemporary scores that's not always possible. I can't take a Xenakis score and get through it on the piano. It can't be done. So then it becomes a matter of application of technique—a previous knowledge of a certain pattern. But if it's a symphony or a standard piece that, by accident, I've not done, it helps me, in general, as a pianist who doesn't mind transpositions, to play through it. Some conductors never make any marks on their scores, and I find that admirable. I mark up my scores to an *insane* degree—with private codes, numbers, whatever, to which I never refer once I know the piece. Nowadays, all of us who have our own orchestras and travel a lot are faced with too much repertoire, and sometimes we're really not given enough time to learn a piece. So any mnemonics can help. I've seen it done with colors, pictures, numbers—anything. I think *everything's* fair. I don't believe in learning a piece off a record, though there are exceptions even to that—if, for instance, there's an emergency and you have to make a change in the program overnight. A soloist says, 'I'm not going to play the Brahms. I'm going to play a piano concerto by Spohr.'" Laughter. "If it's obviously something that you're not going to ever use again, then if there's a record by all means listen to it, look at the score, get an idea. The other thing is, if there's an extremely complicated piece I do like to hear it once to see what the aural image is. But the problem with learning from records—If you're doing it, there's no harm in it, but I wouldn't recommend it for very long, because you might wind up learning somebody else's performance. I read recently, to my absolute amazement, that one of the world's great conductors said in an interview that he learns *everything* from records. I don't have any criticism of it. I find it extraordinary (a)

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that he does it, and (b) even more extraordinary that he *admits* it. The interviewer said 'Whose?'—which is fair enough—and he said that it had to be someone he genuinely admired. He also said he knew that a lot of his colleagues would have disdain for that. 'But it works for me, and I find I don't copy someone's performance,' he said. 'I find that it cuts my work load.' And he's certainly got it made."

Previn asked, "How many of you work from records?"

Most of the hands went up, and one young man volunteered, "Sometimes I'll listen to six different recordings of a work, almost as a form of research, to get different approaches, hear how different problems are solved—a number of opinions, without focussing on one. An assimilation, perhaps."

Previn said quickly, "But that has its *own* trap: you then start figuring which one you like best, you know? Instead of working it out. If you hear a Mahler symphony by Haitink and Bernstein and Kubelik and Levine, you'll have a favorite, and the trouble is that you'll at least subconsciously gravitate toward the one you like the best. On the other hand, it might not do any harm, because when you rehearse a big piece you'll find that imitative things don't come naturally or normally, and if you have that within you which eventually does make the professional conductor, I think, at that *moment*, even if you meant to do—and let's be simplistic—the enormous ritard that Conductor X made on the record, you'll suddenly decide that it's not comfortable for you, and you'll do something else. So perhaps there's no great harm in listening to records while you're learning repertoire. There should be no harangues about it."

PREVIN accepted another cigarette, and then asked, "How many of you can, if not compose, orchestrate? All? Most. Well, that helps. I've seen a lot of young conductors stumped. Every orchestra has a kind of professional conductor-killer. It happens especially with certain of the winds and horns. They'll suddenly stop you and say, 'Look, my part's written in E, and I'm playing an A clarinet, and the part's been transposed to B-flat, so is my note a D?' And then when the poor fellow says 'Yes,' it's *hopeless*. Either you say, 'I have no idea what you're talking about,' which is perfectly all right, or you really can follow what he's saying—and you can do that more

easily if you know scoring. Just blind-faith guessing is wrong."

Meier asked, "Is that kind of heckling common?"

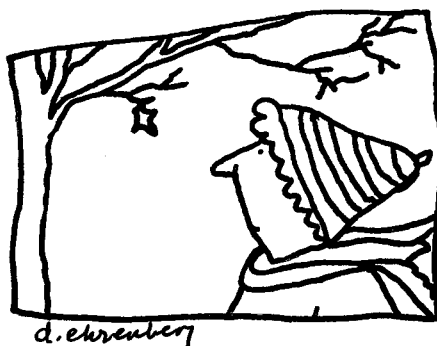
"Yes, sure," Previn said. "However, I don't think it's just pure bloody-mindedness on the part of the players. I think that an orchestra that faces a number of conductors and puts in a tremendous work load gets bored, and it's in the nature of the game, a form of relaxation. 'Let's see if this guy knows anything.' Sometimes it's done with more malice and sometimes with less. I don't believe it's ever outright animosity." Some conductors do provoke animosity in an orchestra. One of the most prominent conductors on the international scene is called the Great Humilitarian; another, pompous and preachy, is called Mighty Mouth; Boulez, who is proud of his sharp ear and is given to having an orchestra tune excessively, is called Charlie the Tuna. On the other hand, the Japanese Ozawa is called, with deep affection, the China Doll. "It could be just a way of relieving the tedium. I have always found it easier to either answer it with a joke—turn it on the player, so *he* looks faintly silly—which the orchestra loves even more, or simply say, 'I don't know what you're talking about.' But to *fall* for it is disastrous. Then you're at a disadvantage forever. It can lead to funny situations. The whole problem of authority with an orchestra is a complex one. And that changes with geography. One of the first times I conducted the Vienna Philharmonic, in the mid-seventies, I was doing the 'Linz' Symphony, and I disliked a bowing they were using. I stopped them and said, 'Excuse me, but that's an extremely overfussy bowing. Who figured that out for you?' And the concertmaster said, 'Furtwängler.'" Previn laughed. "Well, at that point either you can say 'The concert's off,' and go home, or you can insist on changing it. And, in a curious way, insisting on changing it—if your suggestion really works—will make bigger points than to give in to a tradition. But if they try yours and then you decide you actually like the first bowing better, you must say so. It's a scary moment when they throw some big name at you. But avoid a complete capitulation. And, by the way, it might not be true. The bowing could have come from a concertmaster who was fired the year before. They just want to check up on you. It's an interesting small war, but it's never really serious. No orchestra is out to

get you, because, among other things, once you're up there they know they're stuck with you for a week, or whatever. They always have the out of getting word to the management that they don't want you again. But for that week they're stuck with you. And if they're any kind of orchestra they'll want the concert to be good. They don't *want* you to be bad. So you always have to figure that for now they would like you to be terrific, and it helps to know that. It's extraordinary, in a way. Orchestras don't mind if you're very good, and they don't mind if you're very bad. They don't like to be bored. The worst thing I can remember—again, it was the Vienna. Not too long ago, in Salzburg—a special Sunday-afternoon concert, given by a conductor I didn't know. Local talent. They did 'Serenata Notturna,' the G Minor, and the 'Jupiter.' It was very beautiful. They played *so* wonderfully, the Vienna Philharmonic, with that program—all that Mozart. The next day, I was rehearsing with the orchestra, and during one of the breaks I said to the concertmaster, 'Yesterday, that program, which was really wonderfully played—what did that conductor, whom you had not worked with before, bring to that concert of himself? What did he add?' And the concertmaster said, 'Well, he wore his tails.' You might as well jump out the window. If he had said, 'He ruined it by being arbitrary and doing things that we hated,' that would have been almost a reverse compliment: he was making his presence felt. But they hadn't even known he was there. The whole thing of people saying, 'Look out for this orchestra, or that orchestra'—famous stories about the New York Philharmonic, or the Chicago, or the Concertgebouw, or whatever—I've found to be ninety-nine per cent legend. Orchestra players, even under the most adverse conditions, are usually extremely admirable people. There may be four, five, six in every orchestra that cause problems,

but that's because they *have* problems, not because they particularly want to make them. I find it very easy to get along with good orchestras. They're all proud of being there. If they don't like you at all, they'll play well to spite you, to show you that it's possible. Generally speaking, orchestra musicians are marvellous."

A HAND went up. "I'd like to ask you a question about interpretative traditions—particularly present traditions. It seems that in every generation performers bring to their interpretations of older music what's going on at present in their musical lives. Now that one of the most dominant aspects of performance is to clean up the excesses of those nineteenth-century editions, and there's a trend toward a more individual input, I'm wondering if you feel we've arrived at a point where there's no place else to go"—Previn interjected, "I hope not"—"or if you feel that the present phenomenon might give way to something else."

Previn said, "Well, if it does, it won't be of our volition, because I don't think it's possible to be an artist, whether it's interpretative or creative, and live in a vacuum. I think everything affects us—absolutely everything. The unrest or ease of the world, the weather, our personal lives. And I think that when things change they change so gradually in terms of musical tastes that we're likely not to be terribly aware of it. It's easy now to hear recordings that were made in the late twenties and say 'How could they slide around like that?' or 'How could anybody play Bach with a piano for continuo, and ten basses in the orchestra?' But those things change almost imperceptibly. Nobody suddenly says, 'O.K. Now we're going to do such-and-such.' I don't think that we have much choice about it. I think everybody in this room would agree that the way people approach Mozart and Haydn and earlier music now is to be preferred to the excesses that were made in the editions of the nineteenth century. But whether a hundred years from now people sitting around in this room would agree with us I don't know. I *like* the fact that music is so unpredictably quixotic—that it reflects the philosophy of everything that goes on in the whole world—and therefore I think that to worry about traditions of the past or possible solutions in the future is fine if you are writing a book, but if you're actually going to get up



and do it you have to follow a purely personal conviction."

A young man said, "About composers—with the exception of Schoenberg and Stravinsky, there are no great composers of this century."

Koussevitzky, who once warned conductors that if they ignored new works composers could be discouraged from composing and in the future there would be no "old" music for anyone to conduct, would have applauded Previn's answer: "But you don't know that. Nor do I. Someone might be writing his tail off right now, and we don't know it."

The same young man said, "But Stravinsky was recognized when he was only twenty-six."

Previn said, "Yes, and, on the other hand, Tchaikovsky had no use for Brahms, and thought Rubinstein was a better composer. You just don't know. Everybody has perfect hindsight. When you talk about history, you tend to telescope a century. You say, 'The nineteenth century was phenomenal because—' and then list everyone in it. The fact that the composers were geographically separated and decades apart is no longer significant in retrospect. In the twenty-first century, it's very likely someone will say of the twentieth century, 'Boy, it was terrific,' and start naming everyone who is terrific now. It's going to be a very imposing list. The only thing that's missing now—and this is undeniable—is the public supportive enthusiasm. I think the alienation between the composer's output and the public's taste is greater than it's ever been. When Brahms had a new symphony, Puccini a new opera, people looked forward to it. They couldn't wait. 'In six months, we're going to hear it.' 'In four months.' It was a gigantic event. And now—not just among the general public but a public that is concert-minded—how many *know* that there's going to be a new Elliott Carter? Or give a goddam? That's a shame. But it's undeniable."

A student asked if that was perhaps because the musical language of modern composers was different from the public perception of what that language should be.

Previn said, "Well, possibly not of what it should be but of what it should be for them. Have any of you read a book by Nicolas Slonimsky, 'Lexicon of Musical Invective'?" A laugh here and there indicated that a few had. "The world's most entertaining reading. It's a collection of excerpts from

reviews. You'll read something like 'Well, I heard a piece last night, and unfortunately it doesn't have a tune in it, and it will never be played again,' and it's Brahms One. And you think, 'How can they say that? Doesn't have a tune in it!' So there's always been resistance to new music. But not as much as now. Because today the kind of event where a new work is played, and played around the world, is very rare—truly, truly rare. And it is because the vocabulary has got, if you like, so sophisticated—or, if you're on the other side of the fence, so needlessly complicated—that it alienates people at the first hearing. What I'm convinced of, though, is that familiarity breeds liking. That may sound like a paradox, but it's true, and if one heard a brand-new piece by a new composer with the *deadening* regularity that we hear Tchaikovsky Five a lot more people would love it. And it's entirely possible that some extremely angular line would become as familiar to our ear as the most diatonic theme in the world."

A student said, "But there are certain criteria not met by most modern composers. People want to hear something melodic, with a certain structure."

Previn said, "But 'melodic' is an absolutely personal thing. If I had to give you a music-dictionary definition of 'melodic,' it would be difficult. A melody is really just a succession of notes. I suspect you're saying that people like music to be relaxing, passive listening. Most audiences sit at a concert the way you sit in a warm bath. It's extremely pleasant. I'm glad they've come. But it's a passive experience, not an active one. If you *make* them listen, *make* them participate, they often grow tired very quickly. Aaron Copland said that listening is a talent that can be developed, like playing. And that's why the playing of new music is so necessary. And you'll find, as your careers develop,

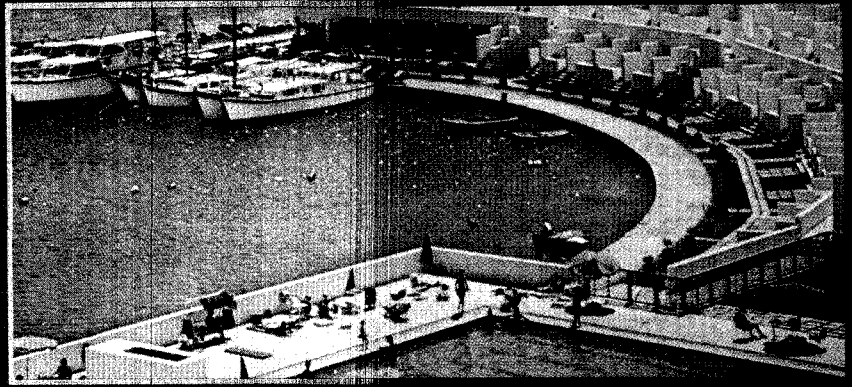
that it is not just audiences that resist new music but orchestras, too. They do *not* want to play it. It's damned hard work. Very often, they struggle through this complex mass and they don't get a sense of the whole. All they know is, it's very hard—too many string crossings, difficult horn parts—and they don't want to know more. They'd much rather spend their time playing more familiar and, hence, 'easier' music. It's a kind of cabal. Conductors don't particularly want to go through the agony of figuring a piece out; orchestras don't want to go through the agony of rehearsing it; and the audience doesn't want to hear it. It's three strikes in a row, and you have to fight that. I'm not one of those people who are messianic about it—I take no credit for that. I don't program music because it's new. I program it because it *says* something to me. I did Messiaen's 'Turangalila' Symphony with the Chicago Symphony—three performances. I had to fight about two-thirds of that orchestra at every rehearsal. They would come up at the break complaining, 'This is *killing*,' and 'Are you kidding?' In that case, it was music I felt strongly about, and I had all kinds of answers." Previn did the Messiaen in Pittsburgh, too—also three performances. The first night, a lot of people walked out. The next night, he made a speech before he began, explaining something about the music and asking the audience to give it a chance. The reception was better, and after the third performance, a Sunday-afternoon concert, he got what he calls "a *crouching* ovation." Previn continued, "There are American composers, like George Rochberg, who have written a little bit of everything and are very popular. Some young composers have concentrated almost exclusively on writing for small groups, thus making sure they would get to hear their music. Naturally, it's easier to get five or ten people together than an entire orchestra. But some current composers have been re-seduced by the orchestra; I'm in the happy position of knowing, because so many scores are submitted to me."

MEIER asked Previn to tell the students something about the social demands made on a conductor.

Previn said, "Some people feel that a concert is a necessary prelude to the party. I disapprove of that so *violently* that I suppose I've made a lot of enemies by simply not going along with



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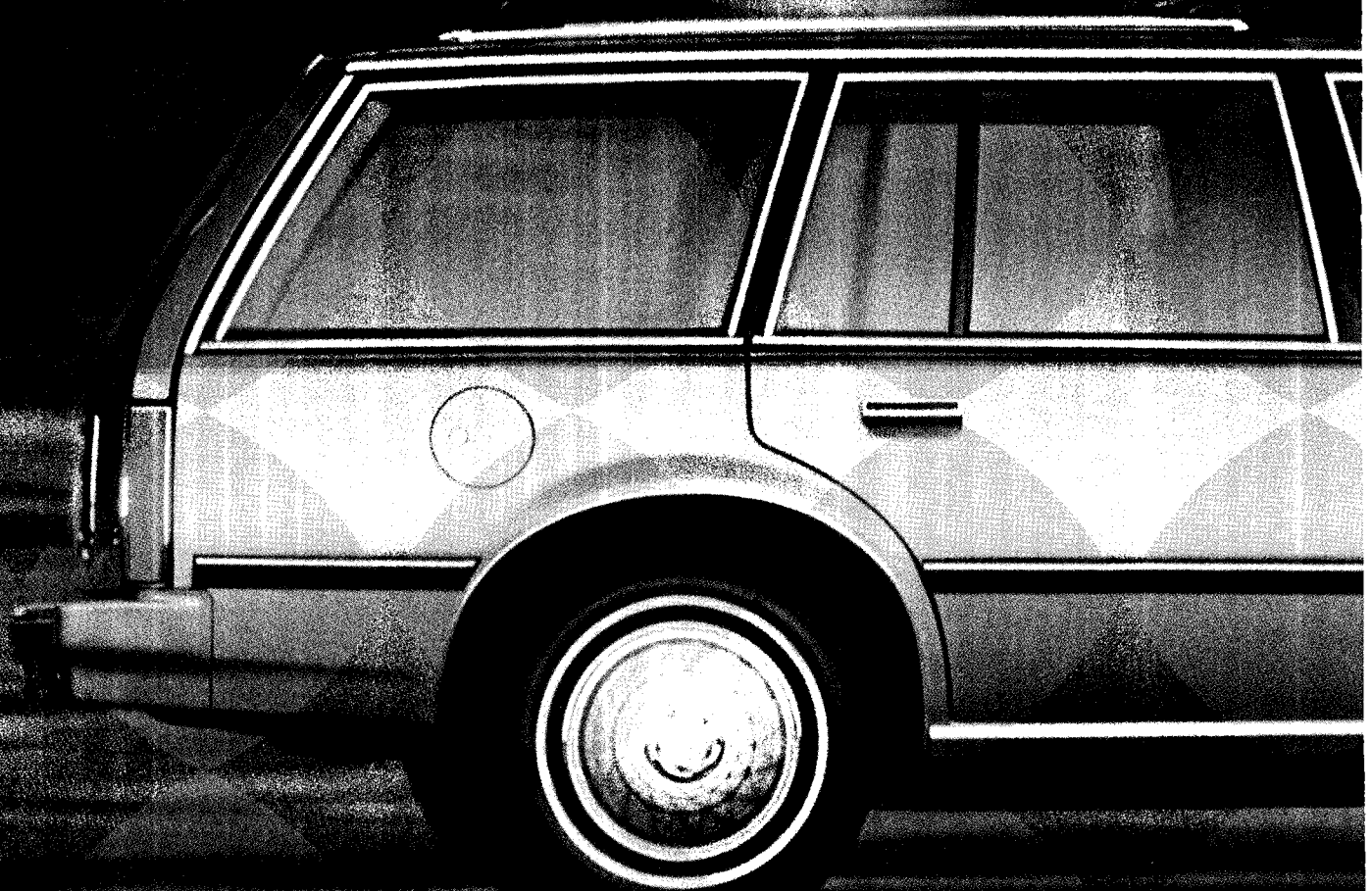
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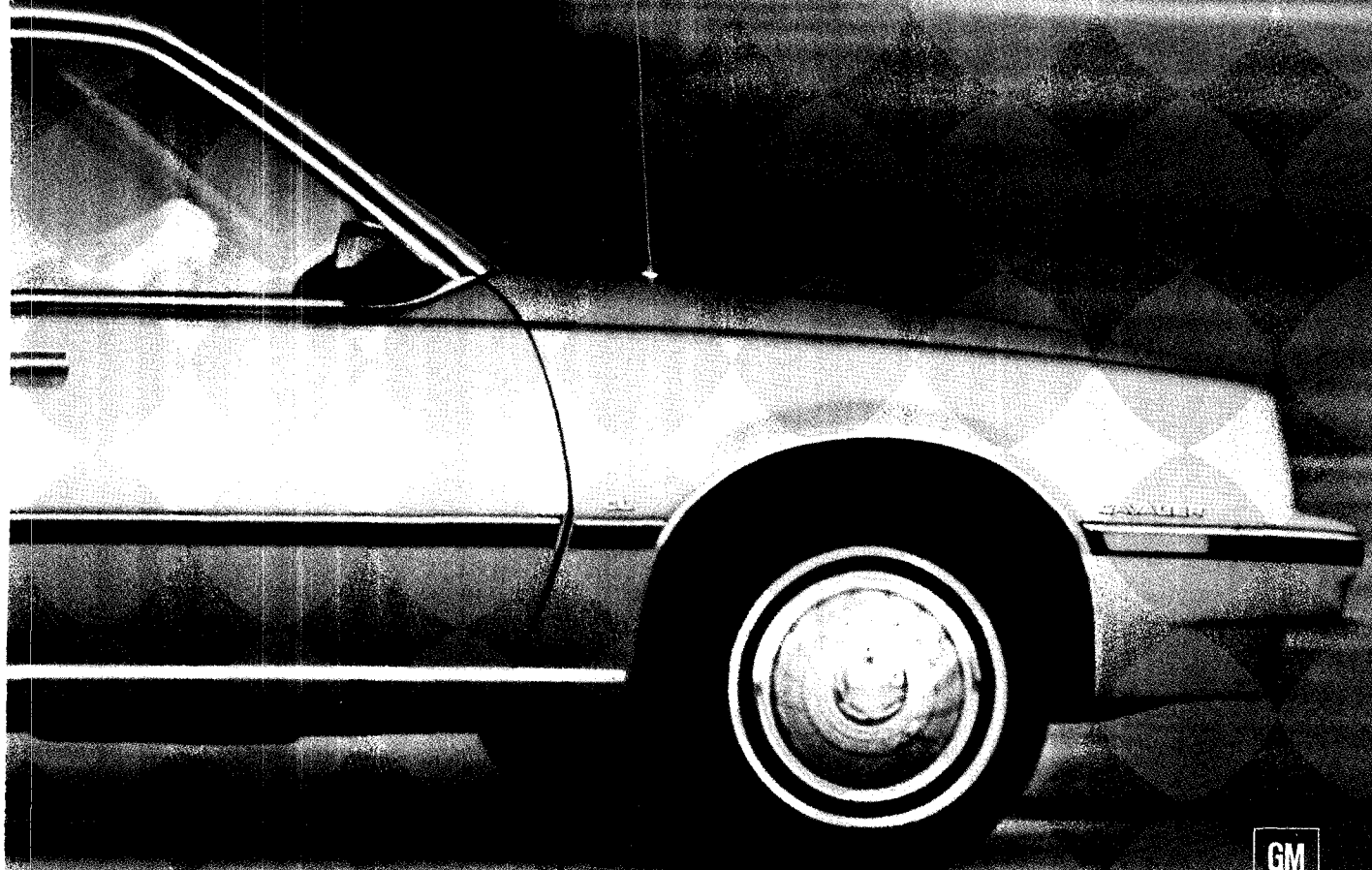
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it. I feel that what the conductor owes the city is to work like crazy until the last cutoff—the final note. After that, you don't owe people *anything* until the next rehearsal. Because either they feel that the music, the orchestra, the community interest in music have been worth the work expended or they don't. I don't want someone to give the orchestra an extra fifty thousand dollars just because I've played tennis with him. That is, if you like, unrealistic. A lot of conductors are very good at socializing. I'm not—I'm not used to it. And, of course, I've never been music director of a community orchestra. Fund-raising is necessary, it exists, it has to be faced, but I've been luxuriating in the fact that I don't have to do it."

Miss Deutsch asked, "Doesn't the Pittsburgh board give you a hard time?"

Previn said, "No, they don't. Again, I'm very lucky. I've quite on purpose—this sounds self-aggrandizing, and I don't mean it that way—got across the fact that I'm an eccentric who won't come to parties. They've given up on me, and that's fine. The day they decide I'm doing a bad job with the orchestra, they'll fire me, which is their prerogative. Until then, I don't have to worry about the social end of it."

"In London, the situation doesn't exist. In London, two very odd things exist: There aren't many subscriptions. Most concerts start with the sale of Ticket One. Can you imagine how difficult that makes program planning? In the States, because of the subscription system, you can have much more freedom in planning—the luxury of putting on new works. And by new I don't necessarily mean the latest work. I mean unfamiliar. People may elect not to come, and therefore, with an adventurous program, you'll have an empty house. But empty house or not, the seat has been paid for, so that the major economic struggle has already been decided. In London, if you put on something that is not to the public's taste, you're *really* in trouble, because people won't buy the ticket to begin with. That's number one. Number two, of course, is that the four big London orchestras are self-governing. The management is the employee of the orchestra. The orchestra can fire the manager, fire the conductor, fire anybody. They run it. There is also a third point. Orchestras are partly government-subsidized, so once a year we go to the Arts Council of Great

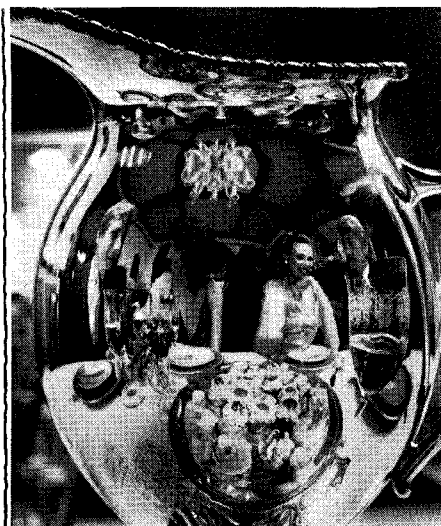
Britain and do our beggar's act."

Previn paused a second, and then laughed. "When I first came to Pittsburgh after those years in London, I had a meeting with the Orchestra Committee. After we'd discussed a few things, I said, 'Well, gentlemen, what would you like to play in the coming year?' Sy Rosen, who was the managing director then, said, 'Could I talk to you for a minute?' He took me outside and said, 'Don't ask them that.' And I said, 'But they're the ones who'll have to play it.' He mumbled, 'Yes, but don't do that—don't ask them.'"

Previn tells a good story, and there was an explosion of laughter. "About half an hour later, after we'd covered some agenda, I said, 'Well, gentlemen, would you like to tour next year?' And Sy said, 'Can I see you for a minute?'" Enormous laughter. "Now, years later, I've tried to get it somewhere in the middle. Because it's certainly true that, with the situation that exists here, management must make the decisions. The ripples widen. The management goes to the board. The board gets the money. The money pays for the tours, et cetera. But at the same time what I've *tried* to convey—and I'm only partly successful—is that I think that the players, even if they can't change anything, ought to be *in* on it, so that you don't say to them, 'This season, we're going to the Orient for six weeks.' They ought to know that two years before, when it's first planned, so that they can either look forward to it, or dread it, or quit, or something. If I say, 'We're going to commission five pieces next year by the following people,' a step better would be for me to say, 'We're going to commission five pieces next year. I have several people in mind. If you have any suggestions, let me hear them.' It's my prerogative to turn them down, but I think players are much too valuable to be treated as if they were mindless. Critics, when they want to be kind, say that the orchestra is the conductor's instrument. I find that very offensive, because the orchestra is *not* an instrument. It's made up of all those people with a lifetime of practicing, ambitions realized and unrealized, other disappointments." The students applauded, and so did Meier.

A HAND went up. "Tell us something about programming."

Previn said, "Again, it depends very much on geography. In England,



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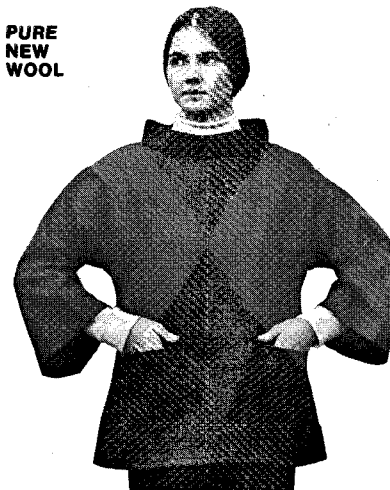
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where there are few subscriptions, programs are designed to make sense between eight and ten, just for that one evening. That's what audiences like. But here, where programs are planned at least a year in advance, you can try for a season that has some kind of profile. You can say, 'I'd like to do a Sibelius cycle,' or 'I'll do American music of the turn of the century up to the thirties.' I'm fabricating wildly, of course. 'I want to do post-Ravel French music.' And you can slot it in during the season. And because *that* makes sense, sometimes the works *around* those works can be seemingly quite crazy. But they'll make horizontal sense, if not vertical sense. In Europe, we have to make every program make sense within itself. It's a different set of problems. I, personally, am not terribly in favor of all-anything programs, unless it's Mozart. Some people do all-Brahms, all-Tchaikovsky, all-Prokofiev programs—I'm not sure it's terribly interesting. Unless, of course, it's an anniversary. All-Mozart programs are nice, and always surprising. I find Mozart will say anything to you that you think he's saying. If you find that the G-Minor Symphony is an expression of enormous virility, there it is. Or an expression of immense angst. It will mirror back anything you bring to it. And that's not the case with most composers."

One young man said he was interested in the order in which to present a given program. He said he conducted a civic orchestra.

Previn said, "Don't put the new work last. The audience will leave." He continued, "I don't think it's necessary to go by historical chronology. It's good to go by the sort of sound that will assault the ear. If you particularly want to do a 'Daphnis,' or one of the big, big Strauss pieces, or, let's say, a Respighi piece, it's *got* to be last, because the ear is *tired*. You can't follow that with anything—it's impossible. On the other hand, the fact that the time-honored thing is to start with a 'courtesy' piece for those people who will be late I resent *bitterly*." Laughter. "You can work out a very nice program: a major Haydn, a minor symphony, the interval, and then whatever, and the manager says to you, 'We really ought to have a five-minute overture. Anything will do.' And that's because a lot of people haven't found the evening valid enough to come on time. I *really* resent that. I don't like courtesy pieces. I call

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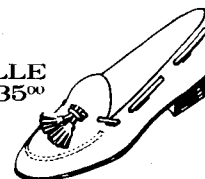
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them parking-lot overtures." The student conductors laughed. "Other than that, all of you, when you begin to do a lot of concerts you're going to encounter a lot of problems that are, if you like, extramusical. If you have a very great soloist, he's probably going to want to play after the interval. And he's got a right. That's fine. So then you have to adjust. Maybe even reprogram things. Again, certain pieces are not actually long but do too much to you to be followed by anything. A *terrible* habit in England is the feeling that a program should be eighty minutes long, give or take a minute. So that if a piece is seventy minutes long they want an additional ten-minute piece. And what that does to programming is unspeakable. Sometimes, in the States, programs tend to be shorter than that, and I'm all in favor of it—and not for reasons of personal tiredness. I just think that a certain amount of great music is enough. When people ask me how long a particular piece is, I don't know. I'm no good at that. I know when a piece seems long and when it seems short. Once, I was backstage in Festival Hall, and Isaac Stern was the soloist. He was to play the Sibelius, which the BBC would broadcast. A fellow from the station came up to us and asked Isaac, 'How long is the Sibelius?' Isaac said he didn't know, and I said, 'It's twenty-nine minutes.' The man left, and Isaac said, 'Is it really that long?' I said, 'I have no idea.' But I made the fellow happy, and if it had run thirty-one he would have taken it as an aberration of the evening. He wanted a figure, and I wanted him off my hands. Some people are remarkable at timing. I know a manager—I don't know where he is now. He was ubiquitous. A walking encyclopedia of timing. He used to say to me, 'Such-and-such is terrific. It's twelve and a half minutes.' And I never knew if he thought the piece was terrific in and of itself or because it was twelve and a half minutes. He was infallible. Amazing. But to continue about programming—there are a lot of problems involved. I think that if some connection can be made, or some contrast that makes sense, it's something to keep in mind. Certain juxtapositions you just can't do. But some you can. Once, I did the 'Wozzeck' excerpts just before the interval. After the interval, the same singer did the Samuel Barber 'Knoxville,' written much later. And all of a sudden we were back in diatonic country. It was



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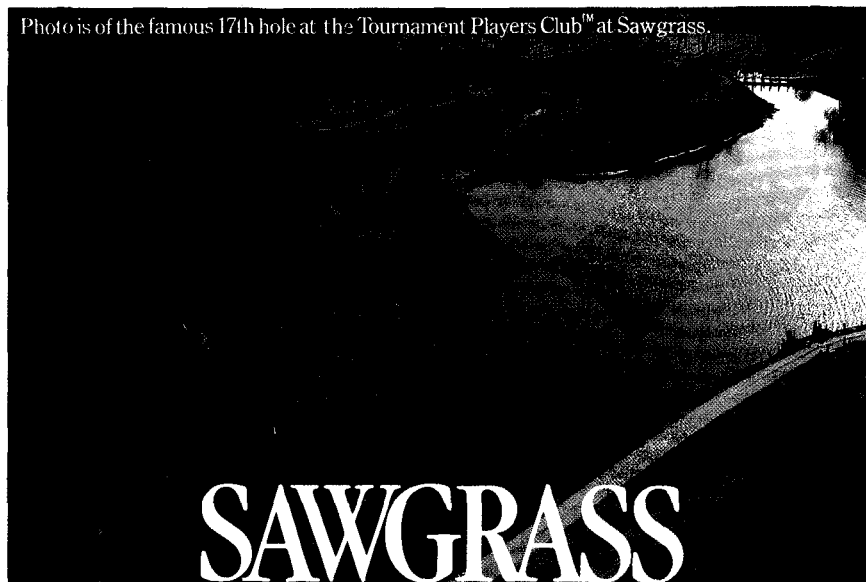
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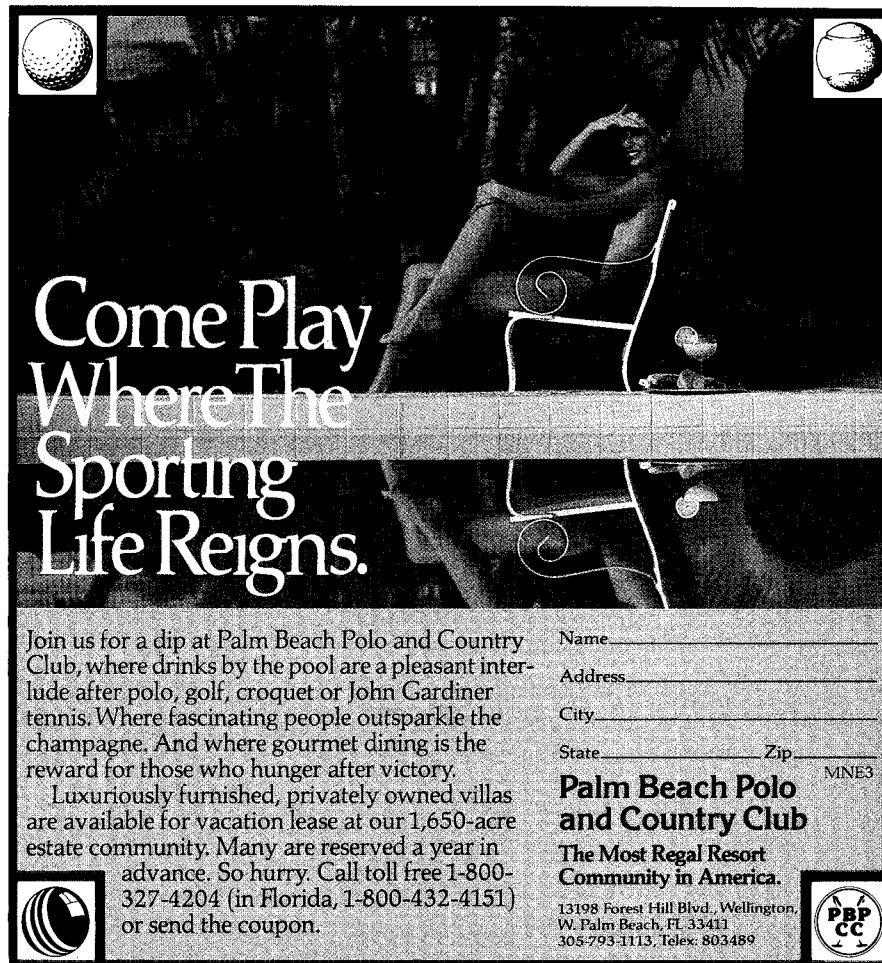
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very interesting. Both written on very valid texts, with one composer extremely conservative. Even if the point was private, it was worth making."

A HAND went up. "There was a strong nationalistic trend at one time, and I'd like to know if you think the Vienna Philharmonic has the inside track, an innate understanding, when it comes to Schubert, and whether the English musicians have a better understanding, a more legitimate style, when it comes to Vaughan Williams, and also whether you think the English audiences themselves are more open to Vaughan Williams than to a German or Viennese or Italian composer."

Previn said, "That's an interesting question. Get me back on the track if I go too far afield. Certain orchestras have the inside track not because they necessarily have an instinct for certain music but because they have the *history* of the music. The Vienna Philharmonic has probably played Schubert more consistently and more often than any other orchestra, and therefore a kind of in-built tradition happens. The ease, the familiarity, is not just within one player but within his father and his grandfather as well, and that leaves a mark. It does not mean that another musician does not play the music as well. It's just *easier* for the Vienna to associate themselves mentally with that music. To be the devil's advocate—there are things that are extremely nationalistic in music, and I like that. Just think about the prevalence of folk influence on music and you'll realize—though music is much more international now—that nationalism exists. If you do 'American in Paris' with the Chicago Symphony—Never mind the fact that they *know* it. Let's say that they're sight-reading. They would know what to do because it is not possible to grow up in this country without hearing offshoots of that kind of music. I'm not proposing that that piece has anything to do with jazz, though it certainly is peripherally in that mold. That kind of syncopation, that kind of melody, is on the radio. Whether they want to hear it or not, they grew up with it. So the Chicago musicians are going to know instinctively how to phrase that music—much more than, say, the Royal Danish. Conversely—never mind Schubert—when the Vienna Philharmonic plays a Strauss waltz—" He broke off and asked,

"How many of you have ever conducted a Strauss waltz?"

Every hand shot up.

Previn said, "O.K. Is there anything in the world that is harder to rehearse? I find it *killing*. It's *really* hard to get that unspoken lilt—never mind the fact that the second beat is anticipated. I've heard the greatest orchestras in the world attempt that, and even when they do it well it's not natural, it's not absolutely perfect. The Vienna Philharmonic presses the 'Blue Danube' button, and off the players go, and it's perfect. You can either listen to it or dance to it—or whatever. I don't know how they do that. It's just that, even if they haven't played it, they've grown up hearing it all their lives. By the same token, Copland's music is much easier to rehearse in this country. That kind of jaggedness, which is extremely American—even if musicians here haven't played a particular Copland piece before, it's in their subconscious. That much is true. But if they try to tell you in Berlin that they are the only ones who know how to play Brahms, for instance, which is a popular conceit on their part—no. That's nonsense. But if things are based on a nationalistic, folkloric tradition, then it's true."

Previn accepted another cigarette, and said, "There was a second part to your question. There was another facet."

"It was about the receptiveness of the audiences themselves."

Previn said, "At one time, it is true, music was a lot less exportable. There was a great deal of chauvinism about nationalistic music, and in England they tended not to send out Elgar, Vaughan Williams. The only thing they sent out was Delius, which was never very English to begin with. I mean, he lived in France and Florida." Laughter. "And here. We didn't tend to send out William Schuman's pieces, or even Copland's. In the last quarter of the century, with the diminishing of the size of the world in every aspect, that breach has been closed. You'll now find a very enthusiastic reception for an Elgar symphony in Germany, and you'll find a great reception for Henze in the United States."

Miss Deutsch interrupted. "Rachmaninoff. He's *so* familiar here. *We* accept the fact that he's a great composer. Is it the same in Europe?"

Previn said, "That's interesting. I've always felt that there's a reticence in *this* country about Rachmaninoff, because while people all think it's ex-

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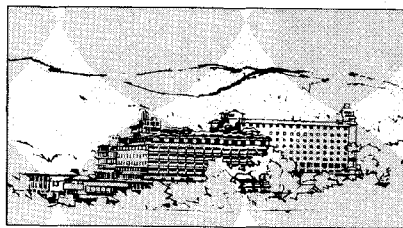
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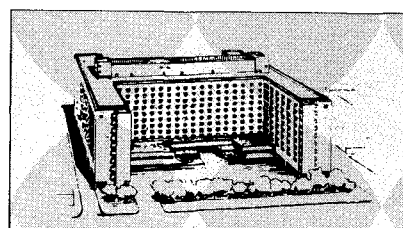
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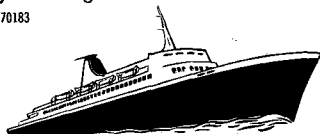
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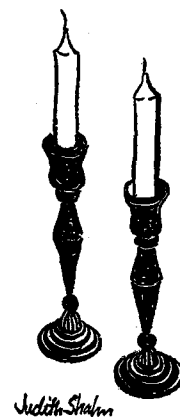
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extremely *pretty* they're ashamed to *like* it. They'll say, 'Well, of course it's wonderful, but it's not *serious*.' At least, our learned pressmen think that. In Europe, he's taken seriously. Not in Germany. Not in Austria. I have to say that to you. I once proposed doing the Rachmaninoff Second in Salzburg, and they looked at me as if I'd suggested Marvin Hamlisch." Boisterous laughter. When the laughter stopped, he said, "But then in Germany I did the 'Peter Grimes' excerpts, and the next day the critics said I did the music from 'the film "Peter Grimes."'" But Rachmaninoff is taken seriously elsewhere in Europe, and by now nobody even makes cuts. The Second Symphony takes its sixty-minute toll, and that's it. I find there's always that niggling thing in the States, though. People like it, are enthusiastic about it, and vaguely embarrassed. It's curious. To finish it off: In 1971, I took the L.S.O. to Russia, and we did the Rach Second and the 'Symphonic Dances'—five programs. They had been heard so seldom, if *ever*—and I cannot *tell* you what happened. Russian audiences tend to be emotional anyway. People wept openly. The music really said something to them, for whatever reasons—emotional or political or both." Rachmaninoff left Russia in 1917, and died in Los Angeles twenty-six years later. Previn continued, "Again, it's an extremely nationalistic sound, unmistakably Slavic, and it reached them and grabbed them by the throat. Possibly it was coincidence, but after we left they began playing the Second and the 'Dances' there, and recording them. A couple of years later, when I went back as a guest conductor in Leningrad, they wanted the Third Symphony and 'The Isle of the Dead.'"



Judith Shulman

experience, and I returned to Germany. I've made that back-and-forth trip three times, and I've made more contacts, but I was told in no uncertain terms that I couldn't get anywhere without experience. Give up everything in Germany and move here. Or don't come back here until I've at least conducted the Berlin Philharmonic."

Previn asked the students if this experience was typical, and all hands went up. He said, "That surprises me, because Mr. Meier, here, told me last night that there are twenty-six hundred orchestras in the United States."

Meier said, "Of course, that includes orchestras that have one concert a year."

Previn said, "When you go to a manager with the express wish that he either advise you or represent you, what do you take to him? Your clippings, or tapes, or recommendations?"

Mr. Ling said, "I think I can speak for everyone here.

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Previn said, "The only two things that would interest me are repertoire lists and recommendations. Reviews are not always particularly interesting, and, to be blunt, when you're beginning a career, where are you likely to *get* reviews? In places that would simply not interest a New York manager. You were absolutely brilliant in Ames, Iowa. So what? On those occasions when I've had the luxury of trying to find an assistant, in London or in Pittsburgh, and people bring me *sheets* of reviews, certainly I read them, but they don't mean much to me. But when the candidate says, 'I know such-and-such repertoire,' I would rather that he'd done that repertoire with an amateur orchestra that nobody was listening to than that he'd given a performance of Beethoven One someplace that someone on a newspaper liked. Also, it carries a lot of weight with me when a colleague of mine recommends someone, and I can't see that it wouldn't carry a lot of weight with a manager."

Meier said to Previn, "What criteria do *you* follow? If a manager comes to you and says, 'I've got this wonderful conductor who conducts the symphony in Poughkeepsie and he has a marvellous repertoire,' I don't think you would buy it. If he says instead,

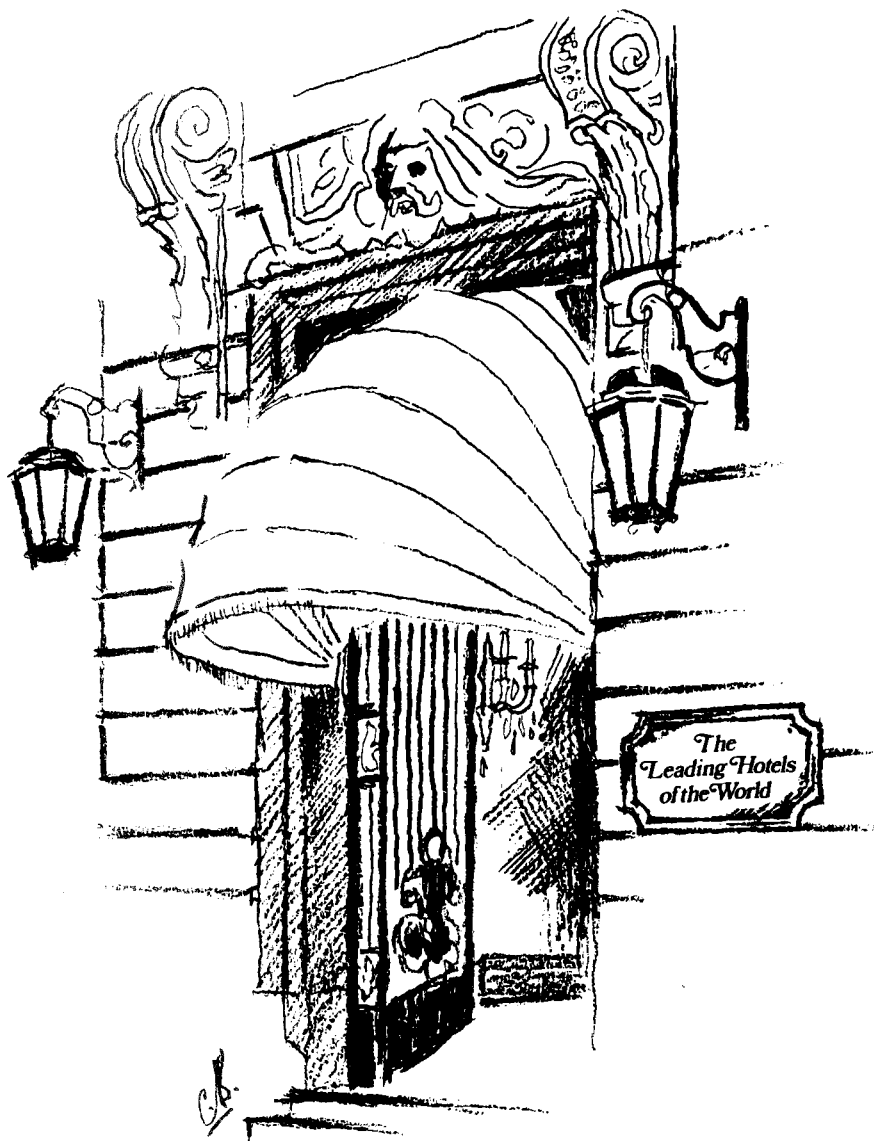
MISS DEUTSCH changed the subject. She asked how one went about getting a manager.

Previn, without naming his own manager, Ronald Wilford, said he'd just lucked out, and then asked, "Why don't you, or somebody, tell me about your experiences? Seriously—about finding a manager, not finding one, being turned down."

One student said, "I was in Germany, and I was told I needed more experience, so I came to the United States, where I was told I needed more

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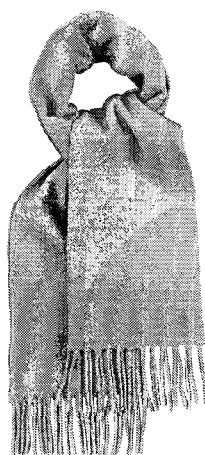
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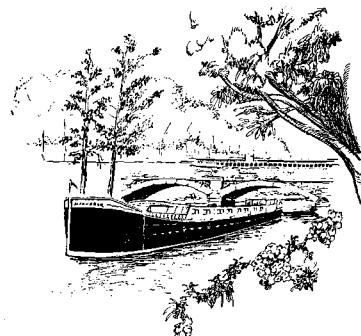
Previn said, "Yes, and I'll tell you something else. Those of us who conduct tend to be in one place a lot of the time. Soloists travel much more than conductors do, and the biggest soloists in the world play in a lot of tiny cities in between big dates, as you well know. Whenever I have a big soloist—Zukerman, Perlman, Ashkenazy, Stern—I always say, 'Where have you just come from?' and they often name some surprisingly small city, and I ask 'How was it—how was the conductor?' If one of them says, 'You know, he was damned good,' I will remember that, and possibly use him in the future. So if you can get a soloist to put in a good word for you that can help a lot. Soloists travel more, and they know more than managers or conductors." He paused. "This must all sound very lame. I just don't know what the answer is."

Meier said, "What about the coat-tail theory—the takeover? Like Tilson Thomas for William Steinberg; Bernstein for Bruno Walter. Isn't it more recommendable to be an assistant to a big shot than to have your own orchestra on a third level?"

Previn said, "Absolutely. Colin Davis, in England, was given very short notice to jump in for someone, and he managed it. That started things. He'll be here next week. You can ask him. I think if you have a chance to be in any position, no matter how seemingly menial it is, with a good orchestra—be around it, live that life, see what it entails, do the children's concert, or whatever—then you *will* have the chance to do that subscription series eventually, either by design or by accident. And that's a lot better than being Number One someplace where the world's music is never made. The dependence on managers is one of those imponderables. Last night, when I arrived to do the concert, I was handed a very long telegram about a young pianist. It was from a manager. In the last sentence, he said, 'Ask Mr. Ozawa about her.' And I did, and Seiji said she was sensational. I'll make a point of hearing her. Seiji *can't* be wrong when he's that enthusiastic about someone. And the same would apply to a young conductor. So a manager or a conductor would pay more attention to a recommendation than to any number of résumés."

Meier said, "I hope you have a lot of stationery with you." An explosion

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of laughter, and one of the students, through the laughter, said, "Just sign it. We'll do the rest."

Previn said, "Unfortunately, it's necessary to see someone in action. A lot of people talk a terrific Brahms symphony." The laughter subsided, and Previn went on, "I always feel, in a curious way, guilty when I have the pleasure of talking to a roomful of young people who want to conduct, because of that old saw 'It's the only thing you can't practice at home.' I'm aware of that, and I don't know what the solution is. I was lucky enough to be given the chance to go around and conduct terrible orchestras. And even that opportunity was hard to get. There is no answer." He looked depressed.

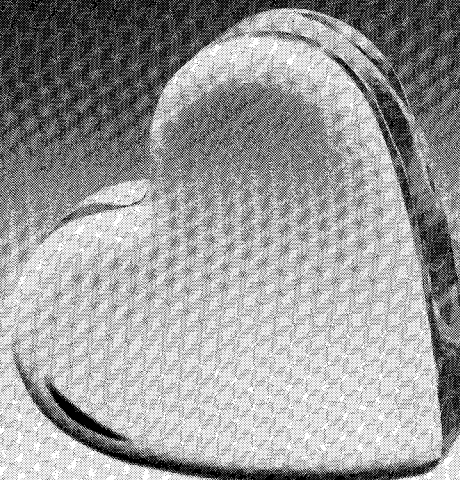
MEIER asked, "How did you pick your assistant?"

Previn said, "I had my choice of three people. The board said, 'You can devise your own system for auditioning.' I found out that over that season we had three what I think are called county concerts in various universities, usually with repertoire that had been covered that season. Nothing extremely daunting. I had the three do a concert each, and the choice was crystal clear to me. But I had the orchestra vote on the three, and their choice was mine."

Meier asked, "How did you pick the three?" Laughter.

Previn laughed, too, and said, "I didn't pick them. Somehow I arrived at them through the system. The concerts themselves were almost meaningless—but not to the three, of course. I wanted to find out how the orchestra felt—what the sixteenth violinist had to say about them. I wanted the orchestra to like the choice. It took some doing, but I did find a very good person."

Previn paused for a second, and then said, "I'm sure none of you will agree with this, because you've reached this level—Tanglewood—but very often I've talked with budding conductors, and I'll say 'What are you going to do next season?' and very often they'll say, 'I've been offered a job conducting the road company of some musical,' and they'll add, 'But, of course, I'm not going to do that,' and I'll say, 'Why not?' I don't understand. I really don't. Orchestral experience, to me, is not necessarily conducting 'Ein Heldenleben.' Orchestral experience is any situation, in any venue, where you are faced with living



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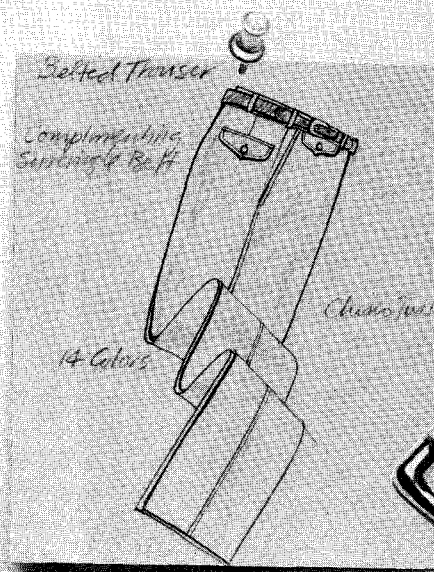
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people playing instruments. If someone says to you, 'I'm sorry you can't conduct the New Jersey Symphony, but would you like to conduct The Ice Capades?'—do it!"

Bursts of laughter. And one student said, "You can say that because you're the exception to the rule."

Over the laughter, Previn said, "Well, that's because I've had such a crummy past." Laughter. "I spent fifteen years doing films, which is too long. But during that time I faced good players on the average of twice to four times a week with new music. Now, the music may have been from tenth rate all the way up to third rate, but so what? It was music that had to be sight-read, cleaned up, and recorded—bang! Like that!" He clapped his hands. "In as short a time as possible. The players were good, and I think that what I learned in 1950 about getting a score for an animated cartoon straightened out still worked for me when I rehearsed the Vaughan Williams here. You see, if a good player in a symphony orchestra has it in his background to have played in a pit somewhere, or in a dance band, or something, no one lifts an eyebrow. But any one of us—well, yes, we spent a year conducting 'Hello, Dolly!' and they won't have anything to do with us." He paused and then asked, "But aren't those barriers being broken down at all?"

Someone said, "We wouldn't know."

Previn went on, "Because all those instrumentalists have an opportunity to play. And sometimes that kind of music is our only opportunity to conduct."

Miss Deutsch said, "What I find frustrating is when there's a conducting assistantship open and you apply, and only three will be heard. For a violin opening, seventy-five applicants will be heard."

Previn said, "Again, I have to play the devil's advocate. For a violin audition, a fellow or a woman comes out and plays. But for a conducting audition you have to impress, in the eighteenth-century meaning of that word"

—he laughed—"a whole orchestra to be there, and pay them to play all day. It's an impracticability. It could be done only if there were a funding program munificent enough to pay for it."

"One thing I did want to say to you. Again, just from personal experience. God knows, all these things you should disagree with if you feel like it. All of you come from certain instru-

ments. It's a great mistake to let the instrument go, because, you see as you work more and more there's a huge, yawning trap in front of you if you stand on the rostrum day after week after month after year telling people how to play, without remembering how bloody hard it is. And I think any opportunity you have to physically produce an acceptable sound—I don't care whether it's chamber music, whether it's in public, whether it's for fun, under the most glorified conditions or the most awful ones—do it. For myself, I play endless chamber music and quite a few concerti with orchestras. I know from experience that the orchestras I've been most closely associated with like the fact that I will take the same specific gamble that they do. In other words, a clarinet player comes in wrong and everyone hears it. But all of us—we give a wrong cue, and it's an inaudible mistake. It's a visual one, but people in the audience don't know. The orchestra will smile happily." Laughter. "But if you actually tell them in deed, not in word, that you realize how damned hard it is to play, and you gamble your reputation on a memory slip, on a finger slip, on lack of preparation, on the vagaries of the moment, it's a very good thing. I strongly urge you to keep up with the instrument. It will enable you to give a specific technical instruction that you would otherwise not be able to do."

If planes and trains, subways and buses adhered to a schedule the way musicians do, life would be more peaceful. Promptly at four, Meier looked at his watch and told the class, "Tomorrow we meet at the Shed."

The students applauded, and Previn said, "You've been very sweet. But you've asked me too many questions about me. I'd like to hear more about you. We're all colleagues, and we're all in the same fraternity. Maybe we can get to some specifics tomorrow. It's very easy for these seminars to turn into a litany of complaints, but maybe I can think of a way to help." Loud applause.

ON Friday morning, I walked around Stockbridge with Previn, who was on his way to a bookstore to buy something to read on the trip back to London. He was leaving the next morning. Walking up the street, he talked about the Boston, and Joseph Silverstein. Previn said, "He is the world's greatest concertmaster. That's not an opinion, that's a fact, like,

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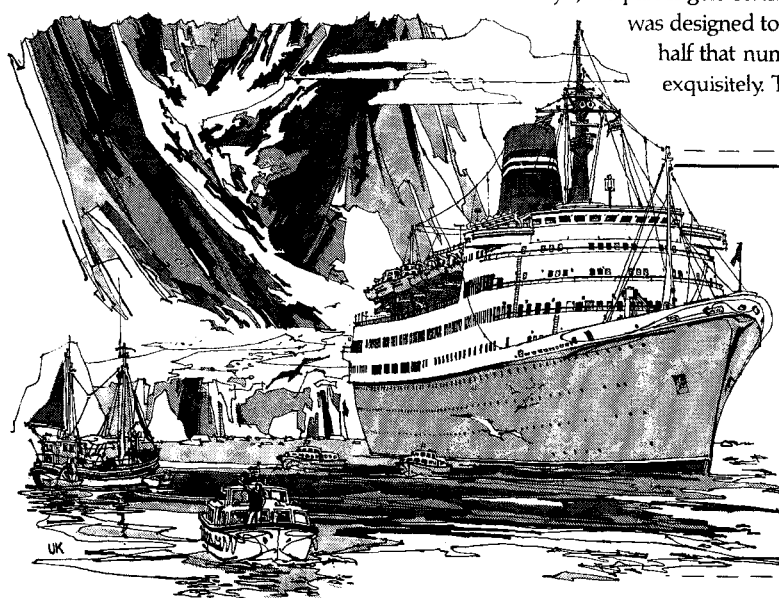
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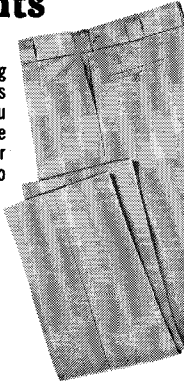
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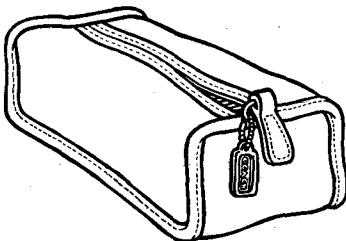
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'Look! It's summer!' " Suddenly, Previn broke off and crossed the street. He had, out of the corner of his eye, spotted two boys playing tennis. One of them had lobbed the ball over the fence. Previn retrieved the ball and tossed it back. One of the boys said, "Thank you, Mr. Previn." Previn returned, and continued where he left off. "There was some raggedness in the strings during the Haydn rehearsal. A kind of rocking. Joey nodded at me, an indication that it was nothing to stop and correct—just exhaustion and the heat."

A woman blocked our path. "Are you who I think you are?" she said.

Previn smiled and said, "I don't know. Who do you think I am?"

She said, "I heard the Saturday-night concert. It was wonderful." She produced a program from her handbag and asked for his autograph. A few paces up the street, a man flew out of a store. He said, "I heard one of your records last night—your tribute to Art Tatum. Now here you are!"

Previn nodded and smiled, and as we continued walking he said, "It amazes me. Those records go back twenty-five years. And the films are still pursuing me. Some young orchestra player will come up and say, 'I saw a movie on the late-late show. That Previn who did the music—was that your father?' I stroke my beard and say, 'No, that was me.' " He was silent for a moment, and then said, "Everything in this world is point of view, as far as I'm concerned. There's a quite renowned film composer—a very nice man. I won't name him. A director whom I like and admire, Norman Jewison, brought this composer to a concert of mine in London some years ago. I conducted the L.S.O., at the Festival Hall. The Beethoven Ninth. Happily, it was a good performance—very enthusiastically received. Audiences in England are sensational anyway, and there was a great deal of screaming, and all that. The next day, Norman rang me, and he was laughing. He said, 'I have to tell you a good story. I had dinner with our composer friend after the concert, and over drinks I said, "It's nice, isn't it, to see André up there—Festival Hall, London Symphony, Beethoven Ninth, great success, and all that," and our film-composer friend said, "Certainly, it's fine. But what amazes me is how that man blew his career." ' " "

We came to a bookstore, and inside, after a quick perusal, Previn bought "Joshua Then and Now," by Mor-

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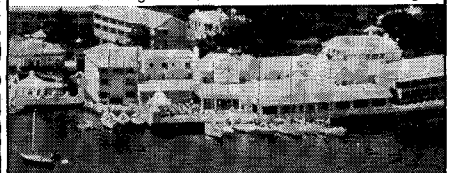
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decai Richler, whose other books he liked, and the new Peter De Vries.

AT two on Friday afternoon, Previn rehearsed the Mozart piano quartet with Silverstein, the cellist Jules Eskin, and the violist Burton Fine in the Shed. It was their second, and final, rehearsal. The first one had amused Previn. He told me, "I was prepared to really dig in, but we just played through it, and then Joey said, 'Now let's tell jokes.' Well, they work so hard up here, and they're so good..."

On Friday afternoon, when they'd finished the first movement, Previn turned his part back to page 1, in anticipation of working out certain spots, but the others seemed eager to get on with it. When they had finished the last movement, Previn went backstage with Silverstein, and while Silverstein was wiping the rosin off his violin and carefully tucking it into its case they discussed what they might play next summer. Silverstein said, "How about one of the Brahms trios?" and Previn said fine, he liked all of them. Maybe the B Major. Silverstein nodded.

Previn said, "I'll see you tonight," and went out to the green benches along the left side of the Shed, where the conducting class, with Meier, was waiting to talk to him. Previn sat next to Meier, on a bench that had been turned around to face the others. Some students were sitting on the grass, to be closer. A lawnmower beyond the Shed was gradually wending its way toward the benches.

Previn smiled at the group and began, "Today, some of you wanted to talk about more technical things. Our time is fairly limited. Is there anything you want to tell me, or ask, or discuss?"

A student said, "To tell you the truth, we'd like to conduct for you."

Previn said, "I know. I'd like that. But because of the rehearsal that wasn't possible. We have just thirty minutes. It would be like a conducting competition: 'In twenty minutes, do "The Rite of Spring" and Beethoven's Ninth.'" Everyone laughed.

A student said, "To us, watching you conduct, it seems you have a very distinctive technical style. Is that something that evolved naturally, as your means of expressing your musical concepts, or did you develop that from seeing people whose technique you admired?"

Previn said, "Luckily, I don't know

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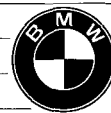
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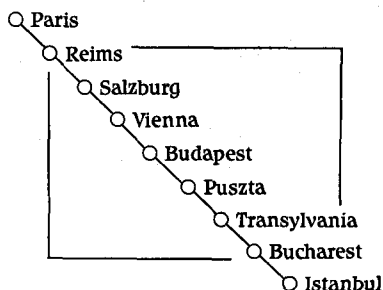
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what it looks like. I can't watch myself, and I don't watch the television shows. It just evolved, and I have found out—it takes years and years—that it doesn't require an enormous, wide range of physical gestures to get what you want. When I first started, I was criticized for leaping all over the place. Now, very often, when it's an adverse review, they say I *underconduct*. And it's not on purpose—in order to minimize what was wrong in the beginning. Over the years, it wound up that whatever I do—good, bad, or indifferent—is the way I work the best. Most of the time, what I'm after seems to be quite clear to people. I don't know what my way of conducting will be like twenty years from now—if I'm still living—but it won't be anything deliberate. In what respect is it different from other people's? Less? More? What?"

One student said, "It's very yourself," and another added, "The basic geography, the focus." Conductors without orchestras can get hung up on technique.

Previn said, "I feel if you can conduct the phrase, and not the beat, you're very far ahead. If you're going to do 'The Rite of Spring,' forget it. Conduct the beat." Laughter. "If you're doing, say, Strauss or Mahler, or the Romantic repertoire, or even earlier than that, very often you can remind the orchestra of where the phrase is without actually beating the time. Sometimes that puts you in a dangerous corner, but you can feel it coming. Then you can go back to conducting the beat for a little while in an unmistakable metronomic manner—but not for very long. It would make for a not very interesting performance."

Miss Deutsch asked, "Did you study gestures?"

"No, no, no. You mean in front of a mirror?"

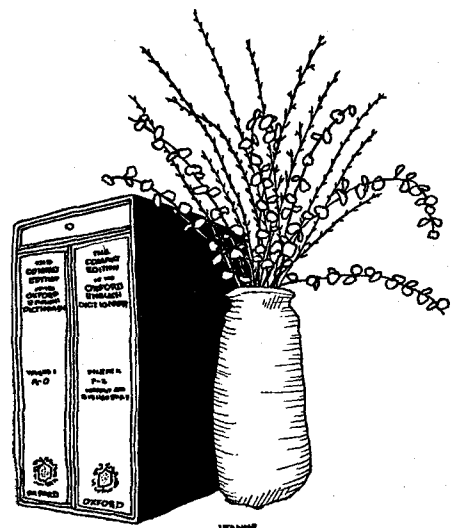
"Well, Bernstein told us he'd never practiced a gesture in his life."

Previn said, "Monteux gave me some good advice a long time ago. He saw me do the 'Tragic' Overture. Afterward, he said, 'Listen, before you knock out the ladies in the balcony make sure the horns come in.' Not bad." Surprised laughter. "No. I think *anything* you do—any gesture, any exhorting, any cajoling—to get from the orchestra that which you want is O.K. Because it is, after all—in the privacy of this meeting—a selfish profession." He added, "Not really—not philosophically. It's just that you have

to elicit that which you want at the moment. Anything you do to get that is fair. Whether it's awkward-looking, against the 'rules,' or whatever doesn't make any difference. If it provokes the kind of playing you want, *do* it! You have to find out what is your own nature physically. Some people are shy about conducting and turn into wonderful conductors. Some people are extraordinarily extroverted and *that* works. Some people say Bernstein jumps around too much. Nonsense. He gets fabulous performances. Other people say Böhm didn't move at all—nothing happened. It didn't make any difference. It worked for him."

A STUDENT asked Previn to tell them something about playing Mozart concertos with an orchestra and conducting from the keyboard, and also asked whether he did any other composers in this manner.

"I do a lot of Mozart concerti from the keyboard, because it's musically possible and musicologically correct and there's a precedent for it. I don't have the piano in the solo position. I stick it straight into the orchestra, so that the keyboard is on an absolute level with the concertmaster and either the first violas or the first cellos, depending on the setup. It's glorified chamber music. That's when you find out that you can conduct with a look, a nod, a reminder—anything. It helps if you play with an orchestra that either knows you or has had a history of doing this. For instance, right after Bernstein the New York Philharmonic did it very well. Now it's been awhile. Most of the orchestras enjoy it very much, for the reason I mentioned yesterday: they keep hoping you'll play terrible." Laughter. "You asked what else can be played. You can skip to the



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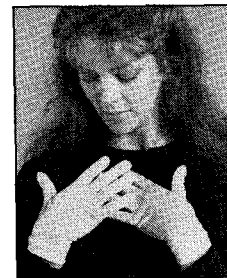
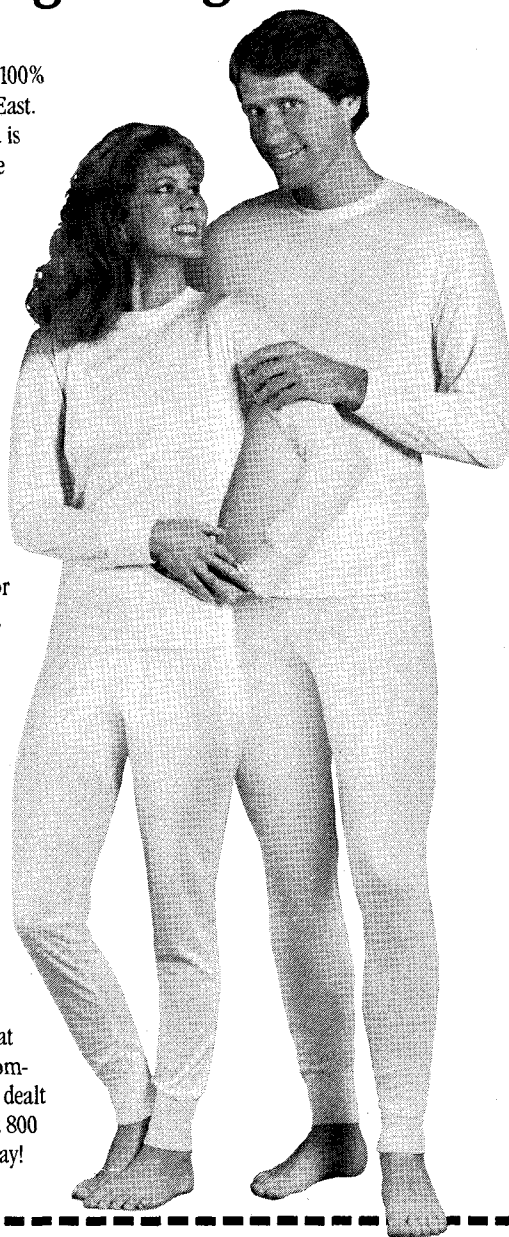
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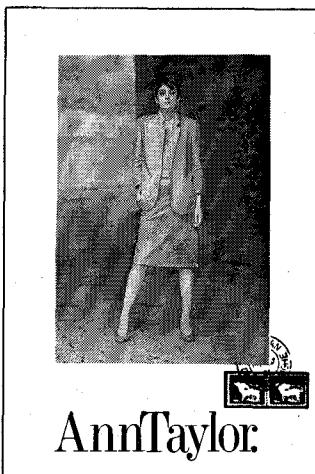
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twentieth century—the nineteenth I wouldn't try. I remember once, a long, long time ago, hearing, of all people, Iturbi do the Tchaikovsky from the keyboard." A whistle and a "Whew!" from two of the students. "That was about twenty-five years ago, and I think the orchestra just finished yesterday. It was unbelievable. There was no *semblance* of ensemble. On the other hand, I heard Mitropoulos when I was a kid do the Prokofieff Three. Phenomenal. I would hate to try it, but it's possible. I've done Shostakovich; obviously the Gershwin works, Ravel."

A student asked, "How about the Beethoven Triple?"

Previn said, "The Beethoven *Triple*?" He shook his head. "I haven't done that. I've played the piano in that, but, no, it wouldn't occur to me." It's a notoriously difficult piece for all three soloists. "Beethoven One, Two, Three would work. Four, Five—no. I wouldn't think so. What else?"

There were no suggestions from the students.

Previn went on, "Strangely enough, the pieces that have the fewest orchestral problems in terms of number of notes are the most impossible to do. The Chopin concertos, for example—for which I sometimes think you need two conductors and a pianist." Laughter. "And Schumann, and all that. It's hopeless."

A student asked, "How about the Brahms Second?"

Previn said, "Oh, no! God Almighty! No!" Laughter. "Are you a pianist?" The student said yes, and Previn said, "I don't mean this as a put-down, but try the Brahms Second and let me know how you make out. There are moments—the part with the clarinets, and the whole business with the cello—when the conductor just stands there anyway. But no. That's a terribly dangerous piece. And Brahms One is even worse."

A student asked, "If you rehearsed a good symphony—say, the Pittsburgh—in a big piece, a Mahler or a Tchaikovsky, let the concertmaster give the downbeat, and then had nobody conducting, what would happen?"

Previn said, "I had an actual experience with that, and I did it on purpose. Several years ago, I did a show on the BBC in London called 'Who Needs a Conductor?' because I found that a great number of very well-educated, very intelligent friends of mine asked that question. And they based it

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on a series of equations that were, roughly: the orchestra members are all professional and they've played it hundreds of times; the music is printed, and it's unalterable; metres are prescribed. Who needs you? So I wrote a show about that. At the beginning of the show, I started Beethoven Five and got them past the fermatas. I then left the podium and sat in the audience. During the filming of that show, I had two alternative points in mind. One point, in case they actually could do it, was to try to explain how and why. And I had another point to make in case they couldn't—and, thank God, they couldn't." Laughter. "Because after a while it got terribly rocky and raggedy. The first point would have been that time beating is one thing, conducting another. In terms of time beating, I think that an orchestra could probably keep together for a long time, if that's the question. But interpretatively I don't think you'd get unanimity of thought."

A student asked, "Wouldn't that depend on the kind of training they've had?"

Previn said, "Yes, but you can carry that to extremes. The most 'trained' orchestra I've ever heard is the old Cleveland, and I doubt very much if it would have occurred to those players to do a big piece and leave it totally alone. You see, the mental processes of all the players would be so channelled into simply staying together that all the supposedly higher aims of the music would have to go into second position, because the musicians would have absolutely nothing to hang on to but their own listening, and it can turn into a stunt rather than a performance. I may have overstated, in a way, that sometimes we're not necessary. That's true, and it's a good thing to remember. But it's also healthy to remember that most of the time we're *very* necessary for a good performance. Otherwise, why are we all struggling so to do it?"

A STUDENT asked, "During a performance, do you think a conductor should give *more* emotionally or back off a bit? Also, is the orchestra more excited, up?"

"I can, of course, answer that only from a personal point of view. During a concert, my attitude is one that I can't foresee. I don't *plan* to give more or to give less. Things happen. It's the same with the orchestra. That's why live music can't be duplicated; that's why, no matter how terrific records

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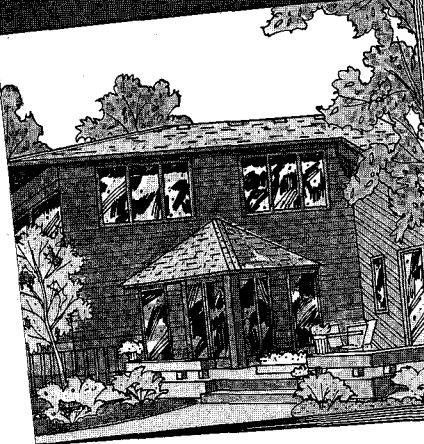
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are, they're not the same. You ask me whether an orchestra suddenly comes 'up,' or back to life, or whatever, during a performance. Yes, of course it does. So do we. So, suddenly, the interplay is not one of 'Remember, I'm going to do a rallentando!' but becomes one of making music together. And so your own adrenaline will either rise or fall, not necessarily by the evening but by the movement, by the phrase, by the bar. I wouldn't try to plan it if I were you. Just let it happen. Sometimes . . ." He paused. "Once, I was conducting a Brahms symphony, and I'd had a piece of very disturbing private news that day. I went out and really loosed it all on that symphony, and when it was over I thought, Boy, that was really terrific. I went off, drenched and happy, into the wings, and my manager, for whom I've worked for twenty years, was standing there, and he said, 'Would you mind telling me what that was all about just now?' I said, 'Why?' And he said, 'That was the most *disgraceful* exhibition of vulgar music-making I've ever heard.' I was very angry with him. But I heard the tapes a few days later, and he was absolutely right. Because I'd had the conceit to think that my private worries were on a level with Brahms' language. And I tried to superimpose them on the music. And that kind of arrogance doesn't work."

A hand went up. "We hear about the Philadelphia 'sound,' the Chicago 'sound.' I'm not sure I know exactly what's meant. Since you've conducted both, I thought maybe you could explain it."

Previn said, "If I may, I'll give you two answers. The Philadelphia Orchestra is a very string-based orchestra. Chicago is brass-based. Two different approaches to a piece. And they've played that way for many years. On the other hand, I wouldn't want it said that an orchestra of mine had a specific sound, because I can't see making the same sound for Mahler and Elliott Carter. The sound has to change according to what you're playing. If it's always the same immensity or the same languorousness, then there's something wrong. The Philadelphia knocks you *flat* when you conduct it. Unbelievable. And Chicago, too, in a different way. And Boston. But you can temper that sound according to the piece being played, though there are conductors who don't: Here I am in Chicago—*whack!*" Laughter. "I don't think so. What many of us do is program things that we, personally,

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would enjoy doing with that orchestra. When I went to Chicago, I did 'The Rite of Spring.' It was like standing in front of a Concorde. And in Philadelphia it's the 'Alpine' Symphony. It's terrific. And if you multiply that by many conductors you get a continuous aiming at the sound the orchestras are supposed to have made in the past. These days, the music director isn't around that much, so you get a variety of conductors, with a variety of approaches, a variety of personal repertoires. A one-man band—which used to be the case, and has a lot to be said for it—is almost impossible to have now, as the world gets smaller, and more and more people stand in front of an orchestra. It's hard to keep one musical profile."

Miss Deutsch said, "Some of us have conducted only chamber orchestras. Do you have any advice about approaching bigger repertoire—tone poems, Mahler? There's so much."

Previn said, "It's not a bad idea to pick one that, at that point in your life, you adore—that you can't do without. Do it twenty times. And if you hear something you're absolutely wild about, learn it. When you love a piece, the orchestra will react. Sometimes we do pieces that we respect but don't love, and there's a big difference in the performance. Sometimes you'll hear an extremely respectful performance of the German Requiem. It's better when the conductor adores it."

Meier glanced at his watch, and Previn concluded, "If instead of making music you think about it, fantasize about it, that's a lost day. Down the drain, and you'll never recapture it. When you're involved with music, it makes you very happy, and when you lose that—as some of my colleagues have done in their later years—you're in big trouble. I must tell you, I've never cheated on music—never. Sometimes the work grind dulls the edge of that voracious affair we all have with music. It's sad when that happens. The longer you can avoid that, the better. I think you have to be in love with music every day."

—HELEN DREES RUTTENCUTTER

(This is the second part of a two-part article.)

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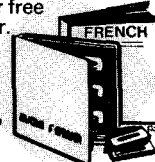
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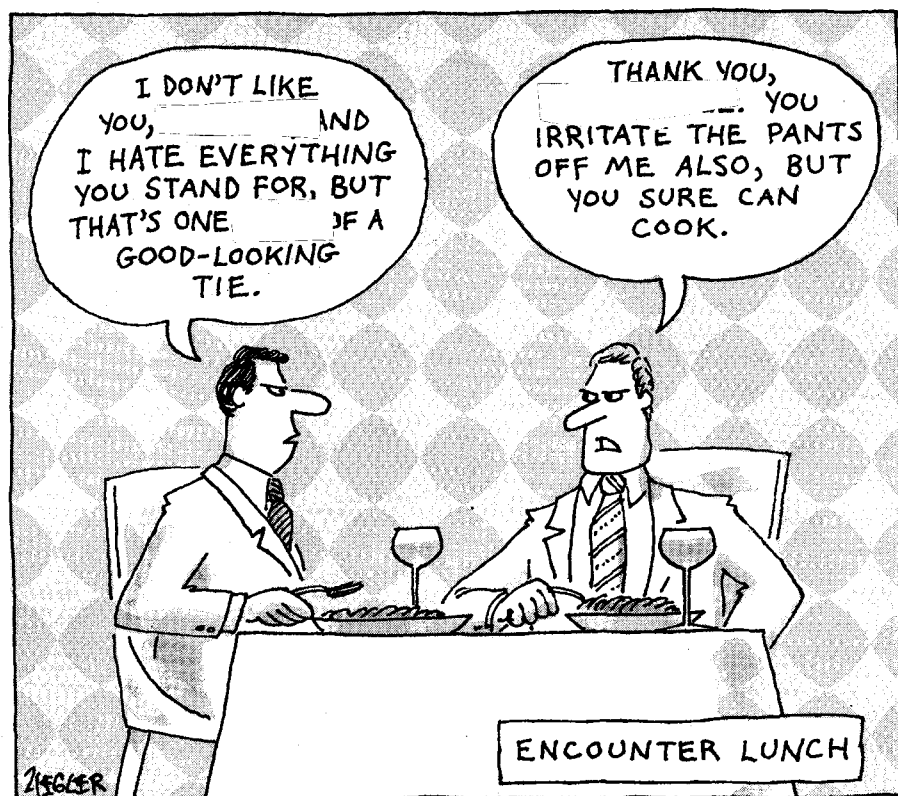
“YELLOW FEVER,” a production of the Pan Asian Repertory, by the Canadian dramatist R. A. Shiomi, which has been running for a few weeks at the Twenty-eighth Street Playhouse (Off Off), is a funny mystery—a real mystery, that is, which parodies private-eye movies and also tucks in quite a lot of social comment without ever breaking its own comic mood. The private eye in this instance is one Sam Shikaze, in an amusing, sly, tongue-in-cheek performance by Donald Li. He opens the play, stepping out from behind the scenery in a soft-brimmed Sam Spade hat to tell us that he lives and works—the verbs are interchangeable in his case—on Powell Street in Vancouver, which before the Second World War was the “main strip” of the local Japanese. When the war broke out, they were, of course, put on trains and sent “beyond the mountains,” most of them never to return—sent, as he later puts it, “to summer camp in winter.” But he has returned to go into private practice, so to speak, unwilling to join the police and smile and behave in an obsequious manner to gain advancement. The action, which takes place in March in the early nineteen-seventies, begins in the Japanese café-restaurant of a chuckly old body called Rosie, where

a mysterious Caucasian comes and goes before Sam has a chance to settle down to his noodles or whatever, and where Sam hears of the disappearance and presumed kidnapping of a girl known as Miss Cherry Blossom. Rosie also, by the way, tries to persuade Sam, divorced for ten years, to find himself another wife, but Sam will have none of that idea. Having decided to take on the kidnapping case, he returns to his office. There he is visited by, in turn, a successful lawyer named Chuck Chan, his best, perhaps only, friend; a police captain of Japanese origin with his sergeant, a towering, bigoted, bullying Scot, both of whom try to tout Sam off the case; and a very pretty reporter called Nancy Wing, who is determined to cleave to his side and get the story. At one point in this scene, there is a pistol shot, and a bullet flies through the window, lightly grazing Sam’s nose, which he covers with adhesive plaster, thus doffing that soft-brimmed hat to Jack Nicholson in “Chinatown.” The ingredients are now assembled, and we proceed, the action in the first act moving back and forth from the café to the office, as Sam searches, at some risk to himself, for clues to the kidnapping. During the intermission, the sergeant, out of police uniform and with bits of tartan

on his person, stalks the lobby, addressing us smokers with highly suspect geniality. He moves to the stage (as we sit down) and, along with his superior officer, a superintendent, who is also decorated with plaid and is wearing a sword, performs some ritual of the old country before the superintendent addresses the unseen members of his social club—the Sons of the Western Guards—who are dedicated to preserving the purity of their white blood and, now that the Japanese have left, to stemming the new tide of encroaching Chinese, sending them back across the Pacific before they can infect all of Canada with the disease he calls yellow fever. Sam and Nancy, crouched in the shadows, listen to him and also overhear a muttered remark that he makes to the sergeant, which turns out to be the key to the kidnapping. The synopsis stops here, for fear not so much of spoiling the mystery as of spoiling the fun, which is continuous, since private-eye movies and bigotry and Canadian Fascism are not the only targets of the wily Mr. Shiomi; any number of fatuities are lightly dealt with.

The performances, under the direction of Raul Aranas, are in every instance worthy of the delightful, unpretentious script. Ernest Abuba is the Asian police captain, noisy and officious at first and later almost reduced to tears when, in danger of losing his job because he has failed to crack the case, he pleads with Sam to help him, telling of the humiliations he has endured on his way up the police ladder; Jeffrey Spolan is his comically villainous sergeant; Henry Yuk is the urbane lawyer, Chuck Chan; Carol Honda is merry Rosie; James Jenner doubles as the mysterious Caucasian in the restaurant and the militant superintendent; and Freda Foh Shen is the beguiling reporter—the Oriental New Woman—who persuades the reluctant, hard-bitten Sam to join her in a “mature relationship between consulting adults.” All of them do well, but best of all is Mr. Li, his pan dead, his eyes bright with intelligence and humor, and he sets the tone of the show. The simple, appropriate scenery is by Christopher Stapleton, and it is particularly well lighted, by Dawn Chiang. Lillian Pan designed the good costumes. This visit was my first to the Pan Asian Repertory company, which, strictly speaking, is not repertory but is surely a company. I hope to bring you further reports.

—EDITH OLIVER





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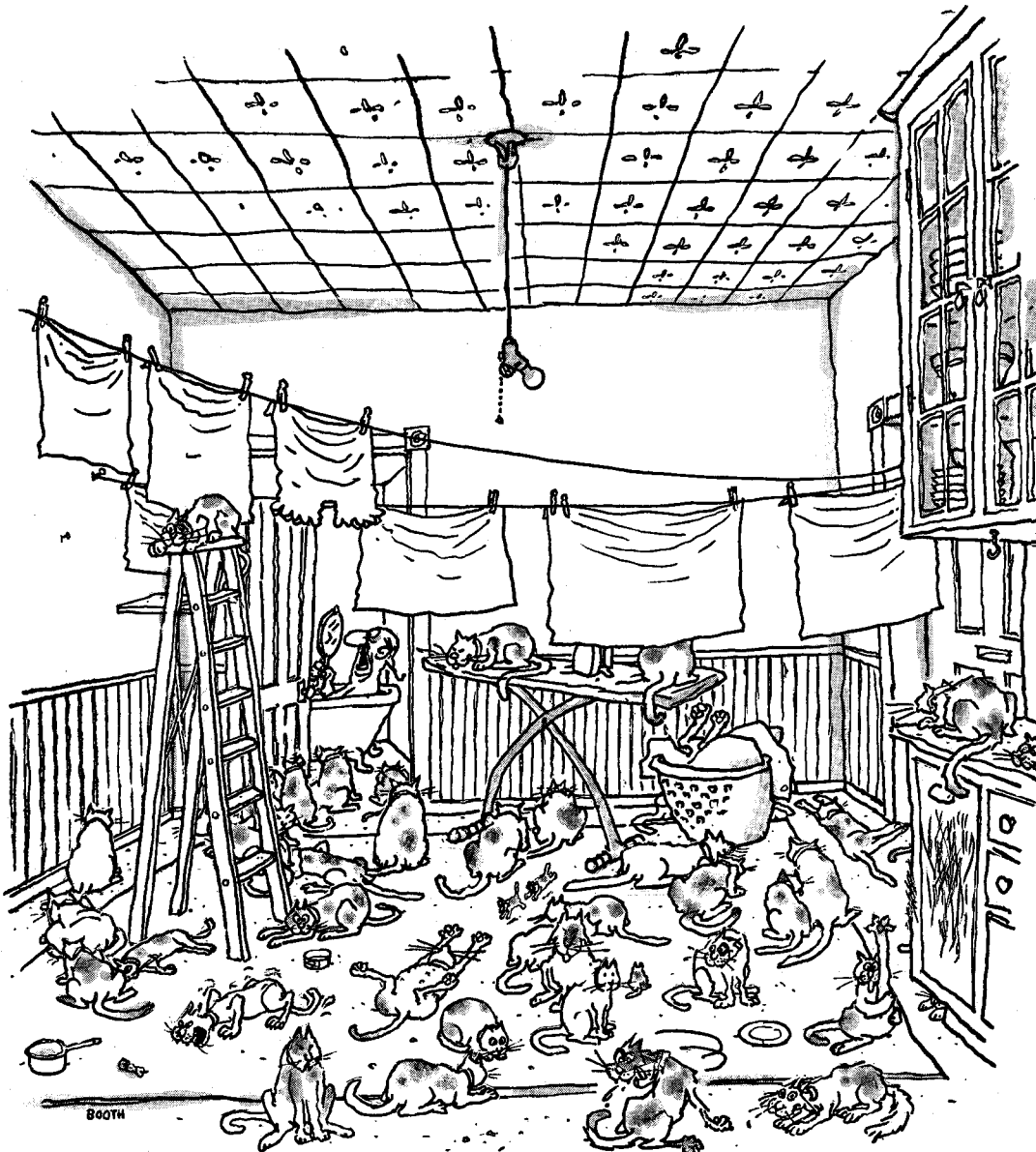
ON a Monday morning in May, I answered my phone and heard a joyful voice cry, "It's peeping in the shell! Isn't that wonderful!" I recognized George Archibald, the crane man. He was calling from Baraboo, Wisconsin, the headquarters of the International Crane Foundation, to tell me that a chick, still inside an egg laid twenty-eight days before by a captive whooping crane, had survived a variety of hazards during incubation and was signalling its readiness to enter the world. "You've got to see it happen," he said. "Please get on a plane and come out." I told George that I couldn't possibly go on such short notice. I wished him luck and we said

goodbye. But George's words echoed in my mind. Of course, I thought, it would be silly to drop everything and fly a thousand miles, from my home in Rhode Island, to see an egg hatch. What would there be to see? Just an egg—like the one I'd had for breakfast, only bigger. Hatching, I supposed, meant that the chick would simply break the shell and step out. Then I thought about whooping cranes: how marvellous it is that there are any at all; how marvellous that George Archibald and many other people are going to such extraordinary lengths to add to their number. Surely this chick would have the strangest prenatal history of any ever hatched. Its mother, Tex, was born at the San Antonio Zoo

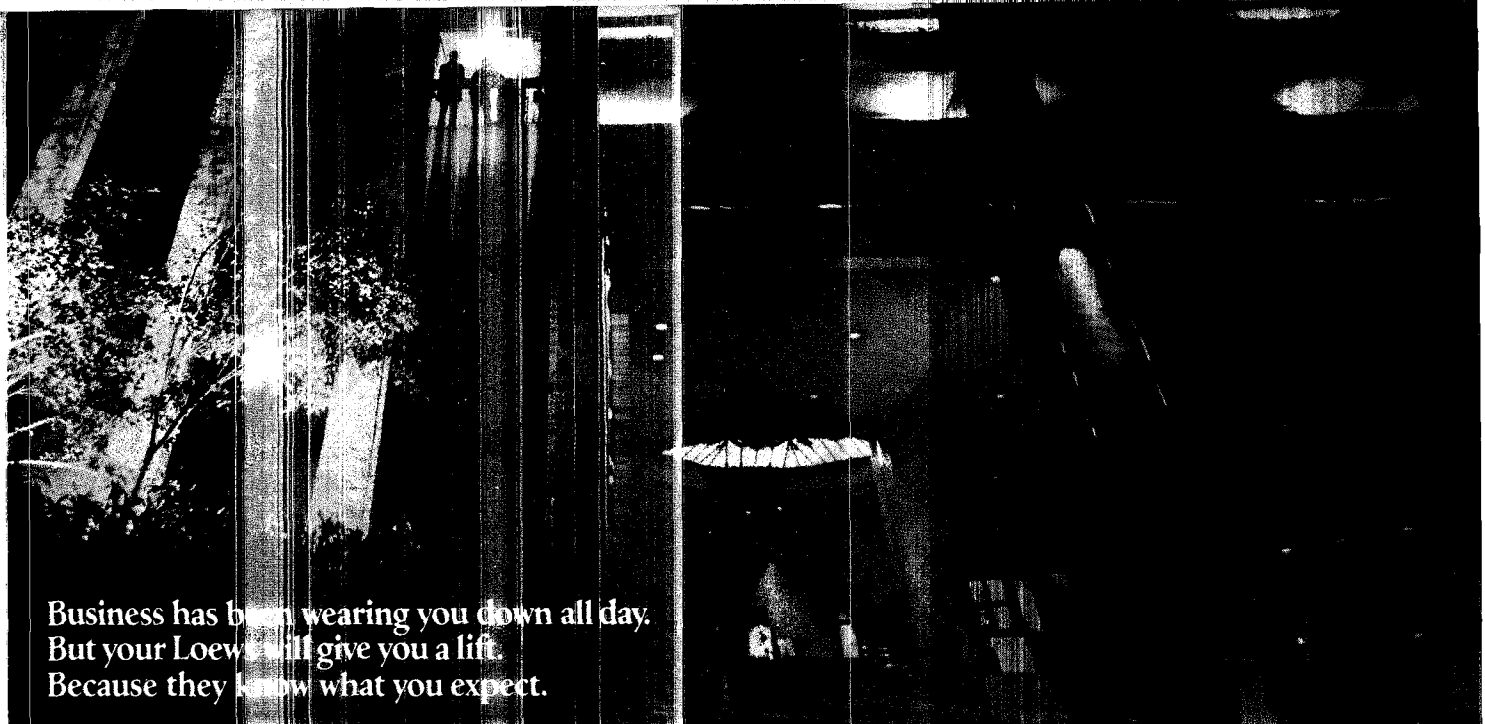
in 1967 and had been nursed through the first precarious weeks of her life by the zoo director, Fred Stark. A weak chick, she would not have survived without his care, but an unfortunate side effect was that she had a lifelong preference for men over whooping cranes. This imprinting made her unrelentingly cold to normal mates. From the zoo, Tex passed into the custody of the United States Fish and Wildlife Service, which breeds whooping cranes at its Patuxent Wildlife Research Center, in Laurel, Maryland. Tex proved to be useless for this purpose, and in 1976 the Service let Archibald have her. He and Ronald Sauey, a former classmate at Cornell, had founded a crane-breeding center at Baraboo in 1973, and were in the process of gathering pairs of the fifteen species of cranes in existence. Many crane species are dwindling, and some

are in imminent danger of extinction. Tex was joined at Baraboo by a male named Tony, who was supplied by the Audubon Park Zoo, in New Orleans, but she would have nothing to do with him. Archibald knew that artificial insemination of Tex would present no problem. The problem was in Tex's head. A female bird ovulates in response to proper signals from her partner. In whooping cranes, these include close companionship and frequent interludes of courtship. George, who has both a flexible mind and a determined spirit, vowed he would bring Tex into breeding condition even if he had to do the courting himself.

When Tex arrived at Baraboo, George set up housekeeping with her. He put a cot in her quarters—a small frame building opening onto a grassy yard—and slept there for a month. "Until then," George had told me in a previous interview, "no one had spent any time with her since she was a chick. This was



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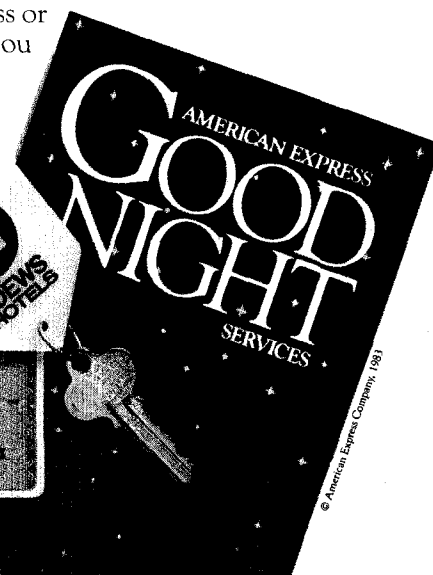
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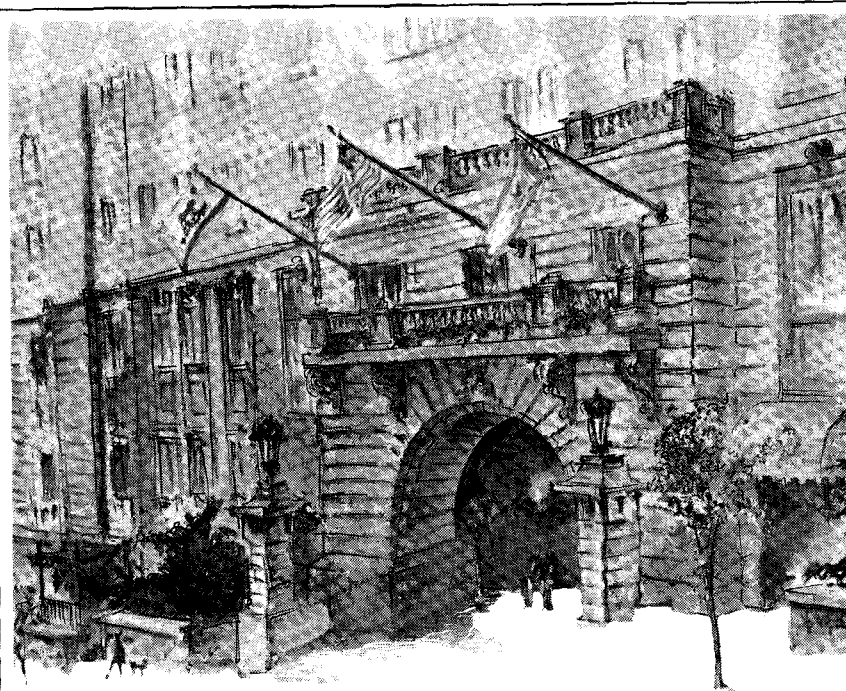
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her first chance as an adult to make friends with a male of what she considers *her* species. I talked to her a lot, and she began to respond. I spent every spare moment with her. A pair bond formed." When spring came, George performed cranelike dances, leaping with outspread arms, bowing, and whirling. Tex joined in. To George's immense joy, she showed that she was ready for copulation. She was artificially inseminated, but Tony's semen was poor, and the egg was infertile. The Audubon Park Zoo then supplied a more potent male—Tony's brother, Angus. George danced with Tex for a second spring, and in 1978 she laid a fertile egg. "I heard the chick peeping, ready to hatch," George recalls, "and then it died. I was heartbroken." To make matters worse, Angus died, too. A battalion of hot-air balloons soared over the crane pens, and Angus, frightened, flew into the wire fence of his pen. He broke his beak, and succumbed to later complications. In 1979, George again courted Tex. Tony donated sperm. The egg was soft-shelled and broke. During the next two breeding seasons, George was too busy to court Tex, but last spring he decided to make another all-out effort. Semen supplied by a crane at Patuxent was frozen and shipped to Baraboo. George and Tex staked out a nesting territory on a grassy hillside overlooking the crane pens. George provided himself with a table, a typewriter, and a small shed, in which he could take shelter on wet days, and for six weeks he played the part of a loyal mate. When Tex rested beside him, George wrote letters. When she sought attention, he joined her in searching for food, gathering nesting material, and dancing. He sneaked away only after dark, and he returned at dawn. When Tex's readiness was apparent, she was artificially inseminated. At last, on May 3rd, when, by George's later admission, his nerves were reaching the breaking point, Tex laid the precious egg.

MAY 31ST, 5:30 P.M. Seven hours after George's call, having reversed my decision, I have reached Baraboo. The egg rests on a bit of green carpet within an incubator that looks something like an old-fashioned wooden icebox except that it has two small, glass-paned windows on one side, giving a view of the interior. A fan hums as it circulates warm, humid air over the egg. Taking turns at the windows, we observe the egg: Archi-



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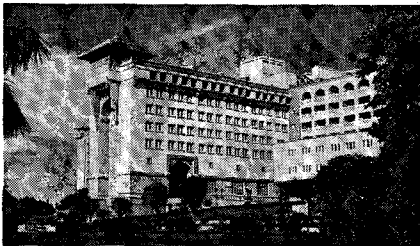
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bald; Michael Putnam, a tall, dark-haired young man, who is the foundation's head aviculturist; and I.

Peering in, I see a brown-speckled greenish egg, about five inches long, cradled between two scraps of foam rubber. I am reminded of those big white Easter eggs that have a window in one end. I wish this one had a window; the gray-green shell guards its secret closely. Round end facing us, the egg rests mute, motionless, enigmatic. It might be an artifact in a museum case. George points out a vital sign I've missed: a dime-size area of shell near the end shows a network of cracks, and at the center of the fracture there is a tiny puncture. The chick has pipped. This significant event occurred at three-thirty this afternoon, two hours before my arrival.

"That's a really good pip!" George says. He is ebullient. Now, he explains, the chick should begin the pecking that will eventually liberate it. It might free itself in as little as twelve hours and should take no more than thirty-six. Longer than that means serious trouble.

"Let's see how he sounds," George suggests. Mike Putnam shuts off the fan and opens the incubator door. He makes a crooning sound and addresses the egg. "Hello there! How're you doing?" He lowers his head to listen. A smile spreads over his face. "Good!" he exclaims. "That's real good." Mike turns to us and says, "He's peeping just fine." He moves over while George places his ear close to the egg. George also smiles widely, and then he offers me a turn. Sure enough, a tiny whispering sound emanates from the egg.

6:30 P.M. An hour has passed in the incubator room—a low-ceilinged basement—with no further action. The chick seems to have gone to sleep. "This is a funny egg—wrinkled at one end, and not quite symmetrical," George remarks. He gives an account of the crises the egg has survived. A moment after it was laid, George moved it to the nest of sandhill-crane foster parents and gave Tex a dummy egg. After fifteen days of incubation, George found that the egg was losing weight too rapidly (the decline was twenty-eight per cent, in contrast to a normal fifteen per cent), suggesting that it was too porous or thin-shelled and was becoming dehydrated. George put a plastic swimming pool in the

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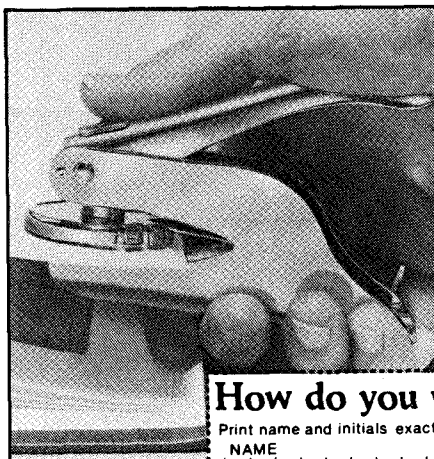
foster parents' pen, hoping that their wet feathers would stop dehydration. Weight loss continued. For several days, George gently poured water over the egg at intervals. Weight loss continued. His anxiety rose. On the eighteenth day, George put the egg in a highly humid incubator. The egg's weight chart continued to show a steep decline. George considered injecting distilled water. Patuxent advised against it. He called Dr. Bernard Wentworth, a professor of avian physiology at the University of Wisconsin. Wentworth hurried out to Baraboo with a solution of antibiotic in a jar in a cooler. He submerged the egg in the solution at 42° Fahrenheit for five minutes. The cold caused the embryo to contract, and so created a vacuum that drew moisture into the egg. The treatment was repeated daily, but with distilled water, at 50°, and the egg's weight loss stabilized at the proper rate.

7 P.M. The egg has remained motionless. George and I debate the value of an all-night vigil in order not to miss the magic moment when the chick steps out of the shell. Putnam is hungry and tired. Two young women who are assistants at the center volunteer to sit up with the egg and call us in the event of any change. We bid the egg good night.

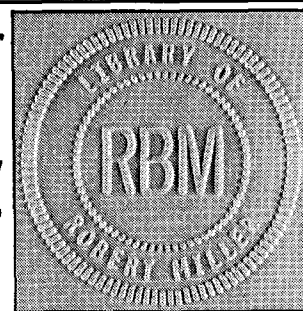
JUNE 1ST, 9 A.M. The egg has passed a quiet night, with disappointingly little progress. A few more bits of shell have been chipped away from the center of the fracture, so there is a quarter-inch slot. Peering closely, I detect quivering in the darkness inside the egg. Mike Putnam is now in sole charge. George has been suddenly called to an appointment and won't return until nightfall.

10 A.M. No apparent change in the egg. I sit beside the incubator, occasionally glancing within. Sometimes I see movement inside the hole in the egg; mostly, the chick is quiet. Mike sits at a table beside me making notes in a ledger. Across the room, two incubators of another type emit a constant hum. They hold this spring's crop of crane eggs of other species—about forty of them. They lie in rows on trays that are attached to a revolving drum, which turns the eggs every two hours—a job that mother cranes perform with their beaks. Mike rises,

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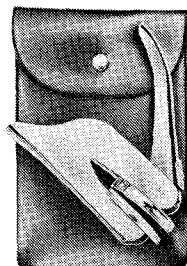
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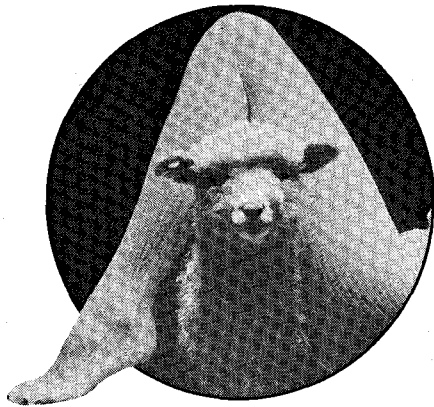


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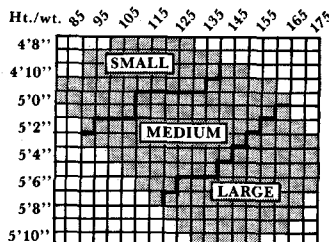
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takes out a tray of eggs, places it on the table, and examines the eggs one by one. Above his head, a checklist hangs on the wall. Printed in large type, it reads:

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10:30 A.M. Action! A fragment of shell has fallen from the rim of the hole in the egg. The tip of a beak sticks out, wavers, and falls back. I alert Mike. He goes over and peers in; then he opens the door. "Hi there!" he croons. A series of tiny, piping cries answers. The sound is eager and urgent but very, very small. "You're doing real good," Mike says encouragingly, and he shuts the door. The beak continues to nod and disappear, nod and disappear, as though the chick were desperately seeking contact.

"How much longer?" I ask.

"Lots longer," Mike replies, and he returns to the tray of eggs on the table. He candles an egg, holding it to a light, and with a pencil draws a slanting line on the shell. He explains that the embryo forms inside a sac, leaving an air space at the large end of the egg. The slanting pencil line outlines the air space.

At my request, Mike reviews the steps in hatching. They are more complicated and more perilous than I had imagined. While an embryo develops, it receives oxygen and nutrients through an umbilical cord attached to the yolk, which is, in turn, attached to the membrane lining the shell. Blood vessels in the membrane draw in oxygen through the shell's pores. Hatching begins when the chick's hormones prompt it to start scratching. The scratching continues until the chick tears its natal sac and can thrust its beak into the air space. At this point, the egg must be right side up, with the air space toward the top, or fluids draining from within the torn sac may drown the chick. That, Mike explained, was why he had been outlining the air space in pencil. After the sac is torn, a series of changes begins. The lungs start to function and the

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blood vessels in the membrane to wither. The chick is like a diver dependent on an air tank. It must reach the outer air, by pipping, before the oxygen in the air bubble is exhausted. As the chick begins to breathe, it utters its first peeps. Its mother replies with encouraging noises that stimulate the chick in its struggle. (Our chick has passed these stages—scratching, peeping, pipping—but it still has much work to do.) Within thirty-six hours, it must peck a line of perforations circling the end of the egg. Then, ideally, the end of the shell will fall off, and set the chick free. To peck these perforations, the chick must rotate inside the egg. Mike calls it “spinning.” It has been twenty hours since our chick pipped. It is time he started spinning.

Noon. The slot in the egg has lengthened. From time to time, a beak appears, waves back and forth, then sinks back, as though the chick were exhausted. Now and then, Mike opens the door and croons. Each time, the beak waves frantically, then disappears. I am beginning to feel anxious.

“Is the chick spinning?” I ask.

“Not yet,” Mike says. “Give him time. It takes an awful lot of energy to hatch.”

2 P.M. Very little progress. From time to time, the chick pecks at the edge of the hole, without effect. If the end of the egg were the dial of a clock, the chick would have chipped away no more than the five minutes between the twelve and the one. Mike opens the door and is greeted with frantic peeps—like cries for help. “Hi, kid!” he says softly. “What’s going on?” He picks up the egg and cradles it in his left hand. “I guess it’s time to take a look. Maybe this guy isn’t going to spin. Maybe something is holding him up.” With some blunt scissors, Mike delicately nibbles at the edges of the aperture. The chick trills excitedly. Suddenly, I can see it: a rather awful shade of mauve, wet and leathery. I can see toes and beak and the quills of one wing all cramped together. Mike gently shoves the chick aside with the scissors. “Let’s look at your membranes,” he murmurs, peering into the depths of the shell. He picks up a syringe and squirts a liquid into the egg. He replaces the egg on the green carpet and shuts the door. The chick’s

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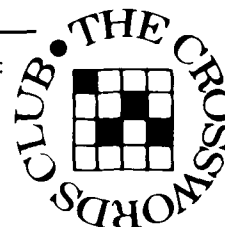
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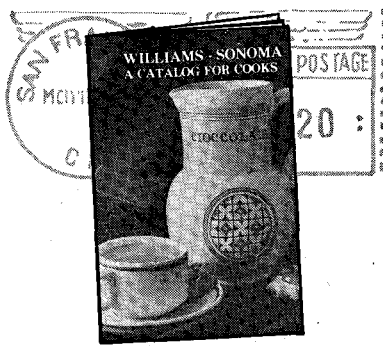
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beseeking peeps can still be heard. Mike explains that he squirted water into the shell to moisten the membranes, in case they were stuck to the chick and were preventing it from spinning. Why, I ask, doesn't he simply pull the chick out? Mike replies that timing is crucial. During the hours that the chick labors to perforate the shell, the blood vessels in the membrane that formerly supplied oxygen are drying up, and the yolk, a mass pressed against the chick's lower abdomen, is being absorbed through the umbilical cord. If the chick were to be dragged from the shell before these steps were completed, it could bleed to death. On the other hand, if it should fail to free itself at the right time it would also be in danger. In its cramped position, the lungs cannot fully expand; and this, combined with exhaustion, can asphyxiate it. Hearing this, I look at our poor egg and its valiantly struggling prisoner with reawakened anxiety. The chick seems infinitely frail, its task tremendous.

3 P.M. No progress. The chick is resting. Or giving up? The fan whirs. The trays in the other incubators revolve. Mike is reading a book. I admire his sang-froid immensely. I have a horrible feeling that this bird may not make it.

3:30 P.M. "Mike," I ask, "is this still within the bounds of normality?" He looks up briefly. "Getting close," he says, and he resumes reading.

4 P.M. The chick is peeping steadily. One leathery wing is exposed, pulsing with each rapid respiration. I can see the fragile skull, thinly plastered with wet featherlets; the beak waves and waves and waves. Mike rises deliberately, picks up a forceps, opens the door, and takes the egg in his left hand. Stimulated, the bird raises its head on a neck like limp spaghetti and peeps with renewed vigor. With infinite care, Mike operates on the shell, removing large sections. Using the forceps to push the chick aside, he peers into the bottom of the shell. "Membranes look good," he remarks, "but he needs more time." He replaces the egg. "Another problem," he adds, "is that if the bird comes out without enough of a struggle its coordination

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5 P.M. The chick has worked the long claws of one foot against the edge of the egg and seems to be trying to push itself out. One wing is already clear. The long, frail neck lifts the head, then sinks to the green carpet in an exhausted coil. For some time, Mike has been watching intently. "One big push might do it," he remarks. Members of the staff have been assembling, hoping to see the climactic moment of hatching. The room is crowded and filled with whispers. With all eyes on him, Mike again lifts out the egg. The bird struggles and peeps. Its head wavers, then collapses on Mike's palm. Mike peers inside the shell. Looking over his shoulder, I can see glistening moisture and patches of blood. With the hypodermic, Mike dribbles in some drops of water and a styptic solution to prevent bleeding. He replaces the egg. Now the chick, looking exhausted, lies half in and half out. Mike reaches for a roll of white sticky tape and neatly fashions two shoulder straps, tethering the bird to what remains of the shell. "Too much blood and yolk," he explains. "I want to give him more time." There is a murmur of disappointment from the watchers. People begin to drift away. Someone offers to take me out to supper. It has been a long day. I'm starved, but I don't want to miss anything. "Go ahead," Mike assures me. "This little guy isn't going anywhere right now."

6:30 P.M. I return to the incubator room. Mike is peering into the incubator, and he is smiling. "Look," he says. "He did it. He's O.K." There is the chick, lying on its breast, fully free at last. Its eyes are open, and its head nods in groggy triumph as it struggles to raise itself to its haunches. Its down is turning from mauve to reddish blond as it dries. "He just popped out," Mike says. "Doesn't he look great!" Mike beams with pleasure and pride. The chick raises its head and utters a tiny, piping whistle. It seems to say, "I am here. I am a whooping crane."

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Gorgeous Tragedy

THE first Covent Garden theatre opened in 1732 with a performance of Congreve's "Way of the World." Handel's Italian opera company played there from 1734 to 1737 ("Ariodante" and "Alcina" were among the six of his Italian operas that appeared); and thereafter until the year of his death, 1759, he often returned to Covent Garden to give Lenten oratorio performances. "Messiah" had its London première at the theatre, and "Joseph," "Judas Maccabaeus," "Joshua," "Jephtha," "Samson," "Susanna," and "Solomon," among others in the great series of English music dramas, had their premières. In 1744, Handel turned to a secular subject: his setting of Congreve's opera libretto "Semele" was performed at Covent Garden "after the Manner of an Oratorio." Two theatres later, in a two-hundred-and-fiftieth-anniversary celebration, the Royal Opera has paid tribute to Congreve and Handel by mounting a fully staged production of "Semele."

It is at least the sixth production in London alone since 1954 of a work that the Victorian music historian W. S. Rockstro declared "could never, by any possibility, have been tolerated upon the English Stage." Today, the reputation of "Semele" stands high. Washington staged it two years ago. It has been thrice recorded. Winton Dean, in his wonderful book on Handel's dramatic oratorios, remarks that "Handel's joy in the creation of 'Semele' is manifest in the exuberance of the invention and the variety of technical and structural resource" and that "all the richest layers of his imagination seem to have been simultaneously exposed." Few who know "Semele" would disagree. Yet it was the only one of the oratorios unrevived by the composer after the year of its first production. Its secularity probably told against it. Charles Jennens, the librettist of "Messiah," declared it "no oratorio, but a bawdy opera." Semele's lovely air "Oh sleep, why dost thou leave me? Why thy visionary joys remove?" became popular with sopranos unaware that in context it expresses the heroine's reluctance to wake from the beguilements of an erotic dream.

In the nineteenth-century vocal score, such words as "fruitful," "bed," and "desire" were expunged.

Among Handel's music dramas, "Semele" holds a special place. It is at once a classical tragedy, a rapturous celebration of sensual delights, and a psychological play in which, not without touches of humor, two women are

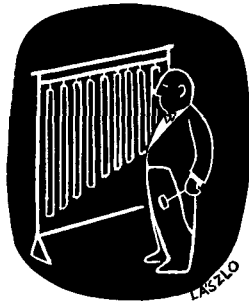
keenly and vividly portrayed and the feelings of those around them are eloquently voiced. "Semele" tells of a beautiful, pleasure-loving young woman who is installed in luxury as the mistress of a man of high social station; for this rich, exciting lover she has abandoned the re-

spectable but slightly dull young man she was meant to marry. In her gilded love nest, she grows bored and ambitious. Her lover invents distractions for her, but in vain: she insists on being taken to move in the circles he moves in—on being treated as an equal, not as someone to be visited on the sly. The man's wife, jealous, vindictive, and clever, furthers the ambition, knowing that it must end in disaster for her rival. Claude Autant-Lara's film "En Cas de Malheur," with Brigitte Bardot, Jean Gabin, and Edwige Fenech, is a modern version of the story. Congreve set it in the resonant world of Greek myth, in Thebes and on Mount Cithaeron (where Actaeon and Pentheus met their fates, where Oedipus was exposed); on the summit Jupiter has erected for Semele the pleasure palace where cool gales fan the glade where'er she walks.

In 1732, the Bishop of London banned a scenic representation of Handel's oratorio "Esther," and thereby changed the course of Handel's career and the history of English music. Handel's subsequent oratorios are written as if for an ideal theatre in which the stagecraft knows no limits. Scenic directions remain in the librettos, and the composer's imagination remains pictorial, but, liberated from any dependence on painted canvas or on the mechanics of choral assembly and dispersal, Handel composes with the freedom of a movie director. He shifts scenes in the twinkling of a harmony; musters bands of revellers or

warriors at will; makes his choristers now Hebrews, now Philistines (in "Belshazzar," the most spectacular of the series, now Babylonians, now Medes and Persians, now Hebrews) without needing to allow time for costume changes; and employs them to point a moral, sound a warning, or crown a musical sequence without having to determine whether they are onstage or offstage, or what characters they are supposed to represent. Consider the second scene of "Belshazzar." It is headed "The Camp of Cyrus before Babylon. A view of the City, with the River Euphrates running through it. Cyrus, Gobrias; Medes and Persians. Chorus of Babylonians upon the Walls, deriding Cyrus, as engaged in an impracticable undertaking." After the Babylonians have sung their jeering chorus, the camera closes in, as it were, on Cyrus and Gobrias, discussing a strategy by which the city may be taken. Cyrus prays ("Great God! . . . Support me still") and then turns to his men: "My friends, be confident, and boldly enter upon this high exploit." The ensuing chorus, "All empires upon God depend; Begun by his command, at his command they end," is at once their response and a gnomic commentary to close the sequence.

The flexibility that freed Handel's dramatic genius from the confines of opera seria and inspired works that have been likened to the "Oresteia" and "King Lear" challenges the director who would now give them theatrical dress. Whether or not they should be staged has been debated since Handel's own day; the clinching argument for staging them is the power and beauty of those modern productions in which the challenges have been bravely and sensitively met. The Handel Opera Society mounted "Hercules" in 1956; its "Theodora," in 1958, inaugurated a series of annual oratorio productions. Through a quarter century, many approaches have been tried: most of the possible mistakes were made early, and several ways toward effective inscenation have been found. During these years, the regular British companies did less well. They imported foreign directors ignorant of what the Handel Opera Society had revealed. For Covent Garden's "Samson" in 1958, Herbert Graf resorted to a static, tiered chorus; the drama—Jon Vickers its impassioned hero—was enacted within an oratorio frame. At Glyndebourne in 1966, Günther Rennert presented "Jephtha" as a cos-



tumed concert (and ruined the work by adopting an edition that mangled the musical architecture and omitted the tremendous statements—the opening words and the second-act finale—that proclaim its theme). For the Sadler's Wells Opera in 1970, in the Coliseum, Filippo Sanjust turned "Semele" into a royal romp: Juno was Queen Caroline angrily pacing the gardens of St. James's Palace while her lady-in-waiting Iris reported that the establishment of George II's latest mistress had been located; there not Loves and Zephyrs but a staff of discreet liveried servants attended upon Semele. None of these three short-lived productions lent much support to the Handelians' claim that the music dramas should be a cornerstone of the national operatic repertory; for a "Saul" of tragic grandeur we pleaded in vain.

About Covent Garden's new "Semele," directed by John Copley, I have mixed feelings. It is a very lavish show, staged and dressed as if by Veronese in his most opulent vein. There are acres of painted canvas, columns, clouds, aerial cars, and sumptuous costumes, all glowingly lit. (The sets are by Henry Bardon, the costumes by David Walker.) The drama is all but swamped by the décor. The Royal Opera can bring to Handel scenic, choral, and dance resources not commanded by the Handel Opera Society (which performs in Sadler's Wells); but "Semele" does not really demand what its heroine demanded of Jove—"no less than all in full excess." Covent Garden might answer its critics with another of Semele's lines, "You always complain!" There is cause for complaint if decorative values take precedence of drama, if directness and subtlety are drenched in frippery. Admittedly, the Royal Opera House of today (built in 1858, and seating twenty-two hundred and fifty) is very much larger than the 1732 theatre Handel knew, and big-house Handel is hard to bring off. Yet a strong, simple staging might have worked better than this highly elaborated one. Musically, things were also less than ideal. Sir Charles Mackerras, who in 1970 conducted a poised, buoyant account of the score for the Sadler's Wells Opera, had not induced the Covent Garden orchestra to play for him lightly, liltily, freshly. Number after number seemed to move ponderously and a shade slowly. (The 4/4 andante of the duet "Obey my will," for example, sounded as if there were eight beats in each measure.) Valerie Masterson, the

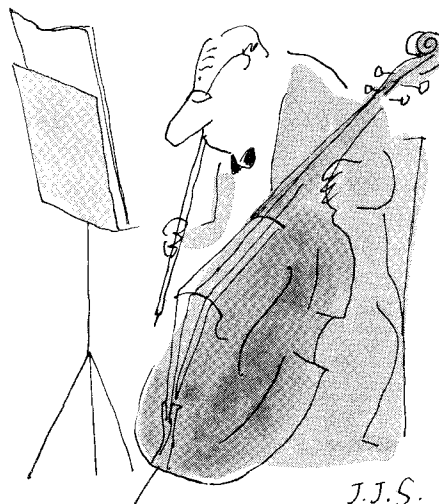
Semele, was clear and fluent in divisions but less sweetly attractive of timbre in the lyrical episodes, and less piquant in her pouting exchanges with Jupiter, than some of her London predecessors have been. Kathleen Kuhlmann, a Californian, made a good Covent Garden début doubling the mezzo roles of Ino and Juno; without banishing memories of Monica Sinclair and Helen Watts, she was forthright and effective. Marie McLaughlin, the Iris, was delightfully bright, fearless, and true. Robert Tear was a conscientious and intelligent Jupiter, but his tones lacked charm. There was an abundance, sometimes a surfeit, of vocal embellishment, and most of it sounded learned from a score rather than exuberantly improvised.

IN this country, Handel's dramatic oratorios are given mainly in concert performances. (Peter Sellars' staging of "Saul," at Harvard in 1981, was an exception.) Kennedy Center has a "Hercules" in concert later this month, a "Theodora" in concert in April. Two organizations have plans for presenting the complete series of sixteen: the Maryland Handel Festival, which is held annually on the College Park campus of the University of Maryland, outside Washington, and the Sine Nomine Singers, who perform in Merkin Hall. Maryland began at the beginning, with Handel's first oratorio, "Esther," and will probably do his second, "Deborah," next year. Sine Nomine began at the end, with his last oratorio, "Jephtha," in 1981 and his last but one, "Theodora," this season. (A continuation *motu recto et contrario* would lead to "Hercules" at a crossroad in 1989, but in fact Sine Nomine has announced "Hercules," not "Susanna," as its next

venture.) Handelians were dismayed when they discovered that the Maryland "Esther" and the New York "Theodora" were billed for performance on the same November afternoon; to make things worse, there was also a New York "Esther," in Carnegie Hall, on the first day of the Maryland festival. This was poor planning. But we have been promised that "Deborah" and "Hercules" will not similarly coincide.

"Esther" was the only one of Handel's oratorios staged in his day—possibly at Cannons in 1718; then in London in 1732, before the Bishop's ban. It is one of the last to have been staged in our day: the Handel Opera Society mounted it only in 1980 (and, according to Mr. Dean's account in *Opera*, mounted it well). The libretto depends from Racine's play-with-music "Esther," written—like his "Athalie," which Handel also took up—for the demoiselles of Saint-Cyr. In the English reworking, the plot is not without incident but lacks inner conflicts: Haman, Xerxes' henchman, plans a "holocaust;" Xerxes' Jewish queen, Esther, asks her husband to countermand it; he does so, and the Jews rejoice. Several numbers were borrowed from the Brockes Passion. Haman, a bass, has the liveliest music. He starts things off with a fierce recitative ("It is decreed, All the Jewish race shall bleed") and air, enthusiastically seconded by an officer ("Our souls with ardour glow, To execute the blow") and a chorus. Xerxes (Handel, following Racine, called him Assuerus, and later Ahasuerus) is less a mighty ruler than a love-smitten tenor—or, in Handel's 1732 revision, alto. Esther is a soprano. Her uncle Mordecai is a tenor (in 1732, a contralto). There are solo episodes for unnamed soprano, alto, and tenor Israelites. Most of the drama resides in the Jewish choruses—especially the lament "Ye sons of Israel, mourn" and the sustained D-major jubilation of the finale. But there is also a tense scene when Haman, on hearing his death sentence pronounced, falls to his knees and addresses Esther ("Turn not, O Queen, thy face away"), and she remains inflexible, cutting contemptuously, unaccompanied, into his final cadence with her "Flatt'ring tongue, no more I hear thee."

Maryland used the original, 1718 version. Paul Traver, who conducted, has an admirable feeling for the dance rhythms that underlie many of Handel's movements. Where Handel con-



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ductors often plod, his gait is light. But—the never satisfied critic can always find a “but”—in gravely forceful episodes Mr. Traver still tends to dance, and to leave the musical phrases uncolored by the sense of the words and the mood of the scene. It is a happier fault than leaden earnestness. Bernard Shaw wanted to hear “Messiah” sung by “a choir of heathens, restrained by no considerations of propriety.” Edward Fitzgerald called Handel “a good old Pagan at heart.” But in this “Esther” Mr. Traver sometimes missed the weight of emotion that should mark the piece. The choir, the University of Maryland Chorus, was adept—sixty young, fresh voices, fluent, flexible, and vigorous. They plainly enjoyed their music, and imparted that enjoyment to the audience. The finale was splendid. But they did not make us share in the plight of a people condemned to extermination. In general, the performance was insufficiently operatic, too oratorio-like. There were pauses between numbers during which the action hung fire. The Esther, Benita Valente, seemed to be tied to her book—rendering the notes but not phrasing as if the fate of thousands turned upon her utterances. The Haman, Donnie Ray Albert, was fierce and powerful, but his voice lost quality when not used at full force. There was one true Handelian in the cast, René Jacobs, who sang the alto solos (which include the poignant “O Jordan, Jordan, sacred tide”) vividly and affectingly. Although the orchestra was modern, it included Smithsonian players versed in Baroque music and able to modify the modern style in Handelian directions. (At an earlier festival concert, two of the Opus 3 concerti grossi were played on Baroque instruments; a chorally brilliant Dettingen Te Deum followed.) Handel revived “Esther” often between 1732 and 1757, recasting the score, adding numbers (sometimes in Italian), omitting numbers. Through all the “convulsions” (Dean’s word), the essential plot and the vital scenes of 1718 survived. It was a popular work. The Maryland performance showed why.

I CAUGHT up with the Sine Nomine “Theodora” by means of a tape recording, and was glad to hear it. Handel’s last two oratorios are marked by a rare spiritual beauty, to which the performers, conducted by Harry Saltzman, seemed finely responsive. There was a good cast. Berna-



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dette Fiorella's singing of the title role was ardent, limpid, and pure. Jeffrey Dooley's declamation, as Didymus, was keen. Marianna Busching was a moving Irene. Mr. Saltzman had restored several passages of recitative missing in the standard scores, the lack of which had obscured characterization and led to patches of grammatical nonsense. He used a Baroque orchestra, whose timbres gave fresh eloquence to Handel's carefully judged scoring. There was some sensitive wind playing. In Merkin Hall, I'm told, the soloists made entrances and exits as the libretto prescribes, and different parts of the platform were used to suggest the different scenes of the action; the effect of this could not be judged from a tape recording, but the idea is a good one. In some musical ways, the performance could have been more dramatic: sometimes the bass lines trudged, unphrased; the gleeful chorus of sexy Roman soldiers, excited that Theodora is to be made over to their lusts, was rather sedately sung; again and again cadences that should clinch recitatives briskly were delayed and protracted. By the time of "Theodora," Handel's setting of English was sure and subtle. The singers sometimes spoiled it by observing bars and beats instead of natural inflections: "and thy thunders roll around," "by an unhappy constancy." But on the whole this was an affecting performance of Handel's radiant late masterpiece, his only oratorio (apart from "Messiah") on a Christian subject.

—ANDREW PORTER

ROBBERY—Police arrested a teen-ager after nine men in their 20s knocked two men to the ground at 11:40 p.m. at Webster and Hayes streets and robbed them of \$2.—*San Francisco Examiner*.

No wonder kids can't wait to grow up.

Tips: "Read sample issues. Rewrite. Many of the mss we reject are not polished. Be certain your story is as 'finished' as you can make it before you submit."—*Cottonwood Review* entry in the 1982-83 Fiction Writer's Market.

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THE ART WORLD

Museums Without Walls

THE book business is terrible, but the art-book business appears to be flourishing. Coffee-table books, refectory-table books, sideboard books weighing in at nine pounds and up beckon to us from show windows with their lavish color spreads, arresting layouts, and onerous prices. Who buys these gorgeously caparisoned behemoths? Who plunks down seventy-five dollars for "Wallpapers: An International History and Illustrated Survey," or sixty-five for "Great Magazine Covers of the World"? Harry N. Abrams, Inc., published the first, in an edition of twenty-five hundred, and Abbeville Press, Inc., ran off twelve thousand five hundred copies of the second, and both publishers report brisk sales. It is clear that some people actually do buy such books—presumably people who are not feeling crimped by the recession. If someone in this league decides that he or she covets, let's say, "The Icon," Knopf's scholarly survey of "The Byzantine Tradition in Europe, Russia, and the Near East Through Seven Major Epochs" (\$60), then he or she is probably not going to feel obliged to pause for reflection before buying it. In fact, Knopf could probably sell almost as many copies of the book at twice the price.

Cynics in the book trade used to speak of illustrated-book lists as "pre-remainder publishing." This referred to the practice among some hardcover publishers of making a prepublication deal with a remainder house to take a certain number of unsold copies (provided there were any), which the remainder house would later sell at a discount; such an arrangement, also known as a "put," enabled the original publisher to print a larger edition than it could have done otherwise, and printing a larger edition made it possible to reduce the unit cost and thus to price the hardcover book more attractively. This practice is not so common anymore. Escalating production costs have squeezed most of the marginal operators out of the illustrated-book market in this country, and those who remain generally prefer to keep their

product off the remainder shelves as long as possible.

Abrams, which specializes in illustrated books and publishes more of them than any other house, does not expect to do more than cover its production costs with a first printing. The profit comes from subsequent printings, sales to specialized book clubs and other groups, and foreign rights. (Quite often an art book will be issued jointly by an American and a European publisher, which share the costs.) Abrams keeps its titles in print for a long time—up to thirty years in some cases.



Most of them sell out eventually, and a few are reprinted many times. In the case of its monographs on contemporary artists, which may appeal only to a small sector of art-book buyers, Abrams sometimes asks the artist himself to help matters along by contributing an original lithograph or etching, which the firm sells in a multiple edition, through its prints department. Its contemporary-art books are also subsidized in part by some remarkably successful titles that appeal to a much broader public—"Gnomes," for example, an illustrated fantasy published in 1977, which in a little more than a year sold nine hundred thousand hardcover copies, at seventeen-fifty a copy. This year's big seller from Abrams is "Walt Disney's Epcot" (\$35), which has already sold more than thirty thousand copies.

The trick to art-book publishing is selective marketing—picking subjects that will be of interest to a particular (and particularly affluent) audience, and then reaching that audience. The traditional bookstore is not always the best place to reach it. Abrams and other publishers place ads in specialized magazines and trade publications, and also do a lot of direct-mail advertising. Museum bookstores account for quite a few sales. A significant number of art books these days are really glorified catalogues of museum exhibitions; Abrams is counting on the publicity for the Metropolitan Museum's exhibition "The Vatican Collections: The Papacy and Art,"

which opens in February, to boost sales of the hardcover catalogue that Abrams is distributing. The increase in museum attendance in this country (not to mention the ever-expanding roster of new museums) has certainly helped to augment the number of art-book buyers, although not exactly in direct proportion. Museumgoers might pay fifteen dollars for a softcover exhibition catalogue, but not very many of them shell out forty dollars and up for a hardcover souvenir. Art-book publishers argue that they are offering excellent value for the money. At a time when a contemporary novel, poorly printed and bound, costs in the neighborhood of fifteen dollars, an expensively printed art book may indeed be something of a bargain. Some art books appreciate in value, moreover; a first edition of Viking's "Georgia O'Keeffe," which sold for sixty dollars when it came out, in 1976, is worth several times that much today, even though the book is still in print, in less expensive editions. The art books that do end up on the remainder shelves—and a great many do, year after year—are probably not going to increase in value. They represent mistaken guesses—titles aimed at an audience that did not exist or existed in smaller numbers than the publisher estimated. The titles below—my list of the outstanding art books of 1982—are not likely to be remaindered in the near future, but you never can tell. If you see one of them offered at a discount, don't pause to reflect.

"THOMAS EAKINS," by Lloyd Goodrich (National Gallery of Art/Harvard; two volumes, \$75), and "Alfred Stieglitz" (National Gallery of Art/Callaway Editions; \$75), the two most impressive art books of 1982, both owe their publication to the National Gallery, in Washington, D.C. Goodrich's groundbreaking study of Eakins, published originally in 1933, had been out of print since 1940. Aided by a grant from the National Gallery, Mr. Goodrich has done much more than update his earlier work; this is a completely new text, four times as long as the original, and it incorporates a great wealth of material that has come to light since 1933—Eakins' letters, reminiscences of friends and students, even some previously unrecorded paintings. (A third volume—a catalogue raisonné—is still to come.) The Stieglitz book is published in conjunction with a major exhibition of

Stieglitz photographs at the National Gallery, which will open next month. The seventy-three photographs reproduced in this handsome volume were selected by Sarah Greenough and Juan Hamilton, under the supervision of Stieglitz' widow, Georgia O'Keeffe. They cover all phases of his career, and they are reproduced with a care and fidelity that could hardly be bettered.

"Architecture Today," by Charles Jencks (Abrams; \$65), is exactly what its title says—a thorough look at everything going on right now in this complex and contradictory field. Mr. Jencks, an American architectural critic who lives in London, codifies and classifies with unflagging authority, setting us straight on the differences between Late Modern and Post-Modern (Richard Meier is Late Modern, Michael Graves is Post-Modern) and on other thorny matters. An architect might find his categories a bit glib, but the illustrations are so dazzling that they tempt us to feel we are living in an architectural golden age, as perhaps we are.

"The Palace Museum: Peking—Treasures of the Forbidden City" (Abrams; \$65) sounds like a film by Steven Spielberg, but it is in fact a scholarly survey of Chinese art in all its forms—architecture, bronze sculpture, painting, calligraphy, ceramics, jade, lacquer, textiles. It is cheering to find that the present Chinese government sets such store by its aesthetic heritage. The congeries of palaces in the once-forbidden city (now open to the multitudes) comprises seventy major buildings and nine thousand rooms, in which are preserved nearly a million works of art. The sprightly text, by Wan-go Weng, a Chinese-American scholar, makes it unnecessary to cope with the denser introduction by Yang Boda, a director of the Palace Museum.

"Henri Rousseau," by Yann le Pichon (Viking; \$75), is a lifework. As a child, M. le Pichon took piano lessons from Rousseau's granddaughter, who happened one day to show him a picture album of wild animals that her grandpa had used in painting his jungle scenes. The piano student became an art historian (one gathers that the transformation was immediate), who spent more than twenty years tracking down the visual source—often a photograph—of just about every image in the Douanier's oeuvre. You may not want to follow the quest in such detail, but the fantastical imaginative kingdom of Rousseau is

all here, richly reproduced, and, as always, it is a joy to visit.

"John Singer Sargent," by Carter Ratcliff (Abbeville; \$85), is stylish, extravagant, and slick, in keeping with its subject. The text, by one of our best young art historians, does not attempt to restore Sargent to the pinnacle of renown he once occupied, but it throws much light on his achievements. Sargent's "deepest allegiance," the author writes, "was to that borderless realm of refinement where he and his friend Henry James were leading citizens."

"Watercolors and Drawings of the French Impressionists," by Horst Keller (Abrams; \$60), is the year's obligatory title. (Will the Impressionist market ever dry up?) This entry's special appeal is that the Impressionists did not go in much for watercolors or drawings (Degas is the exception), and the work they did in these perishable media is rarely exhibited. A Renoir sketch of "Three Bathers," shown here, makes them look even more toothsome alive than they do in the painting in the Philadelphia Museum of Art.

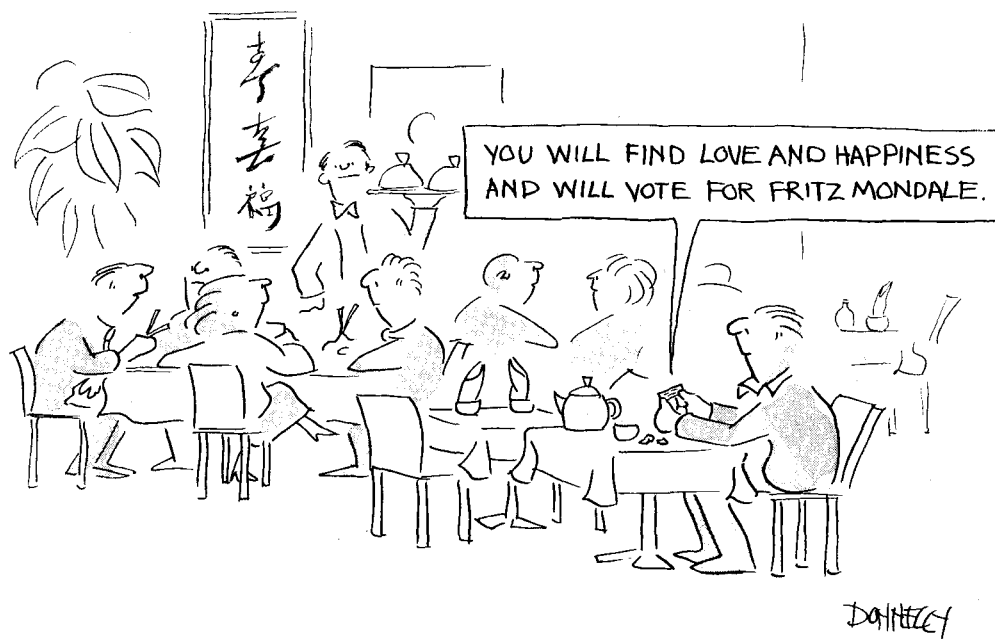
The year's outstanding exhibition catalogue was "De Stijl: 1917-1931—Visions of Utopia" (Abbeville; \$39.95 cloth, \$24.95 paper), published for a show that originated at the Walker Art Center, in Minneapolis. Essays by a dozen European and American scholars make this a well-balanced survey of the movement that carried Cubism into "pure plastic" abstraction and had such a pervasive influence on painting, architecture, furniture, and graphic design.

"North American Indian Art," by

Peter and Jill Leslie Furst (Rizzoli; \$45), is a book that makes you wish there were an exhibition to go with it, which there isn't. It has an informative and readable text, good photographs of mysteriously beautiful objects, and scads of color plates. I liked especially the nineteenth-century Tlingit raven rattle on which a "reclining shaman with the features of a bear seems to be receiving power from a Thunderbird through the medium of the spirit frog he holds clamped between his jaws." That's *real* expressionism.

"Christina's World" (Houghton Mifflin; \$90) will appeal to all those fans of Andrew Wyeth. This large, reverently designed volume tells the story—in drawings, watercolors, paintings, and text—of Wyeth's long involvement with the Olson family in rural Maine, and in particular of his friendship with the handicapped Christina Olson, the subject of his famous painting in the Museum of Modern Art. The spare text is by Betsy James Wyeth, the artist's wife, and includes selections from Christina's letters. A bumper crop of Wyeth nostalgia.

Monographs on contemporary artists were relatively inconspicuous in 1982. Two that caught my eye were "Dubuffet," by Andreas Franzke (Abrams; \$95), and "Rockwell Kent: An Anthology of His Work," edited by Fridolf Johnson (Knopf; \$60). Rockwell Kent? Known mainly as a book illustrator and a fan of Soviet Russia (he may have been the only American artist to be simultaneously a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters and an honorary



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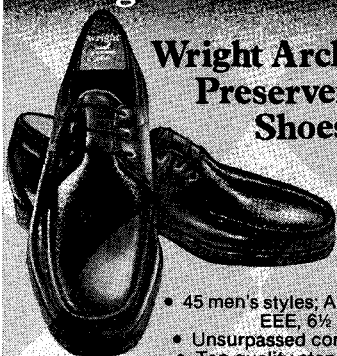
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member of the U.S.S.R. Academy of Art), Kent, who died in 1971, was also a fervent anti-modernist. Knopf has set out to resurrect his memory with this boldly and beautifully designed book, which includes excerpts from his voluminous writings and reproductions of his little-known oil paintings—landscapes, mostly, with symbols rampant. The Dubuffet book is one of Abrams' better efforts in this line—an intelligent, comprehensive overview of a major artist's career. Nothing better on Dubuffet exists in English.

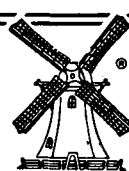
The shortage of books about contemporary (or near-contemporary) artists was offset by the appearance of two lovely books by artists. Jennifer Bartlett's "In the Garden" (Abrams; \$35); with an introduction by John Russell, presents the complete series of a hundred and ninety-seven drawings, in a variety of media, that Miss Bartlett made of the garden of a villa she occupied two years ago in Nice; they were shown at the Paula Cooper Gallery in 1981. The artist supervised all aspects of the book's production, including the actual printing, in Japan. (Most of Abrams' art books are printed in Japan.) The result is a spirited and engrossing visual narrative. "Jasper Johns: 17 Monotypes" (Universal Limited Art Editions; \$25), with an essay by Judith Goldman, was published to coincide with the Whitney Museum's current show of these large, infinitely complex monotypes on a familiar Johns theme—a Savarin coffee can holding used paintbrushes. The book reflects the inspired perfectionism for which both Jasper Johns and Universal Limited Art Editions, the tiny Long Island print workshop founded by the late Tatyana Grosman, are world famous. Paper, binding, design, and color reproduction are all of exceptional quality, and Judith Goldman's text is a model of clarity and insight. Mrs. Grosman would have been very proud of this book, and that is the highest praise I know.

—CALVIN TOMKINS

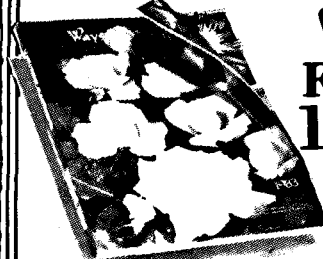
JAKARTA, Tuesday.—Three followers of an anti-government Moslem movement were sentenced to prison terms ranging from 13 to 20 years yesterday. They had been found guilty of violating Indonesia's subversion law because of their alleged participation in a movement to overthrow the Government and replace it with a nuclear bomb.—*Sydney (Australia) Morning Herald.*

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BOOKS

An Outsider in Washington

WHEN Mark Twain arranged for the publication of Ulysses Grant's memoirs, to support the impecunious ex-President in retirement, he anticipated what has become a publishing tradition. Indeed, every President since Harry Truman—with the exception, of course, of John F. Kennedy—has produced at least one fat volume within a year or so of leaving office. Truman introduced the device of quoting liberally from personal papers. His letters to "Mamma & Mary" (Mary was his sister) were disarming accounts of how a self-styled simple man felt on being elevated to the Presidency. One came away from the Truman memoirs with the feeling that one knew the man—that whether one agreed or disagreed with his decisions in office he was an understandable and likable character. Eisenhower, Johnson, Nixon, and Ford chose to conceal more of themselves. The Presidential memoir became a formula product—mostly apologia, with a few anecdotes about personalities of the time, quotations from hitherto secret documents of no

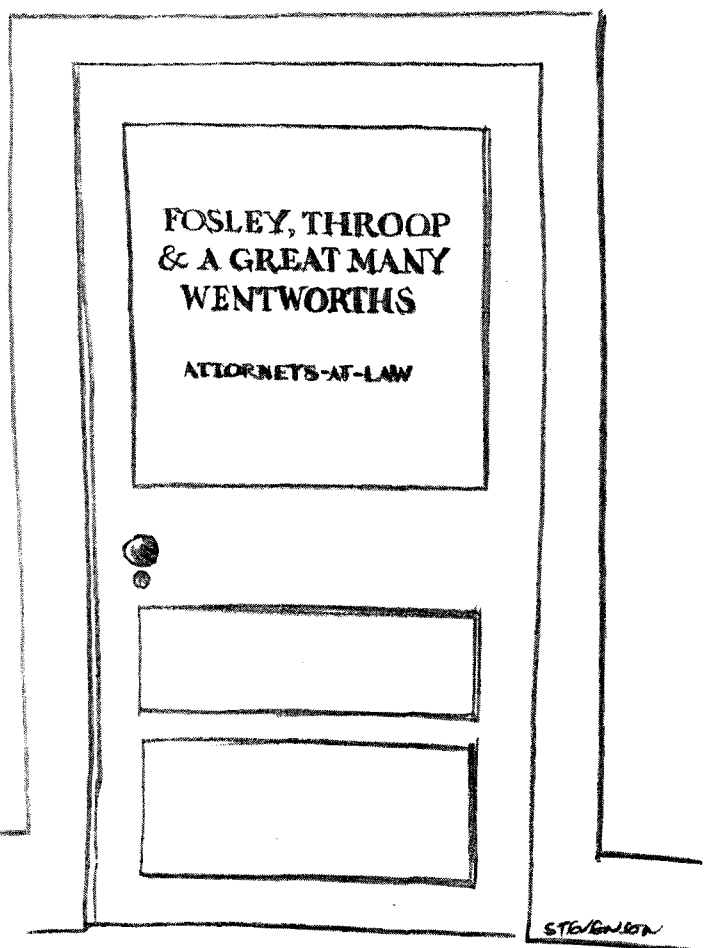
great moment, and a bit of philosophy. The tone reflected the Administration. Eisenhower's style was Olympian and dull. Johnson's had a frantic, sanctimonious air. Nixon's evinced the same respect for truth he demonstrated in five years in office. Ford's was characteristically bland. "Keeping Faith" (Bantam; \$22.50) memorializes the mystery of Jimmy Carter. Almost six hundred pages, most of it in pinched and wary prose, tells us little new about the man or his years in office. On the most fascinating question surrounding his Presidency—why the confidence, boldness, and moral sensibility that Jimmy Carter radiated in 1976 dissolved so quickly—there is silence. All Presidential memoirs are apologetic, but this one is also singularly self-absorbed. The contributions of aides, advisers,

and friends are perfunctorily acknowledged; Carter is rarely generous to others. He asks the reader to see him as a decent, sincere, and determined leader who was finally undone by malign forces he could not comprehend—Brezhnev, Khomeini, and Kennedy. The most valuable pages deal with the Camp David talks on the Middle East between Anwar Sadat and Menachem Begin. Carter is much more incisive in describing their tactics and conveying their feelings than in writing about himself. There are moments of drama as he recounts the negotiations day by day. Though it did not bring peace to the region, the Camp David agreement was the conspicuous foreign-policy success of the Carter Administration, and this account will remain an important source for understanding further developments in Middle Eastern diplomacy.

The book confirms Jimmy Carter's reputation as a President who abounded in good qualities that he could neither integrate nor discipline. Its most touching moments concern his devotion to his family and his reli-

gious faith, both of which meant more to him than high office. Chilly in most personal relationships, Carter was compassionate as a matter of principle. A man of considerable energy, he drove himself as hard as he drove his subordinates. His concern for human rights grew out of a world view that was broader and more humane than that of his predecessors. He seemed to care deeply about preserving the earth, and he knew enough about nuclear energy from his days in the Navy, working for Hyman Rickover, to distrust it; when in his Inaugural Address he spoke of the goal of ridding the earth of nuclear weapons, it was more than a pious wish. He had a more probing, retentive mind than any of his recent predecessors and was a phenomenal learner. (He calls the opening months of his Presidency "a graduate course in America.") He was ambitious but, unlike some recent Presidents, neither venal nor banal. Yet by the end of his term the image of managerial competence which he had so carefully cultivated had given way to one of vacillation and confusion. In

telling his story, Carter feels no need to explain why he changed course abruptly on so many fronts. He roared into office on an expansionary economic program and left it as the most conservative Democrat since Grover Cleveland. He campaigned on a platform of reducing the defense budget by as much as seven billion dollars and devoted a good deal of effort in office to raising it substantially. The Reagan Administration has accelerated the rate of military spending and the acquisition of military bases in the Persian Gulf, but the essential elements of current national-security policy—percentage increases in the military budget; the MX missile; the adoption of strategies for fighting a nuclear war (Presidential Directive 59); the buildup of the



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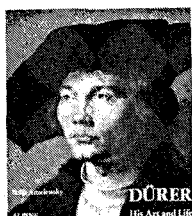
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Rapid Deployment Force and the acquisition of new bases; the deployment of cruise and Pershing II missiles in Europe—were all put in place under Carter. Indeed, so famous did the Carter Administration become for changing course that the title "Keeping Faith" sounds ironic. Except for a brief period at the beginning, his economic policies bore no resemblance to sentiments expressed in the rousing populist acceptance speech he made to the Convention that nominated him. After sixty days, his arms policy could no longer be squared with the nuclear pacifism of the Inaugural Address. It is easy enough to catch any political leader in inconsistencies and professional hypocrisy. It is unfair, perhaps, to make too much of Carter's campaign pledge never to lie. But "Keeping Faith" does not seriously consider why this intelligent, decent, and energetic man was unable to turn his convictions into policies. For Carter, the reason is self-evident: ubiquitous antagonists and persistent bad luck.

The book provides fascinating glimpses of his gradually dawning consciousness of what it is to be President. The man who had shown such hunger for the office that he won it by sheer will and endurance terms the inauguration of his successor "one of my happiest days—even happier than that day exactly four years earlier when President Gerald Ford had greeted me on the way to my own inauguration." Perhaps he was as ready in the end to give up power as he had been eager to grasp it because he had never stopped feeling like "an outsider in Washington".

Before we arrived in Washington, some of the society-page writers were deploring the prospective dearth of social grace in the White House and predicting four years of nothing but hillbilly music, and ignorant Bible-toting Southerners trying to reimpose Prohibition in the capital city. The local cartoonists had a field day characterizing us as barefoot country hicks with straw sticking out of our ears, clad in overalls, and unfamiliar with the proper use of indoor plumbing. I recall a full page cartoon depicting an outhouse on the White House lawn, with my mother wearing a sunbonnet and smoking a corncob pipe.

Ronald Reagan uses the same political ploy as his predecessor—professing to be an uncomfortable refugee from the heartland in the nation's capital—but he shows no concern about being thought either ignorant or out of place. Yet Carter, even in writing for his own eyes in the first hours of his Administration, adopted a curiously defensive tone. In a diary entry made a

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few hours after taking the oath of office on January 20, 1977, he writes of being "constantly impressed—I almost said overwhelmed—at the historical nature of the White House" (he is referring to furniture and books used by Thomas Jefferson and Abraham Lincoln) but notes that he was accustomed to "quite similar" quarters when he was governor of Georgia. While admitting a "feeling of almost unreality about my being President," he bravely professes "a feeling of both adequacy and determination that I might live up to the historical standards established by my predecessors;" since Jefferson and Lincoln are the only predecessors mentioned in this pas-



sage, that is high confidence indeed. Carter's honeymoon with Congress, he tells us, lasted only a week. "The influence of the special interest lobbies is almost unbelievable, particularly from the automobile and oil industries," he notes in his diary on June 9, 1977. In April, 1979, he characterizes the Congress as "disgusting," because of its unwillingness to pass his energy legislation. He is "really peeved" at his advisers for their "timidity" on arms control as he prepares to meet Brezhnev in June, 1979. He devotes an entire chapter of his book to the Bert Lance affair, and accuses the *Washington Post* of "conducting a vendetta" against his old friend. Year by year, the frustrations mount, until the winter of 1979-80 brings the pain of the Iranian hostage-taking, the Afghanistan invasion, and the collapse of SALT II. Two of the book's final chapters are entitled "A Hard Winter" and "Beleaguered."

It is tempting to judge Jimmy Carter harshly, and "Keeping Faith" will be used against him, for it abounds in self-deception, displays almost no understanding of the political process that miraculously elevated and then defeated him, and betrays more than a trace of mean-spiritedness. His chronology of the Iranian crisis is often misleading or erroneous. There are glaring omissions, such as the fact that Carter had first approved and then suddenly cancelled a decision to approach Ayatollah Khomeini in Paris in January, 1979, thus infuriating William Sullivan, the American Ambassador in Teheran. Sullivan is given no credit for a number of correct predictions. Carter quotes from the Ambassador's cable, but excoriates

him for his "insolence." The Secretary of State, Cyrus Vance, is also pictured as insubordinate. Vance, already determined to resign because of the impending Iranian rescue mission, asked to be excused from meeting with a delegation of Methodists who had come to urge the President not to take military action. This was "the first time I, as President, had ever had anyone directly refuse to obey an official order of mine." Carter makes much of this trivial incident, and while the Secretary is said to be "deeply troubled" about being the sole opponent of the rescue mission, his reasons for opposing it—the mission was a high-risk affair at best, and other Americans

in Teheran would be endangered by it even if it succeeded—are virtually ignored. Vance is given no credit for having been right. Once again, bad luck is blamed. "A strange series of mishaps—almost completely unpredictable," Carter writes in his diary.

The skills needed to run for President and those required to lead the country have been different for a long time, but in recent years the two have diverged dramatically. Jimmy Carter waged a carefully planned campaign to suggest that he was not a politician but a super-efficient manager. Since we do not have parties committed to carrying out an agreed-upon political program, Presidential candidates win office by presenting themselves rather than ideas for governing the nation. The successful candidate entices a winning coalition with promises on which he cannot deliver. Actually, every recent President has arrived at the pinnacle because he was a good actor. He must first mesmerize himself into believing that he can do the job, and then convince others. Former Senator Dick Clark remembers the superb performance that helped Carter win his first victory in the 1976 Presidential contest. At a meeting of leaders of rural-electrification cooperatives in Iowa, Carter described what it was like as a little boy in Georgia to flick a light switch for the first time in his own home, and went on to integrate ten basic facts about rural electrification into a brilliant presentation. Running for the Georgia Senate fourteen years earlier, he had promised to read every one of the twenty-three hundred bills introduced in the legislative session. In the Presidency, he turned out to be the sort of virtuoso



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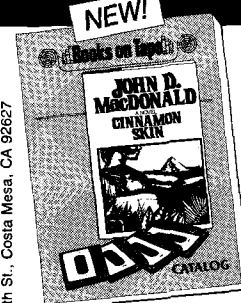
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manager he claimed to be, and it helped to defeat him. His appetite for trivia was as voracious as ever. In "Keeping Faith," he describes his efforts to learn speed-reading in order to master the huge accumulation of paper that always awaited him. The book's opening chapter is a play-by-play description of the final hours of the negotiations for the release of the hostages, which has to do mostly with the mechanics of transferring money to the Iranians. He quotes extensively from notes he took during his last, sleepless nights in the White House. The drama of the moment—a President's ultimate efforts to vindicate himself before leaving office—is squeezed dry by his preoccupation with bureaucratic machinery:

3:05 A.M., from Miller [G. William Miller, Secretary of the Treasury]: "The test number at the end is correct, but now we will have to correct all the errors."

I decide: "Tell the banks to move using the garbled text. They can assume that the earlier draft version from the Bank of England is correct."

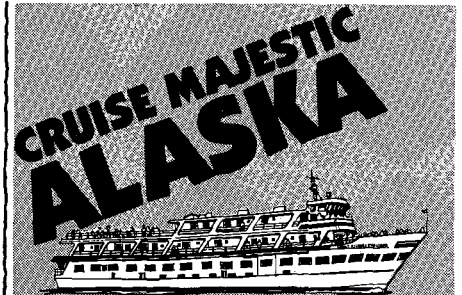
3:16 A.M., from Miller: "The money is moving to London." (Cheers)

I instruct Miller: "Order all American officials to conform to my position regarding the escrow language and move accordingly."

3:40 A.M., from Robert Carswell, Deputy Secretary of the Treasury: "The U.S. Federal Reserve attorneys in Algiers still refuse to sign the agreement. Tony Solomon is the only one who can change their position."

The final moments were characteristic of the entire Administration: the President was caught in the wheels of government. An exasperated politician once called him "the best deputy assistant secretary in town."

Carter's foreign policy mirrored the man. Admirable goals, like his own admirable character traits, collided with one another. The new President was determined to use the power of the United States to combat the horrors of political repression. By dramatizing the issue, he no doubt saved lives in Latin America. That, at least, is the opinion of a number of observers who live there. But he also grasped the human-rights issue as a weapon in what Zbigniew Brzezinski, his national-security adviser, called the "ideological struggle" with the Soviet Union. Riveting world attention on Soviet vulnerabilities—the Gulag, the Orwellian use of mental hospitals, the obscene trials of dissidents—while simultaneously scolding pro-American dictators who ruled by torture was meant to accomplish two purposes: an emphasis upon human rights would, as Vice-President Mondale put it, make



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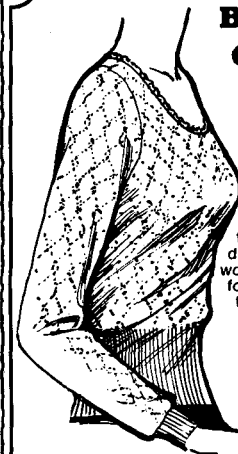
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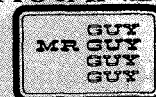
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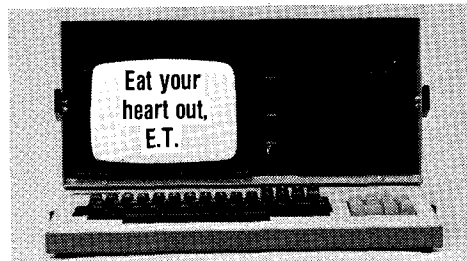
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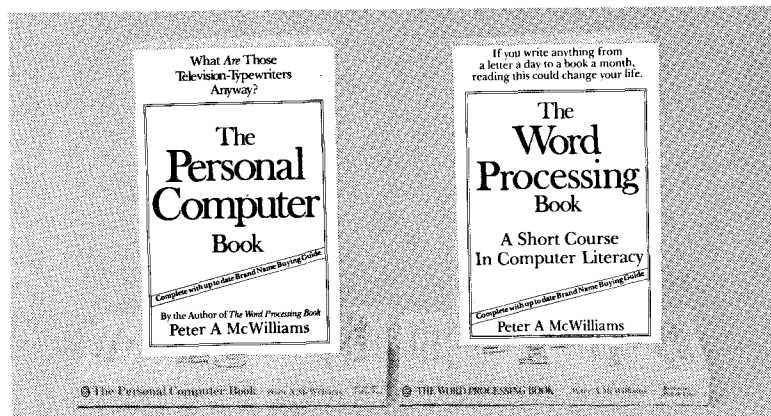
Americans still dazed by the moral crisis of the Vietnam War feel "good" about their country once more; and in the contest with the Soviet Union it would allow the United States to reoccupy the ideological high ground it had lost in Vietnam. But these objectives worked against others: the rapid negotiation of an agreement with the Soviet Union for reversing the arms race, and the cultivation of a political climate here that would support its ratification.

As if to institutionalize his own ambivalence, in his principal foreign-policy appointments Carter made certain that he would receive irreconcilable advice. Secretary of State Vance believed that the problem of peace was infinitely more complex than keeping the Soviets off balance. The economic threats facing the United States—the energy crisis, the failure of the monetary order, growing conflicts with the resource-producing nations—were at least as serious as the Soviet threat. Stable relations with the Soviet Union were a precondition for dealing with these problems, but the Soviet Union was not the key to their solution. The so-called North-South issues had been neglected, Vance said, because of our preoccupation with the East-West arms race. Brzezinski, on the other hand, though he had written in the same vein, reverted to his earlier views once he was in office. He saw our relations with the Soviet Union as a problem that dwarfed all others, and he believed that those relations required an increased emphasis on American military force. Franklin D. Roosevelt had successfully run his Administrations by retaining advisers who disagreed profoundly with one another, but Jimmy Carter was unable to make effective use of both a volatile "idea man" like Brzezinski and a steady counsellor like Vance. (After leaving office, Carter told one audience that he rejected seventy-five per cent of Brzezinski's ideas, yet his memoirs leave the impression that he may have considered naming him Secretary of State when Vance resigned.) The press discovered the Trilateral Commission—a project for rethinking the foreign and economic policies of North America, Europe, and Japan, in which Carter and a number of his principal advisers participated—just as it was becoming clear that the Administration was going in a quite different direction. While preaching free trade, Carter was swept along by the world trend toward economic nationalism and moved the country into greater

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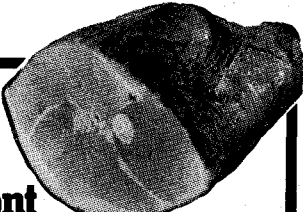
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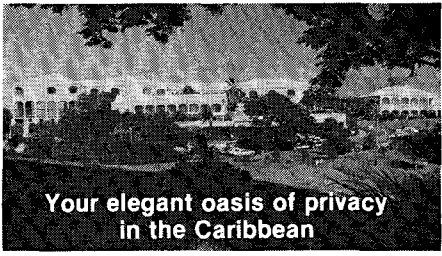
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protectionism. Though "that horror was constantly on my mind," he made the critical decision for a major build-up of the American nuclear arsenal.

Perhaps it was because Carter was elected by projecting supreme confidence that he convinced himself that a determination to do good things was enough to succeed in the Presidency. Nothing in his book suggests an awareness of the staggering odds he faced. His time in office was special not because of the crises he recounts, for crises always occur, but because the governing consensus had to a considerable extent broken down. After five years of inflation, the traditional Democratic expansionary economic policies had lost many of their former enthusiasts in the business world and in the universities. The foreign-policy consensus that had collapsed in the Vietnam War had yet to be put back together. On the most basic foreign-policy issues—how to lessen the threat of nuclear annihilation, how to deal with the Soviet Union, what to do about revolutionary change in so-called strategic areas of the globe, what sort of international monetary order makes sense in a world where most people live in states on the edge of bankruptcy—the coalition that had elected him was divided or confused. In the end, Jimmy Carter failed as a leader because, unlike de Gaulle or Franklin Roosevelt, he had no vision. He sensed the populist revulsion against the political establishment of both parties during the Nixon-Ford years and the hunger of the people to find meaning for their lives, and he rode into office by appealing to these sentiments. But once he was in the White House he discovered that without coherent goals to inspire the country or practical programs for running it a President is immobilized.

The loneliness of the Oval Office is a cliché of Presidential memoirs, but the place is much lonelier than it needs to be. Democratic Presidents in recent years have been especially bereft, because they have been elected by temporary coalitions of conflicting interest groups. Especially in a time of slow growth, the struggles of industry and labor, strongly diverging regional interests, and special interests make it extremely difficult to develop a coherent approach to governing the country. Carter describes without much comment how the President spends his time as a broker and a mediator rather than as a leader. The consultants in winning elections who have become so

important in the television era counsel their clients to be vague and persuasively inconsistent during the campaign, so that as few potential supporters as possible will be lost. The successful candidate arrives in office, as Carter did, under the illusion that he is a free agent and can now proceed to lead the country wherever he wishes. But he soon finds himself a victim of the confusion he and his party have helped to sow in order to get elected. Because our Presidential election process is a quadrennial bazaar to market personalities rather than ideas, the President begins to forge a governing coalition only after he takes office. Though the current occupant of the White House is personally a more popular figure than Carter, he also faces the problem of governing without a coherent program. Ronald Reagan campaigned on a programmatic illusion, for he promised to do manifestly inconsistent things all at the same time—balance the budget, cut taxes, and initiate a huge increase in military spending. His choices are to backtrack and, like his predecessor, be branded as inconsistent or to persevere toward catastrophe. As unenviable as his situation appears to be, he or his party's candidate has a reasonable chance of winning the 1984 election, because so far the Democrats have no program to inspire the country.

"Keeping Faith" ought to be taken more as a warning for the future than as an illuminating assessment of the recent past. Carter's personality, his work habits, and his lack of experience no doubt contributed to the unhappy outcome of his White House years. But the one-term Georgia governor was as honorable, intelligent, and well-intentioned as anyone who has recently aspired to the Presidency. His quirks do not explain his failures. Nor does his own suggestion that the fates conspired against him by sending a crazy Iranian zealot and an ambitious Massachusetts senator to cross his path. With the world as it is, successor Presidents will be fortunate if they have no worse challenges than those Carter faced. —RICHARD J. BARNET

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

NO FOND RETURN OF LOVE, by Barbara Pym (Dutton; \$12.95). A wonderful comedy featuring one more inimitable, unforgettable Pym heroine: a plain-looking, plain-talking ex-fiancée named Dulcie (her

ex- was the one to back out), too thoroughly amiable to bother with grudges or regrets. There are about half a dozen more or less imminent spinsters and about the same number of bachelors involved in the complicated plot, which begins at an outstandingly dull academic conference and moves to a seedy seaside hotel before concluding, quite happily, in the London suburb where Dulcie lives, in a large house she has inherited. An assortment of unusual minor characters lets the late Miss Pym vent her love of the ludicrous: a next-door neighbor from Brazil who tries to piece together the courtship rites that he glimpses from his window; a dotty vicar who worries that his surplice should be whiter; a ferocious mother (of a jilted daughter) who thinks that Tuscan (whither her sometime son-in-law has temporarily escaped) has to do with Africa ("She had thought vaguely of elephants"); and the Eagle House Private Hotel's batty proprietor (the son-in-law's aged mother), who, when her hotel's stuffed namesake fights back during its annual cleaning, sees it as "a kind of omen in classical literature," and is, for once, correct.

GENERAL

THE LONDON SCENE: FIVE ESSAYS, by Virginia Woolf (Random House; \$10). A pretty, wafer-thin tribute to haunts and ghosts, written in the thirties but first published, in a limited edition, in 1975. In "The Docks of London," English vanity and international ingenuity are gently mocked and admired, as Australian wool, Siberian mammoth tusks, and Virginian tobacco arrive in the city. In "Oxford Street Tide," the wool has been spun and woven into "thin vests and soft stockings," and "those who buy and those who sell have suffered the same city change." In "Great Men's Houses," the medieval chores that a nineteenth-century maid performed at 5 Cheyne Row so that Thomas Carlyle could bathe and shave are evoked, with sympathy for all the inhabitants; Keats' house, up in Hampstead, is haunted by a serener spirit, even though "London crowded and ribbed and compact, with its dominant domes, its guardian cathedrals," is in view from across the road. These domes and cathedrals are the subject of the next essay, which contrasts the "colourless se-

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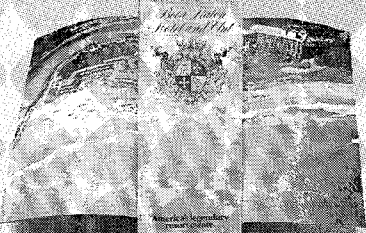
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renity" of St. Paul's with Westminster Abbey's clamoring busts ("The Abbey is shot with high-pitched voices... Not an inch of its walls but speaks and claims and illustrates"), and which finally finds a real resting place (for the living as well as the dead) in parklike "garden graveyards." "This Is the House of Commons" glances with an amused and impertinent eye at potential civic statuary: "But look at Mr. Baldwin—he has all the look of a country gentleman poking pigs; how is he going to mount a plinth and wrap himself decorously in a towel of black marble?"

MYSTERY AND CRIME

MAIGRET AND THE NAHOUR CASE, by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Alastair Hamilton (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; \$10.95). Maigret becomes involved in *L'affaire Nahour* some hours before it is recognized as a case, by way of a midnight telephone call from his friend Dr. Pardon. Pardon has just treated a well-dressed young woman for a gunshot wound in the back. She was brought to his office by a similarly well-dressed young man, who explained he found her wounded in the street. When Dr. Pardon leaves them for a moment, they flee. A few hours later, Maigret is informed in an official way that a rich Lebanese named Felix Nahour has been found shot to death in his house in the Fourteenth Arrondissement, and his wife has disappeared. This is one of M. Simenon's later novels, dating from 1967, and this is its first appearance in this country. It ranks—in atmosphere, in tricks and twists of plot, in the quality of Maigret's insights—among his very best.

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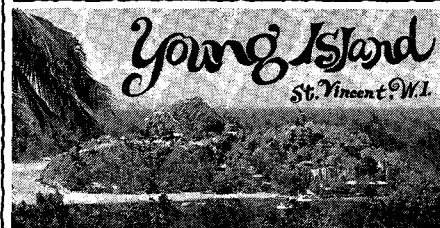
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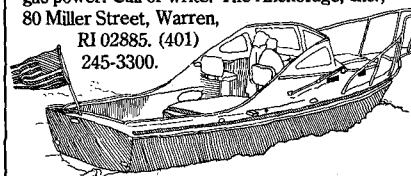


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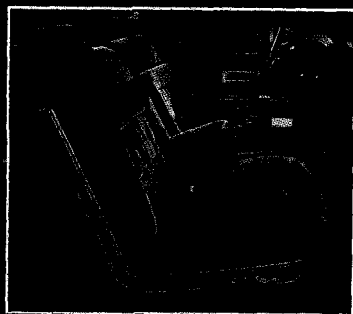


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